Collier's

FEBRUARY 14, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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THE TECHNIQUE OF DIVE BOMBING

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Next time try Glenmore...

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KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
ONE QUART

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Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

GLENMORE BOTTLED IN BOND

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P O U R G L E N M O R E . . Y O U G E T M O R E

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In a Draft?

Drafts may lower your body resistance, make it easier for germs to multiply. If you've been in one, gargle germ-killing Listerine without delay.

Exposed to Germs?

Sneezing may spread troublesome germs. If you've been in a crowd or near someone sneezing, gargle Listerine Antiseptic as soon after as you can.

Look out for Colds!

GARGLE LISTERINE *Quick!*

Do you feel the sniffles coming on? Are you starting to sneeze, to feel a dry, rasping sensation in your throat? You may be catching cold. So gargle Listerine Antiseptic promptly . . . and frequently. This action may ward off a miserable cold . . . or if it has started, may keep it from getting serious. At the same time it often relieves sore throat irritation due to colds.

Listerine Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on your throat surfaces, kills millions of germs . . . *the very types of germs that many authorities say are responsible for the troublesome symptoms of a cold.*

In fact, clinical "bacteria counts" have shown that even 15 minutes after gargling Listerine there were germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%. Fully an *hour* later, this germ reduction was still as high as 80% in some cases. (See box below.)

Listerine Users Showed Fewer, Milder Colds in Tests

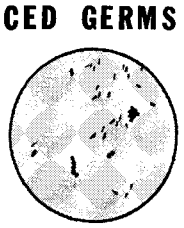
This quick germ-killing power, we believe, accounts for Listerine Antiseptic's amazing test record, over a 10-year research period. These tests, conducted on employees of industrial plants, showed that *regular Listerine users had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users . . . and fewer sore throats!*

So at the first sign of a cold, gargle Listerine and keep it up. It may save you a nasty, expensive siege this winter. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.


AFTER

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FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
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FRANK GERVASI	The Orient
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	Articles
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

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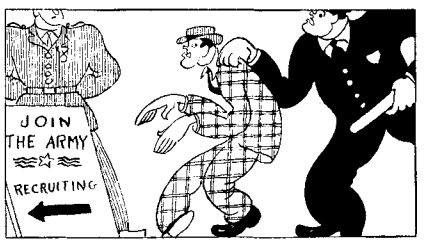
ANY WEEK

RELUCTANTLY but patriotically we are ignoring certain suggestions you, the readers of this spirited magazine, are forwarding to us. We don't know how long this is going to last. We have a hunch that, when the war is a few months older, Congress and the White House are going to stop chucking each other under the chin and swap a few roundhouse swings. But we're going along for the present, even to the extent of being nice to censors. For example, we're saying nothing at the moment about a plan to reduce Congressmen to a dollar-a-year status. The plan comes to us from Mrs. Anna F. Gross of New York City. Nor are we paying any attention to what Mr. Julian R. Brandon, Jr., of San Francisco, California, would do about "a whale of a lot of people who can't afford a defense stamp but who can spend hours in front of a pinball machine."

INSTEAD we shall devote ourself—this week anyway—to certain troubles that the war has visited upon Hollywood. Three of the more perplexed movie publicity men have just been in to see us. One asks us to inform you that it is Hollywood's great regret that you are not receiving new photographs of your favorite male stars. Hollywood does not want you to wonder why these fellows are not wearing Army or Navy uniforms. One star says he suffers when his employers force him to don a uniform and be heroic merely in front of the camera. Then, too, one of the publicity men tells us that most of his troubles spring from the feuds between the wives of movie executives. If the wife of one gets her picture in the papers, serving free coffee to soldiers, sailors and marines, the other wives go on the warpath. The third press agent is trying to restore peace between violently opposed first aid and ambulance units. Each unit is contending that the others are getting publicity preference. Several groups have decided to discard the uniforms agreed upon by all when organized and design separate uniforms. This is now being done—in considerable secrecy, lest one group's spies swipe another's ideas.

WE ARE notified too, by Mr. Neddie Katt of St. Paul, Minnesota, that he will soon be striking a blow for freedom if the cops will mind their own business. Mr. Katt does not give his age but it cannot be inconsiderable. In 1898 Mr. Katt was about to enlist in Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders when the police of New Orleans hurled him into the sneezer, charging him with participation in a bit of burglary. By the time Mr. Katt established his innocence that war was over. On April 7, 1917, Mr. Katt was arrested as he was about to step up to the recruiting desk. The charge — burglary — was dropped when Mr. Katt proved his innocence a year later. But Mr. Katt says he had lost his enthusiasm by that time. And now Mr. Katt plans to join up again and wishes us to announce that he is not guilty, and will police the country over please copy. "Boy and man," adds Mr. Katt, "I never broke no law except a few cases of beer back in prohibition. I want to fight but every time I start in the direction of the recruiting office I feel that something is going to happen like a cop saying Hello Neddie, let's take a walk down to headquarters and have a little talk with the chief. For a guy to spend every war in jail waiting to be tried for something he never heard of takes it out of you. How about a good word, pal?"



HOWEVER, this war will doubtless be run on much more efficient lines than the one we were in—that 1914-1918 skirmish. In this a friend of ours concurs. He was a captain in the A.E.F. As a "responsible" company commander he was demobilized without final pay but given that sixty dollars bonus and his carfare home. He was told that he'd get his final pay when his company accounts had been audited and okayed. Presently he received a letter from the War Department. It contained the information that he owed the government $260.18 —the amount supposedly in his company fund. If he sent this sum to Washington, the government would be glad to send him his final pay—$233.77. He wrote back saying that as far as he was concerned the company fund was all news to him, that the company fund had been spent to the last nickel in one grand splurge just before his company had embarked for France. Back came the War Department demanding again that he send $260.18 and that it would be glad then to

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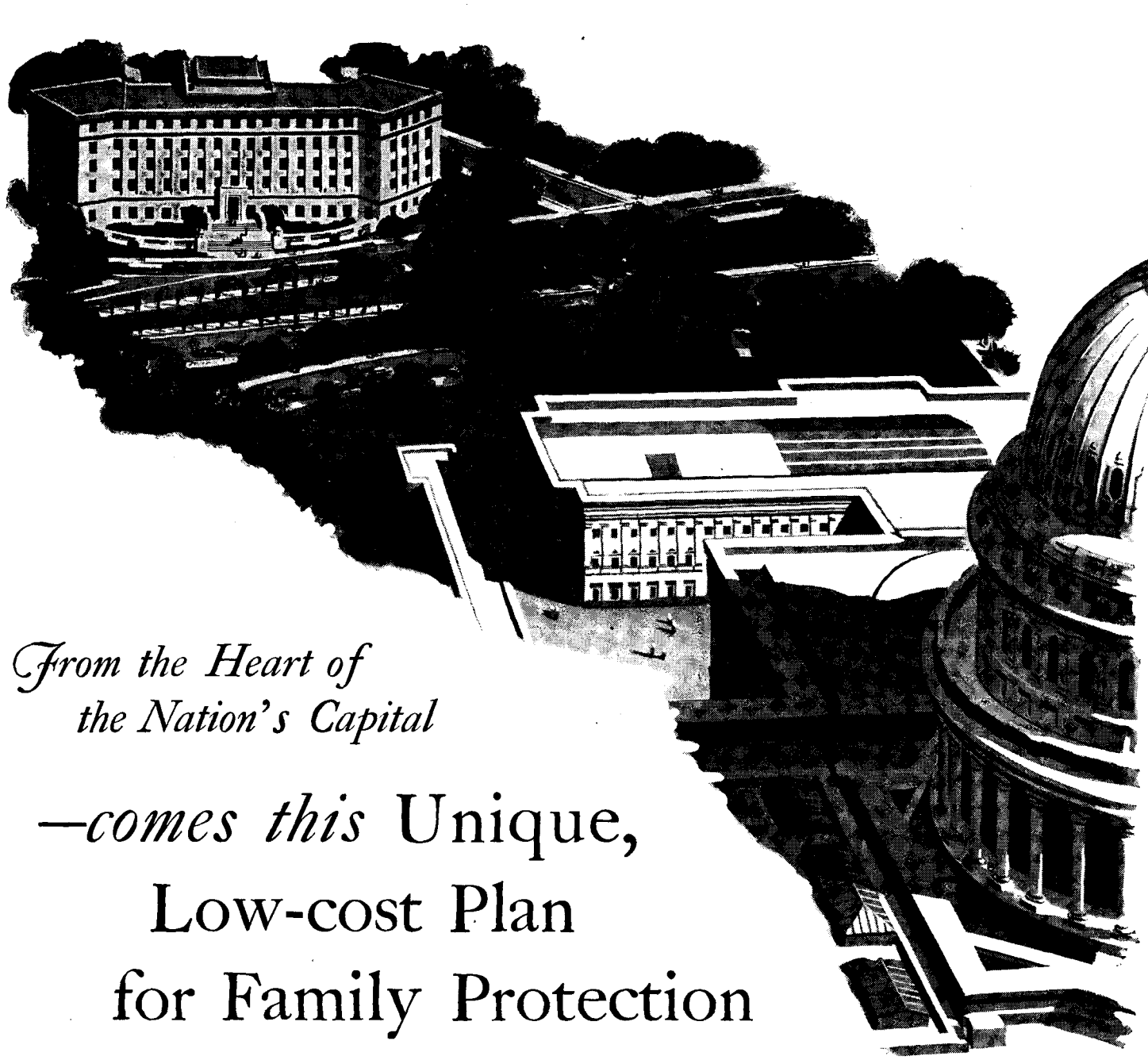


From the Heart of the Nation's Capital

—*comes this* Unique, Low-cost Plan for Family Protection

You, like most of us, would certainly increase your life insurance coverage many times over, if it were possible to do so. The only barrier is your budget.

With this in mind, Acacia Mutual . . . a powerful 73-year-old life insurance company . . . has drawn up its new Total Defense Plan. Under this revolutionary plan, *complete* protection for your family is within easy reach. One $5,000 policy can, through the Total Defense Plan, yield returns many times five thousand.

Like all of Acacia Mutual's comprehensive plans, the Total Defense Plan is both unique and different . . . unique in the way it can be fitted exactly to *your* problems and *your* income . . . different in its remarkably low cost, the result of Acacia Mutual's "economy" basis for determining premium rates.

Why Acacia Mutual's Rates are Low

In 1926, to place insurance within easier reach of more people, Acacia Mutual pioneered this new idea in premium rates.

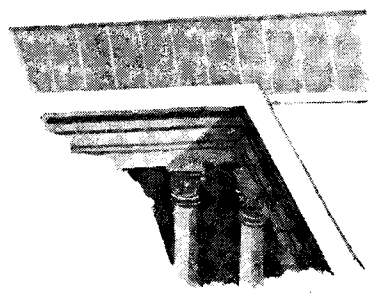
It abandoned the customary practice of mutual companies in charging relatively high premiums and then refunding a part of them later in the form of so-called "dividends." It introduced the plan of paying "dividends in advance" . . . in the form of substantial reductions in premium rates . . . paying additional dividends earned through economical management, careful selection of risks and sound investment of funds. All this enables foresighted men and women to buy insurance which otherwise they could not afford.

For 16 years, through public recognition of the soundness of this idea, Acacia Mutual's volume of insurance in force has grown at a rate more than double the average for all life insurance companies, and its assets have grown even faster.

Total Defense For Your Family

Among Acacia Mutual's many types of low-cost insurance and retirement income plans, the new Total Defense Plan is noteworthy for the extremely broad protection which it provides at very small cost.

Let us send you more information about this plan, and about the different kind of insurance company which offers it. Read the additional Acacia Mutual facts in the column at the right. Then mail the coupon today.



By Act Of Congress

Acacia Mutual was chartered by Act of Congress in 1869 as an organization that "shall forever be conducted for the mutual benefit of its policyholders and not for profit."

◆ ◆ ◆

Since 1869, through wars, depressions and prosperity, Acacia Mutual has been serving policyholders faithfully and well. A mutual, old-line, legal reserve company, Acacia Mutual is older and larger than 90% of the life insurance companies in America.

◆

60 Branch Offices, located in principal cities from coast to coast, make Acacia Mutual a national institution. Acacia representatives in more than 100 other communities assure maximum service to policyholders.

◆

Over $100,000,000 of Assets attest to the strength and security of Acacia Mutual. These great legal reserves are certified regularly by the Department of Insurance of the District of Columbia.

◆

Over $440,000,000 of Insurance in Force demonstrates the public endorsement of Acacia Mutual's low premium plan. Acacia is growing at a rate more than double the average for all life insurance companies, and its assets have grown even faster.

◆

Over $75,000,000 in Benefits to policyholders and their families have been paid out since Acacia Mutual adopted its policy of low premium rates in 1926. Over $12,000,000 of this sum consisted of dividends to policyholders.

◆

To Serve You Better, Acacia Mutual introduced its unique life-service agent's contract, which has attracted to the company men of the highest calibre to advise you in insurance matters. More such men are being added and trained constantly.

◆

What Acacia Means

Acacia Mutual derives its name from the Acacia tree, since antiquity a symbol of everlasting life. In ancient Egypt, the Holy Land and islands of the sea, the Acacia was considered a symbol of resurrection and immortality.

Acacia Mutual

Life Insurance Company

William Montgomery, *President*

HOME OFFICE: WASHINGTON, D. C.

Acacia Mutual Life Insurance Company
Acacia Building, Washington, D. C.

Please send me more information about "a different kind of life insurance company," and about your new Total Defense Plan.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Do not lapse your policy in any other old-line company to take one in Acacia Mutual . . . Do not lapse your policy in Acacia Mutual to take one in any other old-line company . . . *You lose in either case.*

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1892 The FLORSHEIM Shoe 1942

Fiftieth Year

Florsheim Quality
is Sound Shoe Economy

TRUE IN 1892—JUST AS TRUE TODAY

The quality that built this business has weathered every emergency since 1892 . . . and remains unchanged today! In a world of uncertainty, you can be sure of this one thing: Florsheim will never lower, by a single lift of leather, the quality that's America's standard of fine shoe value. *Illustrated: left,* THE WESTFIELD; *right,* THE RAMBLER.

$10
Most Regular Styles

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Statements allegedly made by ghosts have been admitted as evidence in courts of law. One such case occurred in the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, Scotland, on June 10, 1754, when a witness, who was a friend of the murdered man, swore that he had talked to the ghost of the deceased and that it had revealed to him the name of the murderer. Having convinced the court, his testimony went into the record, although no conviction followed.

When Gabriel Fahrenheit invented the first mercury thermometer in Danzig in 1709, he established his zero degree at the lowest point to which the quicksilver sank during the winter of that year in his city, a standard that has never been changed.

The most famous woman in the history of the United States to be tried as a common scold was Anne Royall, whose case came before the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia in 1829. Upon conviction, a ducking stool was built by the Navy Department to inflict the usual punishment, but the lady was let off with a fine of $10 and made to put up bond of $50 as assurance that she would "curb her sharp tongue and shrewish ways."

The soil in certain sections of the United States contains so much selenium, a poison as deadly as arsenic, that it produces crops which are toxic to man and animals. One such area, a 100,000-acre tract in South Dakota, is so highly seleniferous that the government has had to withdraw it from wheat cultivation.

The world's oldest existing piano, or pianoforte, which was made by Bartolomeo Cristofori in 1720 in Florence, Italy, is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. The second oldest instrument, made by him in 1726, is in the Kraus Museum in Florence. —*By Ann Gibson, New York, New York.*

In 17th-century England, many church pews were not only fenced in by high glass partitions but were comfortably furnished with armchairs, tables, stationery, smoking materials and even a fireplace.

During the first World War, British espionage agents tried for hours to decipher a secret German wireless message of which they had made a phonograph record. Finally the machine accidentally ran down and the record, thus moving slowly, revealed that the message was in plain German. It had been broadcast from a Berlin record at such a retarded rate that it could not be understood when reproduced at normal speed.

New inventions include a waterproof and noiseless paper that is durable enough for garment lining, a revolving door that is actuated by electric-eye control which sets it in motion when approached, and an electric auto horn that can only be sounded when the car is moving and, thereby, prevents unnecessary honking.

Frequently court stenographers have to record as many as fifty thousand words a day, which is more than most office stenographers take down in a month.—*By Mary Schuyler, Washington, D. C.*

Although the saxophone is considered to be one of the simplest wind instruments, it has no fewer than 548 parts, with 23 tone holes and 53 key posts.

Among the many strange words that have been coined in imitation of "cafeteria" are drugteria, garmenteria, healtheteria, radioteria, shaveteria, shoeteria, smoketeria, sodateria, valeteria and wreckateteria, a junk shop for old motor cars.

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TODAY millions of motorists are riding on the last set of tires they may be able to buy for a long time. Many of us may have to go without our cars entirely.

Is this a big sacrifice? Or only a little one? That depends upon how you look at it.

It's a big sacrifice if your life is wholly made up of little things. Like driving to the station, taking a Sunday afternoon spin, or motoring to the movies.

But it's very little if you focus your eyes upon the big objective—a world run for free people—a world where our children may have a normal chance for happiness.

For there are, after all, many things more important than tires. There's the right to think, and talk, and worship as we like. There is, in fact, everything that generations before us have thought worthy of sacrifices far beyond any we are asked to make.

Your tires (the ones you might have bought) are serving you a thousand times better where they are. For rubber moves the army and sails the navy. One battleship needs the rubber of 10,345 tires. Our bombers and fighters could not fly without rubber. Tanks, trucks, scout cars, and gun mounts need it by the thousands of tons.

If you could know in detail how vitally our armed forces need rubber, you might well say, "I'm glad they took my tires in time!"

We at The B. F. Goodrich Company are not finding the going easy, either. It is not a simple thing to break the routine of 71 years overnight.

But all these things are small in the face of the great objective. Total victory for American ideals merits the utmost any of us can give . . . to the last penny and the last pound of food, if need be.

For we of America are not in the habit of doing things halfway. We have staked everything we have, or hope for, that we can and *will* beat the dictator powers into submission.

Isn't it true that going without tires is, after all, a little thing?

Your B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Store or Dealer is "Tire Information Headquarters" for your community. Here you can get the latest information on government regulations. You can find whether or not your present tires can be repaired, recapped or retreaded. You can probably buy a good used tire. And—if you are permitted to buy new tires—you can get new Silvertowns.

How to make your tires last longer

1. Do not run a tire constantly on the same wheel.
2. Do not take corners at high speed.
3. Never slam on your brakes—except to prevent an accident.
4. Have your wheel alignment, front and rear, checked regularly.
5. Don't drive at high speed.
6. Start up gently; do not spin your wheels and grind off rubber.
7. Do not bump into curbs—no tire will stand such abuse.

Remember, every ounce of rubber you save helps your country.

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"I bought my NEW EARS today

. . . and what a thrill it is to HEAR CLEARLY AGAIN!"

THOUSANDS with impaired hearing have learned how wonderfully helpful the Western Electric vacuum tube Audiphone can be.

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The Ortho-tronic Audiphone has a revolutionary circuit—Stabilized Feedback—which permits greater amplification without distortion, giving living, vibrant sound.

A *Tone Discriminator* helps clarify speech in noisy places. *Overload Limitation* prevents blasts from loud sounds. Sealed crystal microphone is stabilized against changes in temperature and humidity.

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A free audiometric test will enable the dealer to recommend the Audiphone model best suited to your needs. Try the Ortho-tronic—hearing is believing. There's a nation-wide dealer organization to serve you—send the coupon today for the nearest dealer's name.

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Please send me booklet "Your Key to Hearing Happiness" and name of nearest Audiphone dealer.

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Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Wing Talk

HANS GROENHOFF

Military aviation will use the tires you won't get. Our 60,000 new planes will need 180,000 new tires, exclusive of replacements for these and planes already in service

THE rubber you would normally be riding on in the new car you won't get this spring will go, among other places to win the war, into tires for airplanes both military and civil. One hundred and eighty thousand tires will go out of the factories with the 60,000 warplanes to be built this year (forgetting flying boats and seaplanes). That's one for each main wheel and a smaller tire for nose wheels of tricycle-gear aircraft, or an even smaller tire for the tail wheel of the conventional gear. But there must also be loads and loads of spares in the field for replacements on existing craft, and there's no telling how high the figure will go.

The average life of an airplane tire is difficult to figure arbitrarily. On Army bombers the main tires are good for about 500 landings, more or less, depending upon the part of the world they operate in and the surface of the landing area. Basic Army and Navy training types are good for about 1,000 landings on a set of tires, even with all the hard landings students make. And for our airliners, from the small Lockheed and Boeings up through the larger Lockheeds, Douglases and the big four-engined Boeings, the figures run from 435 landings as a minimum to 1,500 landings as a maximum on one set of tires. Tube life for airliners and bombers runs from two to five years.

A tire on a DC-3, size 17 x 16, carries anywhere from 35 to 48 pounds per square inch pressure, depending on the load, etc. Watch the 12-ton plane settle onto the runway, tail-high (the boys don't make 3-point landings with DC-3's), and then you can understand the importance of having good tires and plenty of them for our aircraft.

REALLY difficult and mysterious problems in airplane design and performance always seem to be solved with ease by aeronautical engineers. Then along comes a simple problem that ties the engineers up in knots. Consider the case of a high-performance military plane which had door trouble. Under certain conditions of flight the door kept coming open. Back to engineering went the assignment to develop a new door catch, one with no outside handle. Days passed and no new latch. Finally one of the test pilots—no engineer, but a good mechanic who loved his drill presses and lathes so dearly that he housed them in his garage and left his car to the mercy of the elements—went to work one evening after dinner and turned up at the field the next morning with his idea of a latch. The Army test-hopped it, pronounced it perfect, and ordered the company to put it into production immediately. The mechanics at the field like to leave the impression that the engineers are still working on the problem.

TEN years ago, about this time of year, a tribe of Navaho Indians in the Southwest were cut off from civilization by a great blizzard. You may recall that six Army bombers, operating out of Winslow, Arizona, searched out the unfortunates and delivered thousands of pounds of food, clothing and medical supplies via parachute. Previous ideas for mass feeding of besieged troops and civilians from the air received a practical and perfect test and another use for the airplane in wartime was put down in the books to be opened some day—and that day arrived just a few weeks ago.

LITTLE things on an airplane, and there are hundreds of them, can spoil a good day for a pilot in peacetime and wreak havoc in major operations in war, if they go wrong. We haven't heard too much about the high-altitude work being done by Army and Navy combat planes, yet the boys have been plugging away continuously in flight tests that are very unromantic but most important. For example, they have found that at altitudes of 25,000 feet and beyond, the brushes on their engine-driven generators began to wear excessively, but that up to 20,000 feet or so, everything was all right. The high-altitude experts put their heads together and came out with the answer that the trouble was due to lack of moisture at those great heights, so they treated the brushes with oil as a substitute. It works.

DON'T be too critical of your airline seat belt if you find it shabby and faded. This is one of the lesser problems of the management, but they are nevertheless concerned and are experimenting with bleaching, cleaning and dyeing methods to keep them fresh and nice-looking. The way they get walked on and pushed around, it's no wonder.

F. R. N.

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There are two ways to make a donkey go

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BY KELLOGG COMPANY

The old proverb says: with kicks or with carrots.

It's the same principle with a lazy colon.

If yours is the common kind of constipation that's due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, there are two things you can do about it: you can goad your intestines into action with drugs, or persuade them into regularity with a bulk-rich food.

ALL-BRAN believes in the second way. It's *sounder* because it corrects the cause of the trouble. It's better *for* you, because ALL-BRAN works not so much on your colon, as on the food it contains. And we don't have to tell you it's *pleasanter!*

Eat crisp, nut-sweet KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Eat it often, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars."

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"I've got a little dictator in my hair!"

All dictators don't live abroad. We have one in our office . . . and he's my boss!

It's not that he's mean . . . or that he wants to be inconsiderate. He's just so used to making decisions . . . But wouldn't you think that instead of ordering any old typewriter, for *me* to use, he'd at least let me put in my two cents' worth?

I *know* it would be to *his* advantage to let me have a Royal. Because I know from experience that I can do *better* work on a Royal . . . and do it *faster!* I could tell him plenty of reasons why, too!

First off, of course, there's Royal's MAGIC* Margin . . . and I *do* mean *magic!* Just a flick of the finger changes margins instantly! Then there's Royal's *Segment* Shift, that lets the carriage ride smoothly along, without popping up and down like a Jack-in-the-box every time you shift.

Oh, yes... there's Touch Control*, another *exclusive* Royal feature. It makes the Royal *my personal* machine . . . adjusts the keyboard action perfectly to *my* style of typing.

And *speed!* Royal's got smooth, velvety speed that pays off big in the rush of last-minute, hurry-up work.

On top of all those things, a Royal would *save my boss money!* A Royal lasts longer . . . needs fewer repairs and less service. *One* reason for this is that even the inside parts on a Royal are protected from dust and erasures.

Believe me, if *I* were dictator around that office, there would have been a Royal on my desk a long time ago!

• • •

An overwhelming preference for Royal is revealed in vote after vote among typists and secretaries in all kinds of organizations. In a recent survey, more than twice as many girls expressed a preference for Royal as for any other make!

There's a reason for this, Mr. Executive . . . *better work, faster!*

ROYAL
World's Number 1
TYPEWRITER

*Trade-marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright 1942, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

Six reasons why typists prefer Royal two-to-one over any other make

Only Royal has MAGIC * Margin

1. MAGIC * Margin—Just flick this handy lever to change and set margins *automatically*. No fussing with mechanism. Only Royal has it!

2. Segment Shift—The carriage doesn't clatter and pop up when you shift on a Royal! Less noise . . . less eyestrain.

3. Touch Control*—A twirl of this dial adjusts key tension exactly to your individual touch. Only Royal has it!

4. Accelerating Type Bars—Royal's fast type-bar return lets you type faster.

5. No Type-bar Blur! Dancing type bars flash *unseen* on a Royal. This means less eyestrain, as does the "no glare" finish of the machine itself.

6. Finger Flow Keyboard — Only Royal has this scientifically planned keyboard, with glare-absorbing, "finger comfort" keys. Corner keys are platform-shaped for greater speed and ease.

P. S.— For the finest typewriter ribbons and carbon papers, be sure to specify Roytype*. They're made by Royal.

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Marimba from Manhattan

By Richard English
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The desperate improvisation of a young organist when confronted by the fact that his music lacked features highly regarded in South America

ORVILLE BENSON weighed well over two hundred pounds, very little of which was muscle, and when neatly done up in his dinner jacket he looked like a very successful organ manufacturer indeed. His mild gaze, carefully protected by tortoise-shell glasses, gave him such a nice scholarly appearance that everyone on the boat felt it was very fitting that he should have met Miss Gloria Tronsen, the lovely opera singer of the same name, and promptly succumbed to her charms. As everybody said, what with all the necking that had been going on in the lifeboats, it was pleasant to see one couple that had been drawn together by their sheer love of good music.

Orville was no old hand in the romance department and was quite upset to find the whole boat watching his courtship with an interest that was almost indecent. He would have been even more disturbed if he had learned that several loose characters in the bar had made up a pool as to the day and hour on which he would finally make his pitch.

On their last night out however, he could no longer restrain all that was fine and decent within him. Tomorrow they would be in Rio de Janeiro and he feared the whole trip might become only a glorious memory unless he gave Gloria some indication of the emotions that surged within him.

Standing in the shadows of the foredeck and hearing the swishing waves breaking from the prow, he was unhappily aware that it was now or not at all. "There—there's something I must tell you, Gloria," he said. "I—I have become very fond of you. Perhaps even fond is too mild a word."

"Oh, Orville!" she said. Her lovely full face was turned toward his. She was not exactly meager herself, being a full blown blonde in the best Brünnehilde tradition, and now she was trem-

It was fifteen minutes and three hundred milreis later before he had finally persuaded them that even though they weren't seen, they would be heard by the multitude

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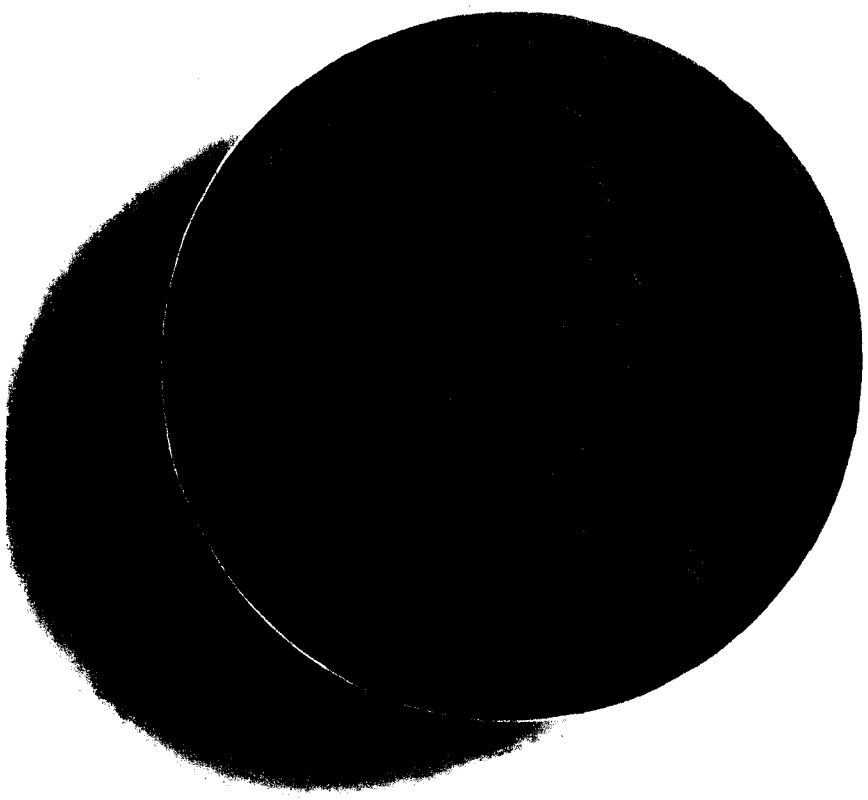

Ballad of the Lincoln Penny

Down in old Kentucky, once a lad was born,
Grew like all the tall grass and outgrew the corn;
Grew among his people near a common stream
That led him on to Springfield—where he had a dream.

Saw a cloud of troubles with his steady eyes;
Felt a land of brothers warring bye and bye.
No one heard the thunder—when the storm began
Lincoln rose as tall as heaven; saw the hope of man.

And Abe who loved the plain things, Abe who shunned all fame,
Was the one we turned to, put aboard a train:
Old silk hat and shiny suit, looming like the sun,
Took the seat, a humble seat, bound for Washington.

When the mighty fellow had to run the fight,
Torn between the North and South to set the Union right,
He was called to Gettysburg; the dead could hear him say
Something about "the people" that's good down to this day!

Now, when you hold a penny, look at Lincoln's face!
See how up and down the land Lincoln saved the race!
Look at that small penny, hold it close to you—
And if you ever lose your way, Abe will lead you through—
Abe will lead you through!

Alfred Kreymborg

bling womanhood itself. "Orville," she said, staring right into his eyes, "you don't know how that makes me feel!"

Orville threw caution to the winds.

"Gloria," he said. "Gloria—"

"Yes, Orville?" she breathed.

"I want very much to see you again in Rio. While I realize the difference in our positions—"

"Don't," she said gently, putting her fingers against his lips. "Don't talk that way, Orville."

That was so like her, he thought. While it was true that she was not yet a star or he would have been more familiar with her career, everyone on the boat knew she was going to Rio for a concert season. And yet, with the whole world at her feet, she was willing to accept him by her side.

Gloria sighed, nestling her head against his ample chest. "When I think of you being brought clear to Rio to install one of your own pipe organs . . ." She raised her starry gaze to his. "I can't wait to see it in the cathedral, Orville. I can just see you, the sun streaming through the stained glass—"

"Cathedral?" he said hoarsely. Then, rallying, he managed a smile, as if cathedral organs were an old story to Orville Benson. Somehow he had to pass it off casually, as if it were a mere oversight on his part that he had not gone into all the details of his commission in Rio. While it was true he had told her it was a cathedral-size job, he hadn't actually said it was a church order. After all, even a man in the church-trade occasionally had to branch out. The Benson Organ Company had hitherto specialized in small neat jobs suitable for any chapel and though Orville had yearned for larger fields, it was not because of any base love of money. He had simply wanted to prove that where pipes were concerned Orville Benson could make them as big and even louder than anyone else.

"It's so fitting to think of the work you're doing," she said dreamily. "Do you know the thing I like best about you, Orville? You're the only man I've ever known who was interested only in the better things of life."

Orville felt suddenly faint. This was obviously no time to give her the full orchestration. "I—I'm glad you feel that way," he said weakly. He coughed. "I just remembered I still have some packing to do. Don't you think we'd better turn in now, Gloria?"

When he was safely back in his stateroom and the door securely bolted, he took out the installation plans again. Tonight he trembled at the mere sight of those blueprints. Gloria, the symbol of all that was good and sweet, was being wooed by a man whose whole life was a lie. She must never learn that Orville Benson's master achievement was being installed in South America's biggest gambling casino.

ORVILLE was very grateful that Gloria was not on hand to witness his introduction to Rio. He had remained in his stateroom while the steamer slowly made its way up the beautiful bay and he was still there, morbidly considering ways and means of making a clean breast of it all, when the landing whistle blew. He sighed, wondering just what he would say to Gloria when he saw her ashore. Before he could definitely decide, his melancholy was rudely intruded upon.

The stateroom door flew open and the largest, not to mention most formidable man Orville had ever seen, surged into the room. Before Orville could ward him off, this party had thrown his arms around him and was joyously welcoming him to Rio.

"You have brought the pipe organ, no?" boomed the caller. Orville nodded nervously and Senhor Alveras clapped him on the back. "Ah," he said happily, "that at last it comes!" The owner of the Casino Carioca was addicted to colors that enhanced his considerable dimensions and this morning he was tastefully attired in a plaid suit so brilliant that it would have made George Raft simply break down and have a good cry.

He beamed on Orville. "Three weeks you have until my casino opens! Then all Rio shall hear our marimbas, eh, senhor?"

Orville stared at him, wondering how he would ever dare venture into the sun when it could do this to someone the size of Senhor Alveras. There had been no mention of marimbas in the organ order. Orville had a low opinion of them anyway, regarding them as little better than Mexican xylophones, and certainly nothing to be found in the better organs.

"You had better sit down, senhor," he said anxiously. "I'll get you a drink at once."

Senhor Alveras' heavy brows drew together and his face congealed into something that would have been much better left in the icebox. For one full moment the good-neighbor policy tottered and swayed as he surveyed Orville with a glance that was as cold as it was menacing.

"Always you Americanos must party!" he said bitterly. "Understand me at once, senhor. Better you do the good I speak of and not the bad I do until the organ in my casino is working. Better you remain sober until my own ears have heard the marimbas, understand?"

The sun-deck tan faded from Orville's round countenance. "There wasn't anything in the contract about marimbas," he said desperately. "Not a word, senhor!"

The senhor shrugged his massive shoulders. "Everyone knows always organs have marimbas. Beside, what is a contract among friends?"

Orville took another good look at his face. "Not a thing," he admitted bleakly.

There was only one thing he could do. Smothering his artistic objections, he would cable that very day and the marimba attachment would be on hand for the opening. It had to be. The full payment was to be made only after the installation and full approval of Senhor Alveras, who obviously was not the type who could take his marimbas or leave them alone.

Wincing, Orville said, "You need have no fears, senhor. There shall be marimbas such as Brazil has never heard."

"Ah," said Senhor Alveras, regarding him with misty eyes, "that you should come so far to make me happy, my *companheiro!*"

Orville didn't even hear him. His eyes had taken on a glaze common to overpoached eggs as he realized more and more that those who trafficked with evil were soon caught in a mire from which there was no escape. It was not enough that he had fudged to Gloria. Now, through sheer necessity, he was lying to a man whose very clothes frightened him. There was, he thought, only one dreary consolation. A woman would forgive a man anything but failure and once he was a success, Gloria need never know to what depths he had once sunk for her sweet sake.

The casino itself exceeded Orville's darkest expectations. Throughout the huge and ornate lobby there were billboards of chorus girls. The dining room was in the worst Hollywood tradition, featuring a revolving dance floor and a glass bandstand that would, the senhor proudly explained, hold the finest samba band in all Brazil.

The organ was to be placed at the left of the stage on which the entertainers would perform. Once the organ was installed, the Casino Carioca would be formally opened to the public. Already the roulette and campista tables had been installed upstairs.

Orville was so overwrought that he plunged into the installation the very next morning, having already received a cable assuring him that the marimba attachment would arrive three days before the opening. With that burden off his mind Orville, aided and abetted by several undersized cariocas and an English-Portuguese dictionary, started the assembly job.

NOT until all the pipes, wind chests and electrical equipment had been moved into that huge, gilded dining room did Orville even let himself think of Gloria. She would be so busy with her rehearsals, he told himself, that she probably hadn't even missed him.

To his sweet anguish he learned she had missed him very much indeed. He took her to dinner on the night the first pipes were erected, and she actually clung to his arm as he escorted her to the car that was to take them to Joa. "Oh, Orville," she said, "I thought you were never going to call!"

He had observed she seemed somewhat distraught and now her eyes were the watery blue of the beach at Copocabana. "I've been so upset," she said unsteadily. "It's not at all like I expected here. It's been just awful. My impresario is nothing but a brute!"

Orville patted her hand. "There, there," he said soothingly. "We all have

(Continued on page 28)

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Hemisphere Round His Shoulders

By Frank Gervasi

BY CABLE FROM RIO DE JANEIRO

THEY say of Oswaldo Aranha that he is as brave as he is intelligent, and as candid as he is handsome. Here in Rio the Brazilians see in their Foreign Minister a shootin', tootin' Gaucho who has acquired the manners of a grand seigneur, the eloquence of a William Jennings Bryan and the diplomatic astuteness of a Disraeli. They see reflected in him their own uninhibited appreciation of lovely women or good horseflesh, or the excitement of a tall stack of milreis riding a number at the gaming table.

Luckily Aranha is a far more substantial citizen than the political D'Artagnan they half imagine and half know him to be. Aranha is a tall man. His shoulders sag slightly with a Lincolnesque stoop. His name, pronounced Aranyah, means "Spider." His name tells you more about him than his high forehead or the mane of white hair that gives him the air of a competent but aging actor.

Hardly the hothead the Brazilians like to picture him, he is as patient as his name implies. Patience, too, is visible in his amused hazel eyes, in his large nose and in the well-formed mouth that smiles serenely over his protuberant cleft chin.

He has no affectations, although his courtliness and his exuberance in conversation give him something of the showman that non-Latins mistake for insincerity. But he comes by his good manners honestly as the son of Ranchero Euclydes Egydio de Souza Aranha and Luisa de Freitas Valle, a grand old lady who rules her large family with the ramrod respectability of the old-world matriarch that she is.

It was she who made chain-smoker Aranha give up his cigarettes. She suffered from diabetes but liked sweets and pinched cream puffs on the sly. She became desperately ill and her son pleaded with her to give up bonbons and cream puffs.

"Okay," she said. "You stop smoking and I will quit sweets." Oswaldo hasn't smoked since.

The Aranha family was Latinly fecund—Oswaldo was one of seventeen children. The family owned huge tracts of land in the vicinity of Itaqui, near the Brazilian frontier with Uruguay, in Rio Grande do Sul, where Oswaldo learned many things.

There, in what was then the capital of contraband and bandits, and of that freedom of action and spirit born of space and remoteness from the law, Oswaldo learned how to shoot a revolver, ride a horse and lasso a steer. There, too, he first learned about freedom. His education was to be completed years later in Washington, where he went as ambassador at the age of forty in 1934. He is now forty-eight.

That particular phase of Oswaldo's life which began at forty makes him an outstanding American, and something more. Down here an American is anyone who was born in or has become a citizen of one of the Americas. If you happen to be a native or naturalized citizen of the United States, that means you are a *Nord-Americano*. You know no exclusive right to the label American.

This is a new concept—this business of considering themselves American—which has sprung into being in the past decade among the nations between the Rio Grande and Tierra del Fuego. Those who gave impetus to this new Americanism were Franklin D. Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, Sumner Welles and our Oswaldo.

The creation of a new and great Brazil is largely the work of Getulio Vargas, although Oswaldo Aranha, he whom they call the Spider, has a leg in that, too. But Vargas, in his great generosity, must admit that Brazil's loyalty to Pan-Americanism is due more directly to Oswaldo, and that the meeting of the foreign ministers of twenty-one American nations was a success when it might have been a resounding flop was substantially due to the Spider.

A Logroller at Home

Aranha spun his webs and caught his flies and bound all with silk and delivered the lot at the feet of Uncle Sam, embodied in the austere person of Sumner Welles, himself a sort of beardless Uncle Samuel, who seemed always to quiver with a hidden excitement and to restrain an intense desire to sock troublemakers like Argentina's Foreign Minister Ruiz Guinazu in his aristocratic kisser. Aranha and perhaps Groton and Harvard—who knows?—saved Mr. Welles the trouble. Not once but on at least three occasions the tired, hard-working Welles found reason to tell sweating newspapermen that Aranha had proved himself a "tower of strength" in the lobbying and logrolling and coffeehouse haggling that imparted to the conference of foreign ministers some of the unforgettable aspects of a meeting of the League Council in the days when the world was going diplomatically to hell at Geneva.

Yes, Rio for a feverish fortnight was much like Geneva used to be, although there were moments when the conference was as realistic as a Boss Hague confab with his lieutenants, just as at times it attained the splendid tomfoolery of a Louis Quinze court at Versailles.

Aranha was to have met Il Duce in Italy en route to his post in Washington. But Mussolini was with his invincibles at the 1934 maneuvers, and Aranha sailed for New York from Genoa without meeting Italy's strong boy.

Even his most intimate friends admit that the Aranha of those days was intrigued by the social aspects of Mussolini's Pullman-car revolution. What might have happened to Aranha had he met and fallen under the spell of the personal magnetism of the then powerful Italian dictator is still the subject of coffee-cup conjecture.

The Spider reveled in America's civilization, culture and material success. He was impressed by our progressive ideas in government. Franklin Delano Roosevelt became his idol and the New Deal his ideal and Fascism lost what might have been a dangerous exponent.

Aranha's contribution to the creation of Brazil's benevolent dictatorship is at least as great as that of Vargas'. It was Aranha who, pistol in hand, obtained submission of the military *cuartel* in Porto Alegre in politically volcanic Rio Grande do Sul in 1930. That was the revolution which moved Vargas into power.

The Boss of the Revolution

Rio mobs lifted Revolutionary Leader Aranha on their shoulders and carried him to the balcony of the Grande Hotel. The organization of the revolution had been Aranha's. And when the time came he stepped aside for Getulio, his friend, as the better man to lead the nation.

The gifts he displayed in organizing the revolution that brought Vargas to the dictatorship he employed in whipping together the Latin-American nations in the common war effort against the Axis. It was Aranha, inspired by Welles, who composed the differences between Ecuador and Peru, and who talked turkey to Guinazu. Aranha did the dirty work. Where Welles could not frankly tell Guinazu that failure to join in the break with the Axis would mean economic isolation for Argentina—no gasoline, no tires, no loans—Aranha could and did.

Aranha's capacity for work was astounding. He was in his air-conditioned office in the Itamaraty Palace from nine o'clock every morning until seven or

(Continued on page 53)

INTERNATIONAL

Best United States friend at the inter-American conference of foreign ministers was skillful Oswaldo Aranha (center) Brazil's Foreign Minister. With him here are Sumner Welles and President Getulio Vargas of Brazil

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STUKA!

By W. B. Courtney

DRAWING BY JO KOTULA

Dive-bomber pilots are the supermen of the air, fed and conditioned like prize athletes. Their desperate work is done close to the ground and the Nazis by research and patient experimentation are now able to bring it even closer. From firsthand observation Mr. Courtney tells here how dive bombing has developed and what deadly danger it holds for all of us

EVEN sailors, even ground soldiers, and even all those millions of lay civilians who have never yet set their haunches in an airplane seat, saw the strategic reason for Japan's first-round successes in the Pacific. Superiority in air power! With all that means in long and careful planning, in preparation, in co-ordination, in numbers, in home bases within easier operating ranges than those of her victims. The Japs flew over slugging.

But our air fighting men saw a deeper significance.

They saw proof of emphasized and particularized devotion to a certain air tactic.

The Japs *came down* slugging.

On the officially revealed evidence, the chief havoc in Hawaii was caused by diving planes. No expert observers corroborated the first tales of four-motored high-altitude Jap bombers, although such, if flying boats and if from Saipan or Bonin Islands, or even from Yokohama, could be refueled on a smooth ocean in successive rendezvous with submarines or tenders. Our Navy, in practice, has used this maneuver. But there is no proof, and no reason to believe, that the Jap swarm came from anywhere but carriers.

Heavy bombers cannot be based on airplane carriers—only light, dive and torpedo bombers; also fighters, or pursuits, which can be used for dive attacks.

Medium-size bombs, dropped from light bombers in the higher Jap flights, could account for hangar and other land damage, also much of the ship destruction. But casualties to Air Corps, men, planes on the ground and equipment on Hickam Field and elsewhere, were by small fragmentation bombs and machine-gun fire from the diving planes. In Pearl Harbor there was this, plus aerial torpedoes. A torpedo bomber is, in effect, a dive bomber.

Off the Malayan Peninsula the Prince of Wales and the Repulse were sunk by torpedo-bomber attack.

In the battle of Luzon, General MacArthur reported: "The enemy's dive bombers practically control the roads from the air."

At Davao, Hong Kong, Sarawak, Amboina, and during the drive on Singapore, it was always the same—Japanese dive bombers, the lightning that darted ahead of the massed land and sea thunderheads, weaving a new pattern with an old technique across the South Pacific skies.

The New Trend in Air War

But if tropical skies first saw its wide-scale tracing, the pattern had been fully cut and fitted against the dour skies of northern Europe. German engineers and tacticians were behind the planes. German experience and instruction rode in the cockpits with the little brown men. And the new trend in air warfare, which airmen see clearly revealed by the first two months of the Japanese onslaught, I can now supplement for you with firsthand news from Germany, hitherto secret and never before published.

In Berlin all last spring and summer there was mystery, gossip and conjecture with regard to a structure that was being erected in the west end of the city.

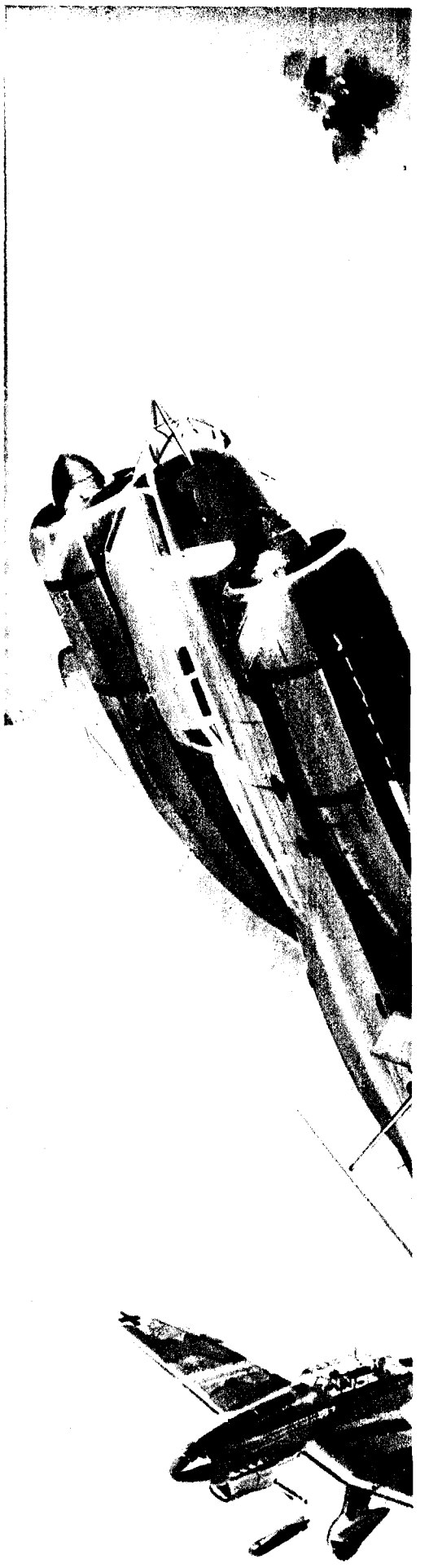
A round, dark, curiously sinister building—steel-ribbed, armor-plated—it grew to look more each day like a futuristic movie set or a Buck Rogers illustration. Near the Zoo and the Kurfurstendam, Berlin's "main stem," on the southern rim of the Tiergarten where that famous park is bisected by an "L" line, it was in plain view of the city's promenading and commuting millions. It became the capital's favorite topic of guessing. On the trains, standees would bend down, sittees twist around to stare at it. On the street, puzzled burghers would bump into one another or into posts, or trip over leashed dogs, too busy looking at the strange building to look where they were going.

"It's a gas-raid shelter for 25,000 people," was the principal rumor, until inside ramps became visible in the framework; then, "It's a garage for the Supreme Command." But when it rose above all the surrounding rooftops, matched even the distant Shell Building and the Columbushaus—Berlin's only versions of "skyscrapers"—and the guns arrived, to be set as thickly as porcupine quills, people finally caught on and called it the *Flakturm*. Flak is German slang for antiaircraft, compounded from the initials of "*flieger abwehr kanonen*" (cannon against fliers). *Turm* is tower.

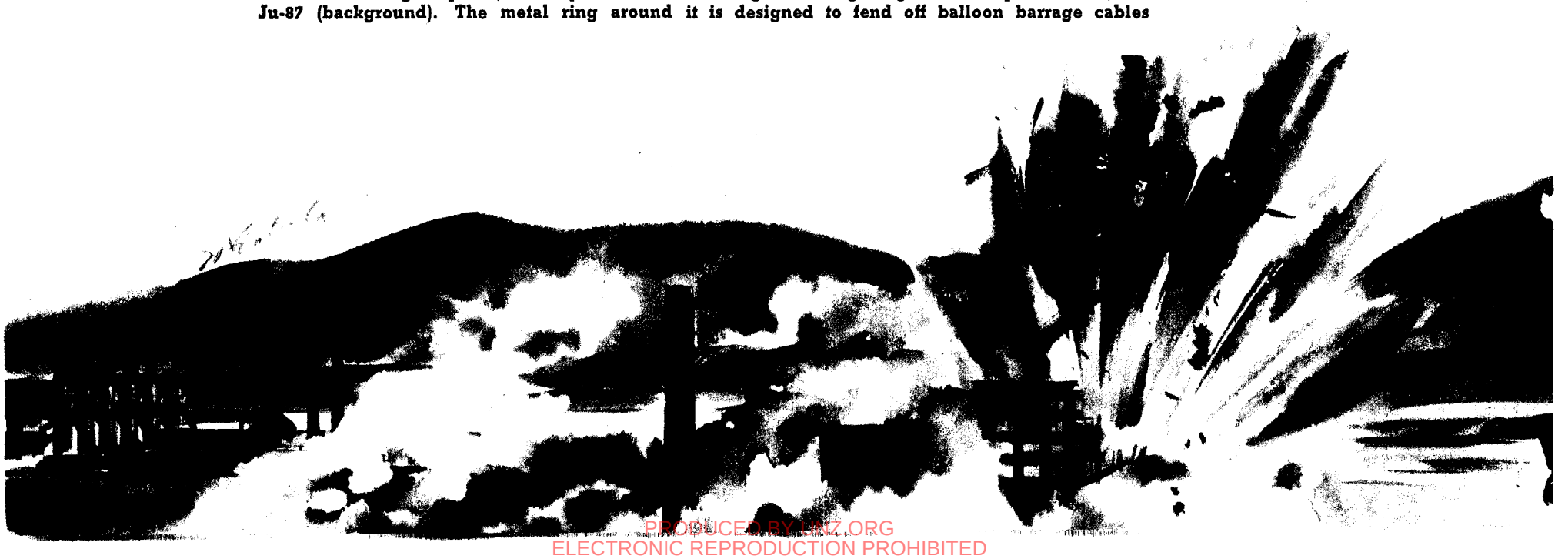
The public let it go at that.

But to one interested in aviation there was more here than met the eye. In any city in the world—even canyoned New York—plenty of spots at ground level can be found for the antiaircraft guns, *if those guns are to be used against bombers coming over high.* You don't have to worry about interference from buildings, and there are obvious advantages for ground mounting. The anxiety of the defenders of Berlin to raise their antiaircraft guns above the profile of the city's rooftops, and thus gain freedom of aim-range within any quarter of the 180-degree arc from horizon to horizon, suggested forearming against an expected change in raid technique. Against low-flying or diving attack, instead of high-flying level bombing.

I talked to Colonel Schwenker, en-



Germany's newest dive bomber is the formidable Junkers 88, pulling out of a dive in the foreground —a fast twin-engine plane, heavily armed, with a longer cruising range than its predecessor, the Ju-87 (background). The metal ring around it is designed to fend off balloon barrage cables



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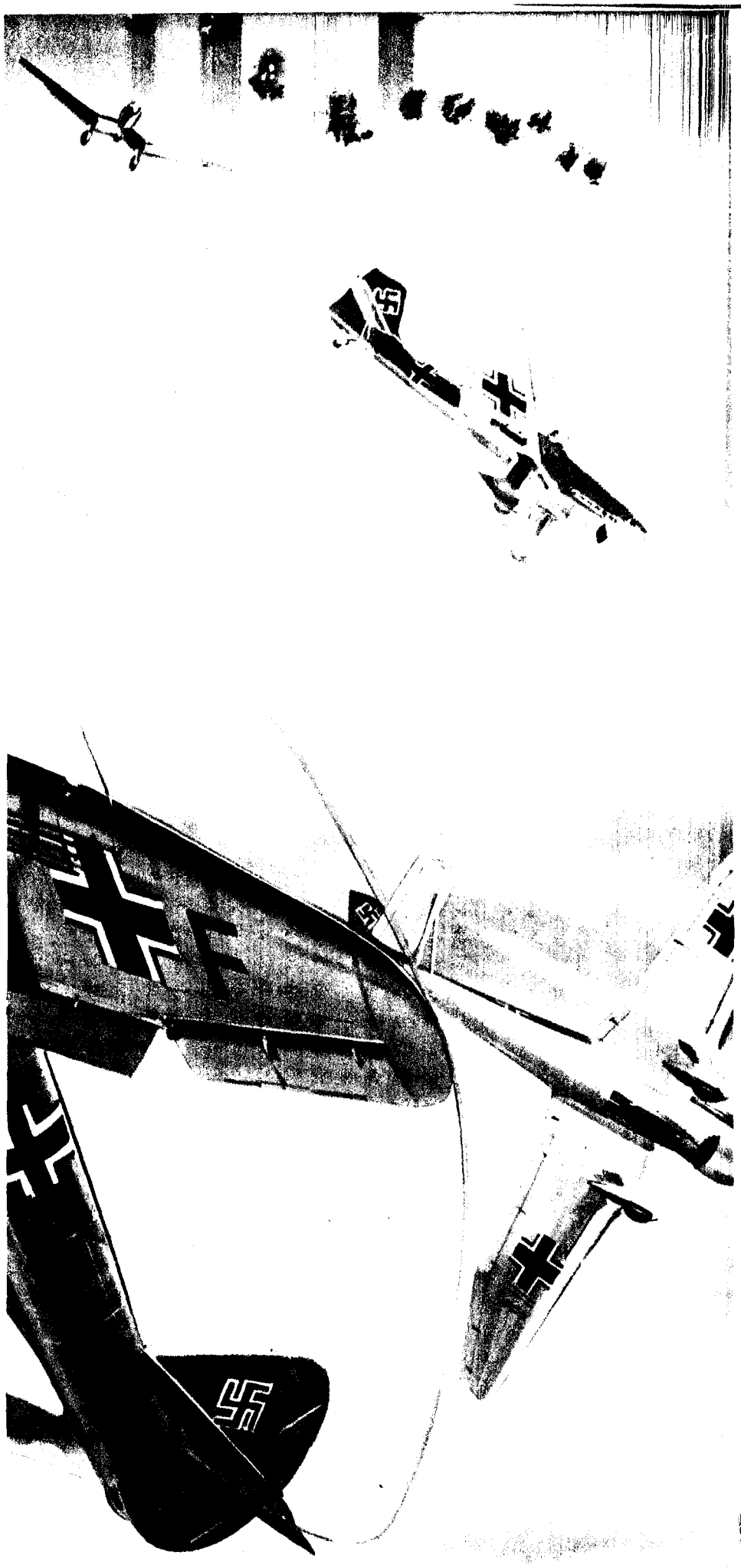

gineering aide to the Luftwaffe's Colonel-General Udet, about it. "Of course, it's the old, old military story of the adaptation of ancient forms to meet new conditions," he said. "Forts of one kind or another are the oldest permanent defensive work; as old as human land and sea warfare. Now we've put the fort, with all its advantages of protection for crews and supplies, on stilts, so to speak, to meet air warfare. The forts are going up because the planes are coming down. The defense must now have freedom of range to meet the offense's freedom of operation. Otherwise you might have attack and dive planes in the hands of audacious pilots taking advantage of land and building contours where flak couldn't get at them."

As I ran down the clue of the flak tower, in subsequent talks with Colonel Schwenker and with other Luftwaffe officers, it became apparent this ground-defense innovation was, however, but one phase or sign of an entire new German concept of, and approach to, air warfare. Moreover, the flak tower was in a sense admission of their belief that the British had reached, or would soon reach, the same conclusions.

Germany Makes a Decision

German air strategists, in spite of the death and destruction they have caused in London and Coventry, in Southampton and Belgrade, in spite of the shellacking they have received in Bremen, Kiel and elsewhere, believe that high-altitude bombing has failed as a means of bringing wars to a conclusion—at least in this stage of military history.

They have come to the opinion that the race of air designers and builders to "get on top" is the wrong tack, that merely to provide advantage in personal combat in the upper air is really a sidetracking of greater values, because the most emphatic striving must be toward precision in bringing the air cargo of destruction to its objective on the ground.

In the Polish campaign German Stukas and pursuits reintroduced "attack aviation"—that is, strafing of both ground troops and objectives by low-flying aircraft—to world military consciousness. Soon afterward the man chiefly responsible, General Ernst Udet, most *airminded* German airman, told me:

"Another leaf we borrowed from you. There was great interest in your Army for many years after the last war in attack aviation. Your people saw it correctly. You had a special course in your Air Corps for attack aviation, just as you had for bombardment aviation and for pursuit aviation. You developed many special types of attack planes. For some reason, you dropped your emphasis on it. We increased ours. The Stuka is only a part of the picture. It's the whole pattern that counts; the grasp of the general problem.

"Our enemies always talk of how we built up our 'air power.' I always say they miss a distinction. They mean air force. Air force is a matter of how many planes, bombs, fields, pilots and the like you've got. But true air power is a state of mind.

"It's the acceptance by your people. It's flexibility, imagination, but applied to first principles, not to dreams. No doubt one day we shall have in fact the poet's dream of high air fleets grappling in the deepest blue of the stratosphere on a monstrous scale, just as within modern history we have had high-seas fleets settling alone by their battles the destinies of empires.

"But in the current stage of its development the military airplane is an earth machine, integrated, co-ordinated, harmoniously applied in overwhelming numbers with ground and surface forces toward victorious attainment of ground objectives. Any opinion by responsible militarists, at least in this present day, of the airplane as other than an earth machine is unforgivably romantic. I think the practical conquest of the stratosphere—believe it or not, a German officer is saying this!—will come first by commercial air projects."

Udet is dead now. His views, his indoctrinated officers, still rule the Luftwaffe. He alone is responsible for the encouragement given to the young Stuka captain whose ideas and experiments, as you will presently see, wrote the pattern of the new kind of air attack that England may expect, if and when airblitz against her is resumed. The importance of Udet's idea, reduced to a simple term, is just this—high-altitude bombing is not accurate enough.

German airmen are convinced that their airblitz on England in the autumn of 1940, the winter of '40-'41, and the early spring of 1941, did not achieve destruction of military objectives, crippling of industrial background or weakening of civilian morale commensurate with the enormity of the effort—with the gross wastage of planes and equipment, the fantastic cost of the bombs dropped, the gigantic and backbreaking home industrial effort necessary to sustain the blitz, and the fearful expenditure of trained lives, pilots and other personnel.

One said: "The defenses worked out against formal high-altitude raids by heavy bomber squadrons—the antiaircraft which keeps them so high there can be no accuracy, the fighters which rise above you and kill your personnel and down your planes—cause losses far in excess of the 10 per cent we feel is

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"What're you doing with my picture?" Grandpa demanded. We told him. His eyes lost their twinkle and grew sharp

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A TASTE FOR OLD THINGS

By Dick Dorrance

Grandpa lived in the past, but all the same he kept a sharp eye on the future

FOR a long while we were never quite sure about Grandpa. Nobody would exactly come out and say that he was crazy, yet there were times when he gave the whole family grave cause for concern. Uncle Harris was probably kindest in his analysis. "Grandpa's irrational," he used to explain.

Grandpa never had much to say, but when he did say it, there was much pith and much point to his words. As when Weldon Marsh, who is a first cousin of sorts to us, brought his girl from the city up to the farm over a week end. Grandpa took one look at her, head to toe, before pointing at the stylish cutaway shoes on her feet. "What'a you want t'wear those dang things for?" he said. Then he stalked out to the barn with that erectly firm step of his, silky white hair waving in his wake.

It was the barn Mother used to worry about most. "Why anybody'd want to live in a barn when they can have a nice comfortable room with southern exposure and a rug on the floor, *I* don't know." She pursed her lips, as Mother does when something is beyond her comprehension.

The barn, as a matter of fact, was a wonderful place, and as far back as I can remember, Grandpa lived there. It wasn't really the kind of barn that has hay and big cracks in the walls. Grandpa had fixed it up pretty nice, with a big room and a coal stove sitting in the middle on a sheet of galvanized tin. The stove, he explained to us, used to be in the ladies' salon of the ferryboat Vanderhook.

"Ran between Staten Island and the Battery from '68 to '79," said Grandpa with a knowing look in his sharp eyes. They had a perpetual little twinkle, as if he had just heard something very funny, but couldn't tell you about it. "Took her off the run in May of '79. Dang good stove. . . ."

Everything in the barn was like that, and every day Grandpa seemed to bring more oddities back to stow away in some corner or other. The dusty hayloft was crammed with things.

Mother used to sigh about it. "Well, it's his money he's spending," she reasoned, almost as though consoling herself. Grandpa had a pension check that came through every now and then because he'd been in the Spanish-American War. "Spent the whole ruckus in Georgia," he chuckled, "with malaria. Gosh a'mighty, was I sick!"

USUALLY a new batch of junk arrived after each of his periodic trips. We never quite knew where he went, and nobody had the courage to ask. He'd come in for breakfast some morning and, after wiping the coffee from his white mustache, announce: "Well, guess I won't be here for a few days, Martha. You can go easy on the food. Oughta be back in time for supper Friday. . . ."

That was all there was to it. Then he'd get his old car out of the garage and drive off primly down the middle of the road that led to the Merritt Parkway. Once Grandpa had an old Daimler, but they wouldn't give him a license for it any more. "Dang good car," exploded Grandpa. "Better than these tin turtles folks drive nowdays."

As a matter of fact, it was a good thing Grandpa had his pension checks because, frankly, our family wasn't exactly prosperous. Not since Dad died six years ago and left Mother with the problem of putting us kids through college. Jenny and I both tried to help out, and we even offered to quit school, but Mother wouldn't hear of it. Grandpa, who wasn't really consulted in the dilemma, anyway, added his verdict decisively: "Do what your ma tells you, or I'll beat your brains out."

Anyhow, as I was saying, when Grandpa went off on one of his strange trips, various packages began to drift back by parcel post, express, and once

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Mistress Wisecrack

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

Eve Arden, the caustic, cynical wit of Let's Face It! isn't the same girl at home. She's happily married and couldn't possibly be mean to the neighbor's dog

THE current Broadway musical-comedy hit Let's Face It! had its out-of-town run in Boston. During its first week there, Eve Arden, the show's leading woman, received a letter from three teen-aged girls who had seen her in the movies and in Let's Face It! "We wish very much," they wrote, "that you'd give us a minute of your time. You see, we have a boy friend and he's double-crossing all of us. Please find enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope in which we hope you'll send us some sharp, clever remark we can use to tell him just where to get off. We think you're *wonderfully* mean."

A New York critic called La Arden "The new and unquestioned mistress of the caustic wisecrack"—"You!" she says to her stage husband at one point in the show, "Of all the people to lead a double life! Why, you haven't even the strength to lead a single one!" Judging by her fan mail, most of her audiences think of her as did the three little girls, as a kind of one-woman blitzkrieg—only more vice-ridden.

The fact is that the off-stage Eve neither drinks nor smokes nor stays up late. Bright but never snide, she lacks the trace of bitterness that makes for great gall, wormwood and wit. "When I try to be bitter," she says, "it gives me a headache. I feel fine."

She feels fine for lots of reasons: Because, for the last three years she's been married to and very much in love with Ned Bergen, a young and prosperous insurance salesman. Also she's happy about her undoubted success both in the movies and on the stage; about the fact that, aged thirty, she's established—probably for life—in the four-figures-a-week income bracket.

Then, too, if she's candid with herself, she should be lighthearted about her lithe and attractive five-foot-seven, hundred-and-thirty-pound model's body; about her large green eyes, her dark blond, feather-bobbed hair and the total effect she gives of being a chic, charming young woman of great wealth and few anxieties.

Some Things to be Regretted

Her only cause for regret is that she has insomnia and claustrophobia. Either one alone wouldn't be so bad, but together they keep her constantly in need of more rest. The trouble is that her insomnia won't let her sleep in any position except face down, and her fear of close quarters prohibits her lying any way but face up.

"If I were the unhealthy kind of person I always have to be on the stage and in the movies," she says sadly, "I'd just take cocaine regularly and be done with it." Deep sigh. "Unfortunately, I'm not. I take cocoa—and toss."

She tosses particularly feverishly when she remembers herself as seven-year-old Eunice Quedens, the center of what came to be known as The Mill Valley Mystery. In the first place, the thought of ever having been called Eunice makes her acutely uncomfortable; secondly, she squirms when she recalls all the fuss that revolved about her first stage appearance—reciting a poem at a Parent-Teachers' meeting at the Mill Valley, California, grammar school. There was no puzzle about the poem—a pathos-packed little dialect piece entitled No Kicka My Dog—but no one could figure out where the spindle-legged, tow-haired child had learned an Italian dialect. A convincing veritable Henry Armetta of a dialect. No such uncultured speech had ever been heard from the stage of the Outdoor Art Club. Eve's story was that she had learned the dialect from her mother.

Not that Mrs. Q. was Italian, either—fourth-generation American, and before that, French-German. Nor was divorced Papa Quedens the culprit. The truth was simply that Mother had been on the stage for three years during her adolescence and was very proficient at dialects.

The good burghers relaxed and watched Eve grow up literally before their very eyes—always on stage. In grammar school she was lieutenant, major and finally Queen of the Fairies; *(Continued on page 44)*

IFOR THOMAS

Eve Arden's assets are a model's figure, a movie-star face, and four-figures-a-week acting ability

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BRITISH COMBINE

R.A.F. Wing Commander Malan, his wife and his son Jonathan. Prime Minister Churchill is the child's godfather

Sailor in a Spitfire

By Quentin Reynolds

CABLED FROM LONDON

There's no vagueness in Sailor Malan's mind as to what he's fighting for. And as a man thinks, so he fights. Fifty-odd victories attest the soundness of the Sailor's thinking

The first portion of Mr. Reynolds' story of Britain's greatest ace appeared in last week's Collier's.

ONE night in the Savoy Hotel bar a waiter handed me a note. It was from a pilot who had arrived from Canada only a month before. I knew him well, and I knew too that his group had just been put on Spitfires and that he was due to go into combat the next day. His squadron was going to make its first daylight "sweep" over France. The kid was a bit excited and a bit nervous too. He wanted to give me a letter to mail home "just in case." I was sitting with Wing Commander Malan. I asked the kid pilot in to have a glass of beer with us. His eyes popped when he saw Malan. Malan is the idol of the R.A.F. youngsters. He's almost a legend in the Air Force.

"I wish you could give me some advice, Commander," the kid blurted out. "Tomorrow will be my first show."

"Just remember everything you've been taught," Malan said, smiling. "You'll find it easy. Jerry does a lot of running now, even over France. Just keep the sun in back of you and keep your hands and feet clean. Don't be ham-handed, you'll be all right. You're a better pilot than Jerry is any day. Your training has been better."

The kid nodded gratefully and went out. Sometimes pilots use language that doesn't add up to me.

"Was that double talk, Sailor?" I asked Malan. "What do you mean about clean hands and feet? What does a fighter pilot need to keep from getting killed?"

There aren't many rules (Malan said thoughtfully), but there are a few. Now, there are certain qualities a fighter pilot must have, or he won't get away with it. Now, I'll tell you—during the last war fighting in the air was largely a matter of individual courage. Flying ability and good shooting helped, but usually the aces were the men of terrific courage, the men who waited until they got in close and who took terrific chances. It's a little different now. Courage in these days is decidedly a minor talent. No one man is braver than the next. The civilian fire fighters in London; the air wardens in Coventry or Plymouth—these men do things under fire which we fighter pilots can only regard with awe. We don't have to show that kind of courage. The civilians work through the most devilish blitzes and they don't have the comforting feeling that they have eight guns under their thumb to help them fight back.

Things an Air Fighter Needs

Courage arouses no comment in Britain these days. It is a very common commodity which the grocer or the butcher probably has in greater quantities than the service man with the ribbons on his chest.

A fighter pilot today needs a lot more than courage. Unreasoning, unintelligent blind courage is, in fact, a tremendous handicap to him. He has to be cold when he's fighting. He fights with his head, not with his heart. There are three qualities a first-class fighter pilot must have:

First, he must have an aggressive nature. He must think in terms of offense rather than of defense. He must at all times be the attacker. It is against the nature of a Spitfire to run away.

Second, both his mind and body must be alert and both must react instinctively to any tactical situation. When you are fighting you have no time to think.

Third, he must have good eyes and clean hands and feet. His hands and feet control his airplane and they must be sensitive. He can't be ham-handed. When your Spit is ambling along at three-ninety miles an hour a too-heavy hand on the stick or a too-heavy foot on the rudder will send you into an inadvertent and very embarrassing spin. Your hands, your feet, your mind, your instinct, must function as well whether you're flying right side up or upside down.

Those three points, you might say, are all theoretical. Well, let's see how they work out in practice. There was a place called Dunkirk. My squadron (Number 74, the best squadron in the world)

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SLICKER

By Frank Richardson Pierce

C. C. BEALL

He faced the biggest deal of his life—survival. He couldn't make a mistake, now

ANYONE who knows Larry Lane will tell you he's a slicker—always promoting a *deal*. As a grammar-school kid he weeded water-front-home lawns and earned swimming and boating privileges. At seventeen—in forty-nine deals—he ran a leaky fountain pen up to a jaloppy. There was a piece about it in the paper, and a downtown store at once offered him a job.

Larry declined and made a deal to mow lawns, play football and enroll in the Navy R.O.T.C. at the university. A summer vacation deal with a private flying school won him his pilot's license. He turned his eyes toward Pensacola and made it after hurdling incredible obstacles.

The hardest duty Larry's commanding officer ever faced was telling Larry that an indefinite something, often called flying sense, was lacking and he would just miss getting his golden wings. Larry took the blow, chin up, as kids who've had it tough usually do. An hour later he bounced back and felt a deal coming on.

"How about recommending me for the ninety-day training course for ensign, sir?" he asked.

"Gladly. There will be several months' delay before there's an opening."

"How about a gun pointer's rating, and a little practical experience aboard an armed freighter while I'm waiting? Uncle Sam spent a barrel of money teaching me to shoot," Larry said. "He should cash in on the investment."

UNCLE SAM had just cashed in. And how! The five-inch shell struck the submarine a moment after she fired the torpedo that hit the fifteen-thousand-ton freighter amidships. Boilers and tons of ammunition let go. It was pretty terrible. An air blast had blown Larry overboard and he faced the biggest deal of his life—survival. He couldn't miss a bet, nor make a mistake, now.

It had all happened at dusk, and now mists and darkness pressed in. Wind and current spread the wreckage. Cries that were close faded and died. Larry's efforts were parallel to his early deals—a splintered plank, a hatch cover, then a shattered lifeboat held up by its air tanks. He sat on a bow thwart, which was awash most of the time. His wool pants, blouse and pea jacket (buttoned up around his ears) retained much of his bodily warmth. Warm, he might survive several days. Others weren't as lucky—like the chief mate who was sleeping and burst from his cabin, buttoning a yellow slicker over his pajamas. Or the firemen with their thin dungarees.

The destroyers would come, and planes from the light cruisers, but they couldn't see much. He thought about the submarine. Not a chance of her staying afloat. As the hours dragged he felt bad about the folks at home. He'd be reported missing. Mom would turn dead-white, shake her spread fingers in front of her and cry, "Don't touch me, don't speak to me, please." Then she would slip away to regain her self-control. Pop would walk miles in the yard, smoking furiously, cursing savagely. Too bad, he reflected, this had to come now when things had been better for them.

And there was Lois. When he was commissioned they were going to be married. A high-school crush that had really worked out. She would open the cedar chest, look at her wedding things for solace and find only distress. She would learn—the hard way—what it meant when a girl's world tumbled about her ears. . . .

Larry stopped thinking about Mom, Pop and Lois. He couldn't take it. . . .

When dawn came, he saw a man in a yellow slicker, rowing a life raft from one piece of wreckage to another. He thought of a gull searching for food.

The raft came toward him. There was a hard German face above the mate's slicker. Where it was unbuttoned, naked, purple flesh was visible. The German submarine commander, Larry thought. He must have got clear before the submarine went down, stripped off his clothing and swum toward his victim, knowing there would be wreckage. Most likely he killed the chief officer and took his slicker and now he's looking at my warm pea jacket.

The German rowed, facing Larry, an automatic pistol on the raft deck—the one personal item he had retained during the swim. He stopped rowing and picked up the weapon. "Strip off your clothing," he ordered in good English.

Larry looked into the muzzle, twenty feet away. "A couple of men, each determined to survive," he said. "Each depending on his wits."

"But *I* have the gun," the German said. "And might . . ."

"Is right," Larry completed the sentence. "Spoken with the warmth of one who has faith in his creed. I have my creed. It's stood me well. I'll make a deal with you—my clothes for your slicker. I don't propose to be left naked."

"A trader, eh?" the German said. "I thought the English a trader nation. Be that as it may, you've made a deal. I'll carry out my part."

Larry stripped off the pea jacket and tossed it onto the raft. "Now . . . the slicker."

The German tossed over the slicker. Larry pulled off pants and blouse. They landed soddenly on the raft deck. He put on the slicker and swore. "This *is* cold. But it keeps out the wind."

"I find your clothing . . . warm," the German answered. "And I find you . . . stupid. The pistol is . . . jammed."

Larry watched the raft drift away.

The hours passed slowly.

Midafternoon brought a plane. It was high and to the west, it circled slowly, as if the pilot thought he had sighted something but wasn't sure. "He's spotted me," Larry said. "No, he hasn't either. Don't let it get you down, keed. You'll beat this game yet . . . keed. Now he's coming. He's spotted you."

The plane came down in a long glide, cleared the waves by a safe margin, a hand waved, and then it was gone.

The cruiser came at dusk and the whaleboat's crew wrapped him in blankets. The doctor was confident they'd head off pneumonia, and Larry learned a destroyer had picked up a number near the sinking.

The pilot came in later. "A man in blue clothes, on a gray raft or boat that's floating on a blue sea, is hard to spot from the air," he said. "But yellow stands out like a target bull's-eye."

"I know it," Larry answered. "I've flown a bit myself."

"You were lucky to have that yellow slicker," the pilot said.

"Luck," Larry said, as professional pride asserted itself, "had nothing to do with it. I made . . . a deal."

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DISPATCH to the General

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

There were five thousand hostile Indians between the sergeant and his destination —and some of them were bound to get in his way on that lonely night journey

GENERAL TERRY lay at the junction of the Yellowstone and Rosebud with the campfires of his two thousand men burning their yellow-dotted blooms through the dark. The blistering July heat, soaked day-long into the soil, now came out of the soil in steady waves and the smell of dust was everywhere as the sergeant reached Terry's open tent flap and stood by, waiting for the general to finish his hasty writing.

Ned Gervaise, the civilian guide, had also arrived and while the two men waited the general's pleasure they exchanged casual inspections, both aware they would be pretty much in each other's hands during the next few days. Gervaise was a wiry little fellow in a once-black broadcloth suit turned green from the rigors of the campaign. He had a goatee, a big nose and a pair of beady, restless eyes and he was supposed to be the best guide in the country, next to Charley Reynolds. But Charley had been massacred five days before and so the sergeant supposed that now made Ned Gervaise the best guide.

General Terry finished his note, sealed it and rose from the table. He gave it to the sergeant. Then the general said, "Sergeant Hounds, you will deliver that dispatch to General Crook, who is somewhere between Fort Fetterman and this point."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

"You may get separated," reflected Terry. "Therefore I had better tell Gervaise the contents of the dispatch in case he alone gets through. General Crook and I were to have met on the Powder River two weeks ago. He has apparently been delayed, and I have been delayed. Tell the general to swing over to the Rosebud and march along it. I am starting out in the morning and will meet him somewhere on the Rosebud. You may tell him the reason for my delay. There are five thousand Sioux and Cheyenne between his command and mine. Tell him to use caution—but to push along."

Gervaise nodded, whereupon the general said, "Have you picked the best possible horses?"

"No horses," said Gervaise. "You can't hide a horse—and we'll be doin' considerable hidin'. I can walk forty miles a night if the sergeant ain't slow."

The sergeant was a tall, willowy lad with a skin burned terra-cotta red. He had fresh blue eyes and a candid set of features, and it was the combination of awkwardness and seeming simpleness that appeared to trouble the civilian guide. But all the sergeant said was, "I'll be along."

THE general studied both men for a moment. Hounds carried a carbine, a revolver and a full belt of ammunition; he had a canteen and an improvised food pouch slung over a shoulder. The guide carried a carbine and apparently nothing more, but since he was well seasoned, the general did not presume to question him. He said, "It is a risky proposition an(I wish you both luck," and shook hands with both of them. The sergeant saluted, Gervaise nodded and the two turned and passed along the streets of the various commands, the guide slightly in the lead.

A sergeant of the guard joined them and escorted them through the picket line and at last they left the

The Sioux had come across the river, were directly below the crevice, talking. "Close enough to smell 'em," murmured the sergeant

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security of the command behind, facing the troubled wilderness before them. A moon in the low southwest shed a strange-colored stain through the haze of fire smoke which covered the land, and Gervaise stood momentarily still, swinging his huge nose like a weathervane. "Likely to be some Sioux prowlers close by," he murmured. "They're fond of sneakin' close to a camp. We go soft for the next hour or so. Better throw away that canteen. Makes too much noise."

He moved on with so quick and soft a motion that Hounds temporarily lost him and made a racket with his boots in hurrying forward; and he knew the guide, who had no high opinion anyway of cavalrymen as scouters, would rate him down for it. He dropped the canteen from his shoulder, set his pace directly behind Gervaise; and thus they traveled with only the scrape of their boots on the gritty ground breaking the silence. The course was southward beside the dull streak of the river.

PRESENTLY the flare of Terry's campfires vanished behind the broken formations of the land, and the canyon of the Rosebud got deeper, and around them lay buttes and misshapen domes in the shadows, and day's heat still smoldered out of the soil. Now and then Gervaise made a soft grunt and stopped to crouch against the earth and to listen carefully. Hounds reckoned it was about two hours from camp when the guide descended into the Rosebud's canyon and again halted. The river at this point made a rustling racket over its shallowed gravel bed, and after a long pause Gervaise entered the water.

It was hip-high to the center and shoulder-high afterward; in a moment Gervaise's shadow disappeared and then with equal suddenness Frank Hounds stepped into the main channel and went down like a rock, weighted by his gear. He came up spitting and he gripped the carbine, grim as death, and made some effort to swim; he sank and he rose and he sank and he got to thinking it would be better if he let the carbine go, and it seemed he argued this point a long while and couldn't bring himself to do it and at last, his wind pretty well out of him, his feet at last hit bottom. He came to the far bank and stood alone in dense darkness, now shivering from the chill.

An owl hooted near by but it wasn't until the call came a second time that he caught on, and followed the sound of it and ran into Gervaise. The guide murmured, "Now we can make better time," and went away at his swift motion. They climbed from the Rosebud's canyon, struck a rocky, pitted bluff and continued with it. The direction was still south and the river was still beside them.

There wasn't much to do except to follow Gervaise, who moved on at a pace that was not far short of a trot; and now that there was time to think, the sergeant got to considering the chore ahead. There really wasn't any telling where Crook was to be found, and this shanks'-mare business might take them clear across the width of Montana. Crook had started from Fort Laramie with his command, marching north; Terry had started from the Missouri River, marching west. It was to be a sort of a nutcracker business, the two columns pushing the Sioux ahead of them and then joining on Powder River and squeezing the Sioux between.

So far it hadn't worked out, for the Sioux slipped like water through Terry's fingers. Reaching the Rosebud, the general had sent Custer forward on scout and Custer, who was a hell-for-leather officer, had struck the Sioux trail and had pitched right in with five of his troops. That was the end of them all. The sergeant had been in the rescue party and he had come upon the field of the Little Bighorn two days later, upon the bloated horses and the three hundred and fifty-two cavalrymen lying dead singly and in small clusters and in ragged windrows as the fury of the fight had caught them. That was why Terry was late in joining with Crook; and now Terry wanted to know why Crook was late, and where he was anyhow —and five thousand Sioux and Cheyenne under Sitting Bull and Gall and Crazy Horse swarmed this country like bees. Maybe the same thing had happened to Crook as had happened to Custer.

Around midnight Ned Gervaise stopped for a brief breathing spell and thereafter moved forward. By three o'clock the sky had begun to pale, whereupon Gervaise turned about and backtracked a half mile. They ate raw bacon and hardtack and drank out of the river and climbed to a rocky crevice on the ridge crest just as daylight came.

"I'll take first watch," said the guide.

The sergeant sat down. His feet had swollen and filled his boots like lead, so that he could not remove them; and they ached as a tooth would ache. The civilian guide murmured, "For a cavalryman you're not bad," whereupon Hounds fell asleep.

Gervaise wakened him in the middle of the morning and took his own brief cat nap, never quite sleeping. The sun blazed down and the rocks began to soak up the heat and reflect it until the crevice became a bake oven and a smoky fog covered the land and ashes occasionally dropped and the smell of burning grass and pine got strong. "Sioux have set fire to the country," murmured Gervaise, "so's to ruin the forage for the cavalry horses."

"Ruins it for Sioux horses too," said Hounds.

"An Injun and his horse," said Gervaise, "can live a long time hungry."

By the middle of the afternoon the sergeant regretfully remembered his canteen; and since there was no more sleep possible both men sat in the crevice and watched the land before them. Throughout the day the sergeant had noticed faint streaks of dust and motion through the screen of smoke, which would be parties of Sioux on scout. "All hell boilin' around us," commented Gervaise, and was thoughtful.

Short of sunset, the guide's keen ears picked up some faint sound and he wiggled a warning hand to Hounds; ducked low in the crevice, Hounds presently watched a file of Sioux warriors race around the bend of the river and tilt down the bluff to the water's edge. They crowded their ponies into the water and for a moment were motionless. Sunlight flashed on the rifles they carried and gleamed on the polished bronze of their bare bodies. They were a handsome lot, Hounds thought; they wore long black hair snagged with feathers and they had bold faces and looked upon the world as though they owned it.

The nearness of them turned his belly empty and hard and that was when he felt his fear. It wasn't so much the twenty-odd Sioux at the river that brought on the fear, for this crevice made a good bulwark and there was plenty of ammunition. The cold, hollow feeling came upon him from the sudden knowing that Gervaise and he were alone in the very heart of Indian country, surrounded by the wildest and keenest savage fighters on the continent.

The Sioux had come across the river and were directly below the crevice, talking among themselves; and one brave slid half down from his horse and stared at the earth. He was a tremendous Indian, better than six feet, Hounds judged, with a vast chest and thick arm and leg muscles. He straightened in the saddle, spoke a word, and led the band upriver around the bend.

"Close enough to smell 'em," murmured the sergeant.

"You'll smell 'em again," said Gervaise. "They struck our tracks. Those fellows are Cheyenne."

At sunset half an hour later Gervaise grunted another warning and in a little while the same band appeared on the farther bluff, filed into the canyon and crossed over, slowly riding down-river. The big Cheyenne kept his eyes fixed on the ground.

"They'll unravel the puzzle pretty soon," said Gervaise. "We got to get out of here."

TWILIGHT was long and darkness was hard to wait for; and when at last Gervaise rose from the crevice he turned higher into the rough lands instead of descending to the river. Hounds made no mention of his thirst, which burned his throat and froze his tongue; reaching down he got a piece of rock and clapped it into his mouth and seemed to find relief.

They scrambled from rock to rock for the best part of two hours, until the sergeant's hands grew raw; and his feet seemed slick inside his boots, which puzzled him. The route took them higher so that they at last reached a point from which they looked out upon the black smoke-palled night and discovered distant campfires glowing. Gervaise paused to watch. "That's off by the Little Bighorn. Large camp. Well, we ain't makin' time. We'll cross the river and get out on flatter country."

They scrambled along the broken sides of the canyon to the river. Hounds flattened out and permitted himself only a short drink, and followed Gervaise steadily along the edge of the water through a narrow, black gorge whose walls picked up the river's murmuring and magnified it. Now and then as Gervaise paused and got to his knees to study the ground, the sergeant quenched his continued thirst carefully.

They crossed over at the first place the water made a racket on shallow gravel and this time Hounds loosened the gun sling and put it around his shoulders to have his arms free, but when he dropped over his depth and again fought his way half strangled ashore he decided it would be better to have the gun in a handier place to throw away if necessary. A man was always learning.

Gervaise had again halted and Gervaise put his mouth close to Hounds' ear, and whispered, "Wait here," and faded into the downstream blackness.

Hounds crouched against *(Continued on page 55)*

A gun flashed bright, a shot rolled out. The pony broke gait and the sergeant went over its head and struck the rocky earth

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The Story Thus Far:

LEAVING her dying mother, who has drifted off into an opiate-induced sleep in her palatial New York City home, Elaine Brian—known to the newspapers as "the daughter of the richest woman in the world"—goes for a walk.

On a street corner a young man bumps into her. He apologizes, introduces himself as Larch Corpran; he says he is from Kansas. Elaine is impressed by the young fellow's simple charm and, realizing that her name means nothing to him, she chats with him, lunches with him. Later, just before she leaves him, she tells him that she is the social secretary of a wealthy woman—which, in a way, is true.

That same day, her mother (whom she idolizes) dies. Shortly after the funeral, Elaine receives a note from Larch Corpran in which he begs her to meet him at the corner where they had met before and lunch with him. Grief-stricken and anything but happy with her father—Paul Brian, who had made his wife's life miserable—she meets the boy.

She sees, at once, that he knows nothing of what has happened; and she learns that he has a job in a bank; that he adores his mother and is planning to save enough to give her a trip—perhaps to China, which has always fascinated her.

Listening to Larch Corpran, watching him, Elaine is impressed by his tenderness, his sensitiveness, his innate sweetness. And when he leaves her—he must go back to his job—she looks forward with dread to the ordeal that lies before her: the reading of her mother's will.

She returns to her home. Her father, his lawyer—Mr. Wells—and a young man (to whom she is not introduced) are awaiting her in the library. Presently Mr. Barney, her mother's lawyer, arrives. Then, while the others listen attentively, Mr. Barney reads the will.

Paul Brian's share of the vast estate is nothing; everything, with the exception of a few bequests to the servants—is to go to Elaine, "who has already attained her majority *and needs no guardian.*"

II

THE brittle silence fell to pieces. Mr. Barney broke it with the crackling of the paper he thrust back into the envelope. The young man broke it with a cough, with the pen he dropped upon the floor, with his apology. But Paul Brian broke it with his great anger.

"I shall contest the will!" he cried, and rose to his feet. "It is the most unjust, the most cruel—I have been faithful to her all these years. Plenty of men wouldn't have been what I've been. I yielded to her every whim and this is my reward! I won't stand her vindictiveness even after she is dead."

He rose as he spoke and strode out of the room. He had not slammed a door since he was a child, but he slammed the great library door now.

In the room behind him Mr. Wells coughed. "I suppose the will could be contested?" he asked, looking at Mr. Barney.

"Anything can be contested," Mr. Barney said amiably. "There's no law against it. But she had me make it strong enough so that even the President of the United States couldn't possibly win against her."

Mr. Wells coughed again behind his hand. "Send me a copy, nevertheless."

"Sure," Mr. Barney said. "I have one here, ready. I thought you'd want it."

He searched and found another envelope and handed it to Mr. Wells. Then he wiped his forehead again. "Can you talk to me a little bit, Elaine?" he asked. "Your mother had some messages she left to me."

"Yes," she said, not looking away from the window. The blue sky was becoming dim; the birch-tree branch was white and green. Would she or would she not give her father some of the money? If she inherited his hate how could she live with him?

"Goodby, Miss Brian," she heard Mr. Wells say.

(Continued on page 31)

"You dance beautifully," Field told her. "So also do you," Elaine said, but she could smell that scent. She was disturbed — repelled and attracted

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THE VERY TALL YOUNG MEN

BY KYLE CRICHTON

They literally play over their opponents' heads, these young giants of West Texas, the world's tallest basketball team and, if scoring means anything, one of the world's best

WHENEVER you talk about the West you have to be careful because somebody may think you mean California and you will get a smack from a real Westerner. If you listen to such individuals you'll discover that the real West is the Southwest, where men still wear boots and sombreros and have the general look of something that has been beaten severely before having been thrown on the skillet to fry.

The Southwest is big and it does everything to excess. If a thing is small, it is infinitesimal; if it's large, it's gargantuan. The basketball team of West Texas State College, for example, averages six feet six in height. *Averages,* mind you!

"Biggest team in the world," they say out in the Panhandle of Texas, very quietly, not boastful at all.

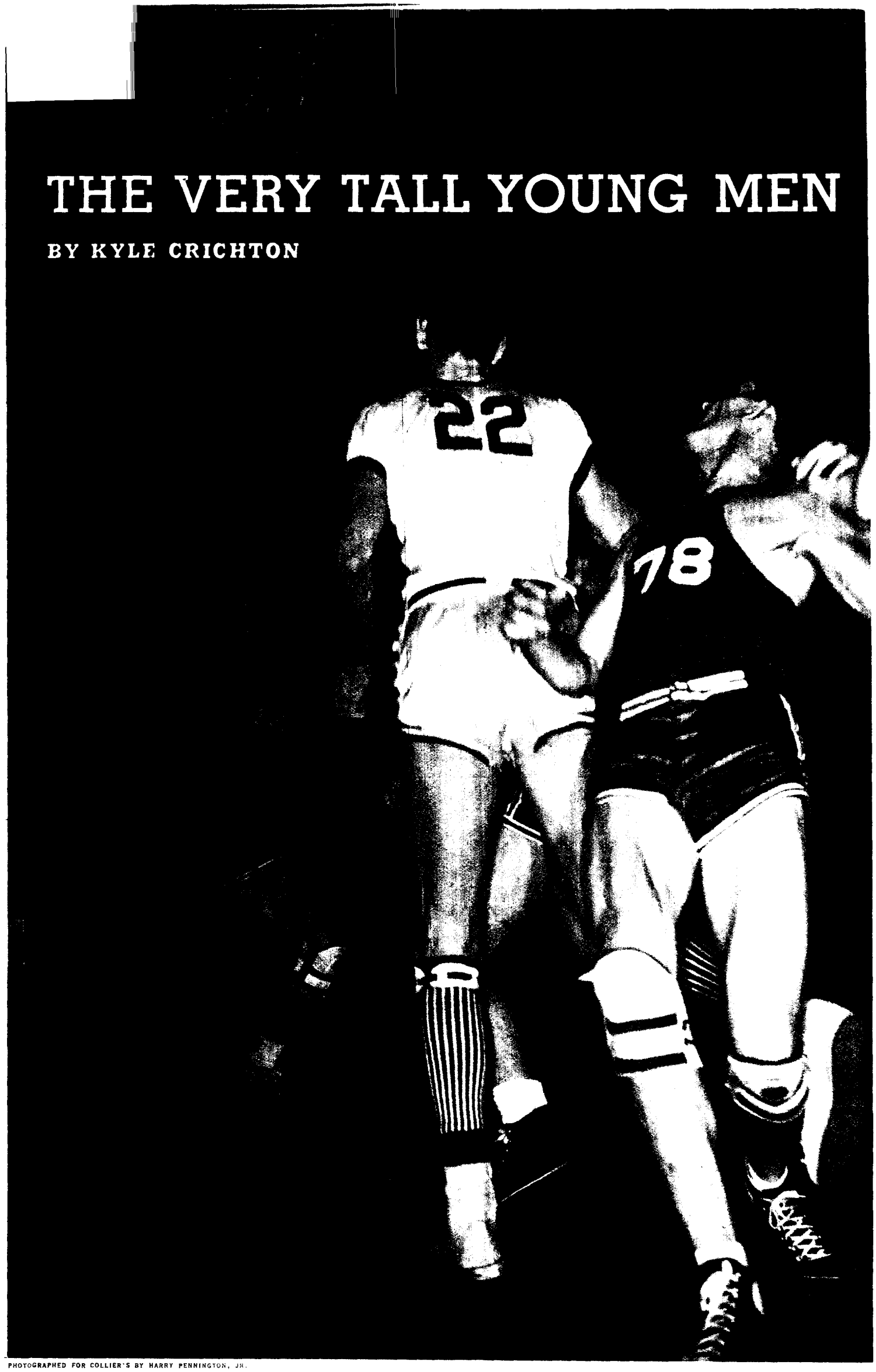
To all hints that perhaps altitude is being confused with virtue, they are equally positive.

"Pretty near the *best* in the world, too," they add.

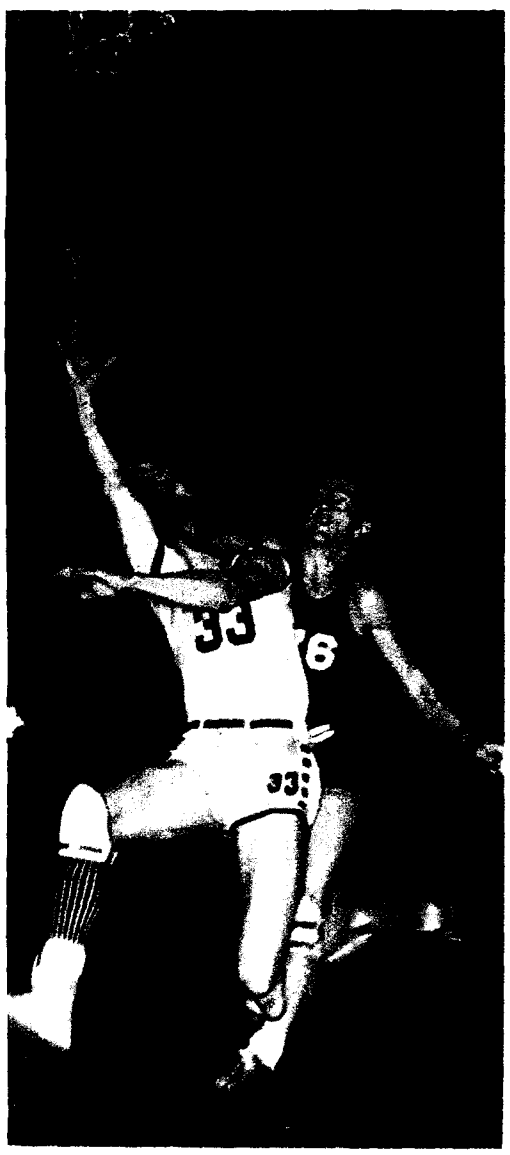
Before the slaughter becomes general, just ease the laughter a trifle. This West Texas consortium of mastodons is one of the greatest drawing cards in basketball. Last year they won 29 and lost six. They averaged 59 points a game; won third place in the National Intercollegiate championships at Kansas City, and Price Brookfield, their forward, was picked as captain of the All-America basketball team.

Just when you feel that you are beginning to understand this, you will find that the Texans are looking at you with

(Continued on page 27)



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



Frank Stockman (No. 33) is only six feet three but gets around all right, and is here slinging in a field goal against Arkansas State as Guard Harry Carter tries vainly to break it up

Charlie Halbert (No. 22) is the West Texas State College star, agile and fast and six feet ten inches tall. He scored 500 points last season. Others in play above during West Texas-Arkansas State game are Pitts (No. 74) and Young (No. 78) both 6:4 but dwarfed by the towering Halbert

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The girl, slim and dark and exotic, was a perfect foil for her tall blond partner, as they opened up with a smooth tango

Masquerade in Miami

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

LEW HARTLEY, a crooked promoter who is on the verge of being indicted in New York City, and his lawyer, Wayne Hamilton, evolve a plan to enable Hartley to escape the law. All they need is a "double" for Hartley.

In Alan Douglas, a young mining engineer in New York City, they find just the man they want. They learn that Douglas is engaged to a girl named Gail Foster; they gain control of the company for which Gail's father works; they have Mr. Foster "framed," accused of embezzling nearly twenty thousand dollars, and informed that he will be sent to prison, unless he makes full restitution.

Hamilton calls on young Douglas and offers him one hundred thousand dollars (twenty thousand in cash) if he—Hartley's double, except for his face—will go to Hartley's place in Florida and (following a facial operation) pose as Lew Hartley, for a few months. But the lawyer does not tell Alan that he is to be murdered.

Douglas accepts the offer. He takes the twenty thousand dollars, gives all of it to Gail. Then (because he is pledged to secrecy) he tells Gail he must go to South America.

But he does *not* go to South America—he goes to Miami Beach. There a surgeon alters his face; and there—flanked by "Chuck" Williams, a thug who is to kill him, later on, and Fay ("Sunny") Ralston, the promoter's mistress—he pretends to be Lew Hartley. . . .

In New York City, Gail Foster waits for a letter from the man she loves. When none comes, she trails Douglas; and finally she finds herself in Miami. There, in the company of an old friend—Vance Crawford—she investigates; and presently she feels sure that the man who is known as Lew Hartley is, in reality, Alan Douglas.

Accompanied (as usual) by Chuck and Sunny, Douglas goes to the new Cristobal Club, a glamorous night spot where the Saxons—a dance team, friends of Sunny's—are in the floor show.

A man and a woman are seated near them. The woman is—*Gail Foster!*

VI

THE Saxons scored heavily at the dinner show. The girl, slim and dark and exotic, was a perfect foil for her tall blond partner, as they opened up with a smooth tango. Their second number was a rumba novelty done at slow tempo. Their encore was an exciting bolero. They took a half-dozen bows, disappeared into the mysterious recesses behind the orchestra, then showed up a few minutes later to join the Hartley table.

Sunny said, "You were terrific."

Marcia Saxon's black eyes looked across the table. "And what would you have said if we'd been lousy?"

"I'd have said you were terrific." Sunny remembered that she was hostess. "You've met Mr. Hartley, haven't you?"

"Yes . . ." Marcia looked at Alan but displayed no great enthusiasm. "We met in New York."

"And Mr. Williams?"

"No-o. . . ." Marcia smiled impudently at Chuck. "You look as if you're having a terrible time. Were we that bad?"

"You did all right."

Marcia glanced at her tall, blond husband and shrugged. She wasn't enthusiastic about Sunny's masculine companions, but she was fond of Sunny herself. And so, having said a few words to the others, she devoted her attention to her blond friend.

She asked numerous questions, this being her first engagement in Miami. She wanted to know about shops and beauty

(Continued on page 58)

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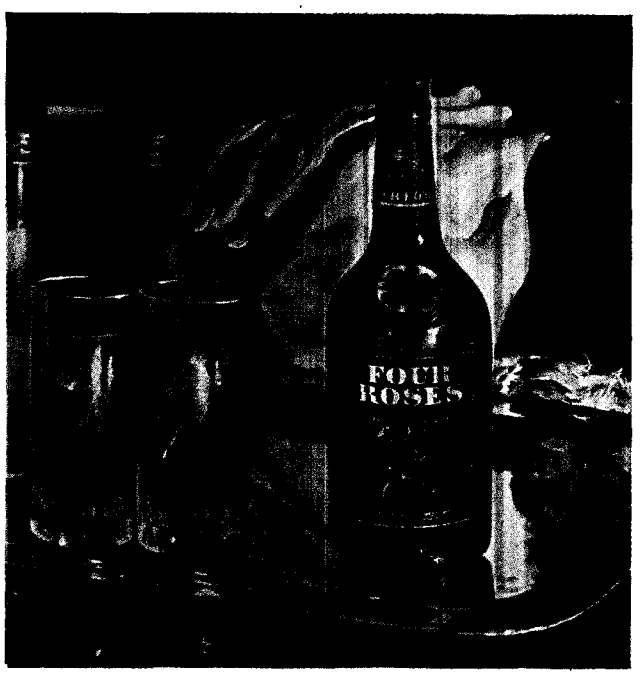
A brief conversation with a man going places



US: Sir, we don't know where you're bound, but we presume that sometime in the course of the evening, you'll have a drink.

MAN: Yes, I probably will.

US: Then we'd like to ask you a question. Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: Come to think of it, I don't believe I have.

US: Then we'd like to urge you to try it tonight. Because until you taste *today's* Four Roses, you can't possibly know what wonderful things have happened to this superlative whiskey. In fact, we're certain you'll agree that *today's* Four Roses is better by far than any other whiskey you've ever tasted.

MAN: That's a rather broad statement.

US: We're aware of that. But, you see, we've been making fine whiskies for 77 years. And we sincerely believe that in all that time no whiskey we have ever made or known could match the flavor-rich magnificence of *today's* Four Roses. You'll find this superb whiskey practically everywhere you go. Won't you try it?

MAN: I most certainly will.

US: Thank you, sir. And a pleasant evening to you!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

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IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS!

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists

Scouting the crop before auctions open. Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber

WE PAID 34%* MORE IN MULLINS, S. C., TO GET THIS LIGHTER, NATURALLY MILDER LEAF

Down in Marion County, South Carolina, on a fertile sandy plain you'll find Mullins.

Mullins is a tobacco town—one of the scores and scores of Southern towns where Luckies buy tobacco.

In Mullins this season, the makers of Luckies paid 34% above the average market price to get the milder, better-tasting tobacco—yes, 34% more to bring you the finer, the lighter, the *naturally* milder tobaccos you find in Luckies.

This was in no way unusual. Last season, in every one of 119 markets all through tobaccoland, we paid well above the average market price for tobacco—and the best we bought goes into Luckies.

To independent tobacco experts who know these facts, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts!

Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company

* *Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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The Very Tall Young Men

Continued from page 23

that light blue, distant gaze of one who has lived all his life on the plains and saying:

"Yes, but you ought to see Charlie."

It turns out that Charlie is Charlie Halbert and Charlie is not difficult to locate. Charlie stands *six feet ten* and opponents have been known to huddle around the referee for protection at sight of him. He led the team in scoring in 1939-40 with 500 points, and rang up 375 points last year. Although when dressed in boots and cowboy hat he measures seven feet four from heel to crown he is in no sense of the word a freak, being an agile and fast court coverer.

"They don't really guard Charlie," say the kindly folk at Canyon. "They just sort of run alongside and hope he misses."

As if Brookfield at six feet five and Charlie at six-ten weren't enough, they had Tooter Schupbach, who is six feet seven and weighs 262.

The leader of this galloping herd is Coach Al Baggett, who stands six-four and weighs 235 and is invariably kind to anybody under six feet.

"Nice people, probably, the little ones," says Al, magnanimously.

How It All Started

The trend toward giants started at West Texas with All-America Joe Fortenberry, who quit in 1933, after playing two seasons with the boys. Joe came from Happy, Tex., and stood six feet nine. He really *was* a sight in his day. When they saw Joe come out on the floor, they expected Joe to fall down and Joe invariably disappointed them. After leaving West Texas, he turned to independent basketball and was a member of the United States team that captured the Olympic title at Berlin. For the past seven years he has been with the famous Phillips 66 team from Bartlesville, Okla.

"Just about ruined the game when he stood up there before the basket and batted out everything the other boys shot," they say of Joe.

But he gave Al Baggett an idea when Al worked his way up from an athletic career at Ouachita College in Arkansas and landed at West Texas as coach of everything. Before that the basketball team had been winning under S. D. (Sad Sam) Burton, who didn't know anything about basketball at all but had good teams as far back as 1923. In the early days of Sad Sam's career, he knew only one half-time lecture:

"You boys go out there and do what's right. You know basketball and I certainly don't."

For a time Al had football on his hands, which worried him considerably because he was faced with poor material and execrable weather conditions. The Panhandle of Texas is in the famous Dust Bowl territory. When the wind blows out there it is just as likely to bring along a county in western Kansas.

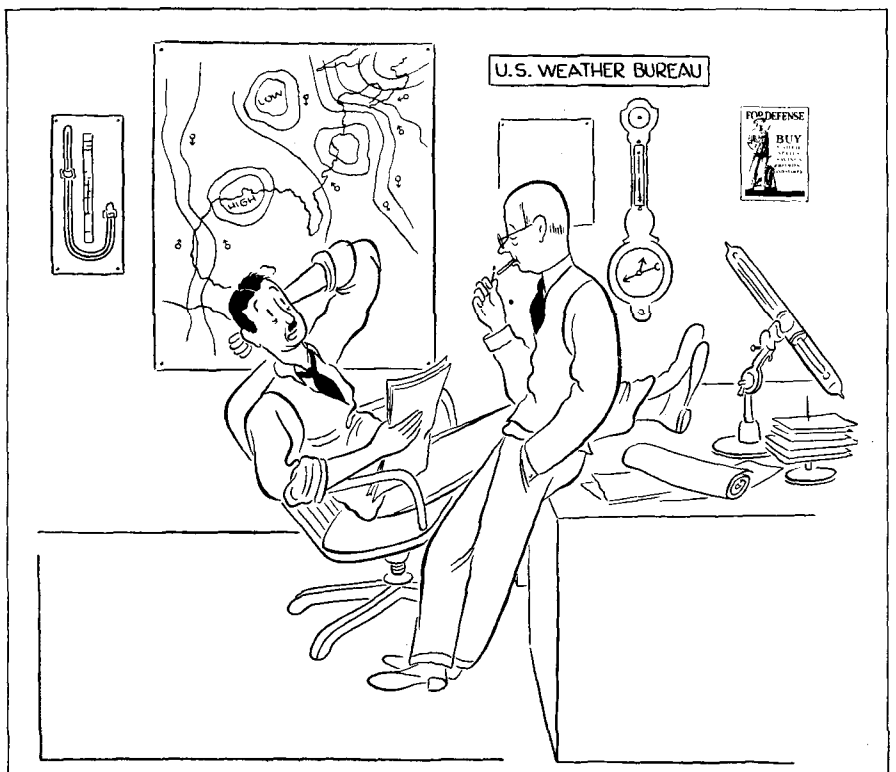
"Our quarterback would wind up to throw a pass," recalls Mr. Baggett, "and instead of going thirty yards, it would go thirty miles."

It also taught Mr. Baggett the value of big men. He was a big man himself and fought valiantly against bias, but there was always the possibility that a sudden squall would transfer his favorite running back from Canyon to a tailback spot at the Rolla School of Mines, in Missouri.

The supporters of the college raised a few thousand dollars and then Baggett hired athletes to erect the buildings under the direction of a foreman. Buffalo Courts (not a tourist camp) is his pride. It is a courtlike dormitory, located near the football field and gymnasium, for the exclusive use of West Texas athletes. It has accommodations for sixty men and two coaches. In addition there is a two-story recreation room which Baggett says is "just right for our program."

The marriage of Baggett and West Texas was obviously made in heaven. He is the right size for that land of great spaces. His voice fits it. He doesn't storm at his players but when he opens his face they are able to hear him above the most violent "norther." In the last four seasons his team has won 103 games and lost 29, including all tournaments.

"Don't let that man know about a tournament," they say. "They have that bus; they'll travel anywhere."



"I'm kind of glad the weather is a military secret now. We won't have so many complaints" A. JOHN KAUNUS

Baggett is convinced he has a gold mine in his idea of using only tall players. Not only are they a gate attraction, but they also make great contestants. By putting tall men together in one machine, they lose their self-consciousness.

"Stand up there when you're guarding a man!" howls Mr. Baggett. "Make those little runts play *your* game!"

Baggett uses the fast break most of the time, rarely bothering to set up plays. Observers marvel at seeing his three front men breaking down the floor ahead of the defense after the rangy rear line has grabbed the ball off the foe's backboard.

Some opponents attempt to make suckers of the West Texas big fellows but Baggett has concentrated on making his boys smart. He develops this fine-point co-ordination by using freakish drills such as twirling the ball on the end of one finger, starting the dribble with one hand and switching the ball behind the back with one hand to avoid the opposing guard. Price Brookfield, West Texas' All-America, is an expert at this stunt.

Basketball practice begins on the first day of school and continues until the diplomas are handed out. Only a few basketball men play football. The men get their choice but Baggett sees that the big laddies are left for basketball. The season usually starts in early December and ends around March 25th.

"On April first, spring basketball practice starts," read the signs on the Buffalo Court bulletin board.

They Fly Through the Air—

But Baggett keeps the boys from getting stale by limiting the length of practice. During the regular season the sessions never last more than two hours a day. In spring, they are only an hour a day.

"It takes three times as much work to develop a tall player as it does a short one, but when you've finished you have something," says Al.

There is one thing Baggett won't countenance on a basketball court. That's a flat-footed bozo who won't move. He trains his men to get off their feet by sitting in a chair under the basket in practice and making them leap over his hand as they drive in for the goal.

Baggett's secret of winning is simple: he insists that players make good thirty per cent of their field-goal attempts and sixty per cent of their foul-goal tries. He estimates that his team takes about a hundred shots each game. Because Baggett keeps charts on their work, the players not only break their necks to win but to maintain their averages. If the team doesn't have twenty points at the half, Mr. Baggett rises very precipitately to the roof, bumps his head three times and comes down yelling.

"Don't run it up!" he howls sarcastically. "Don't run it up. Just stand out there like dopes."

The team starts each season with two sets of jockey-satin uniforms and two pairs of shoes for each man. They usually use four pairs of shoes during the season because they are big men and the pivoting and running ruins the shoes. Baggett gives his first attention to a boy's feet when they come out for practice.

"Oh, a modest little fellow," he generally says. "Trying to hide your big feet. Four sizes too small for you, eh?"

Baggett has found that his charges eat more than ordinary men, which is no discovery at all. They eat four meals a day on trips—a heavy breakfast, a heavy lunch, a light snack at five o'clock and a banquet after the game, win or lose.

Halbert had trouble last year. On campus he waits tables at the girls' dormitory and they baby him. At one point during the season he became putrid as a player. He was logy, wasn't getting the rebounds or the tip-in shots he specializes in. Baggett investigated and reported with some indignation:

"Salads! That's what they're feeding that poor boy. Get him a steak! Get him part of a cow!"

Halbert came back almost immediately into the scoring column.

They're at It Again

Last year the team won the Alamo Conference and, according to the Dunkel National Rating system, was Number One team in Texas and second in the South and Southwest, yielding only to the great Arkansas quintet. West Texas set a new scoring record in the National Intercollegiates by racking up 77 points against Dubuque University in the quarter-finals.

The unusual average of 71.6 points a game was established by the West Texas State College Buffaloes in their first eight contests of this season—all of which they won.

Their top performance was a score of 111 to 22 against the hapless quintet of Eastern New Mexico College. They opened the season with 60-46 and 49-35 victories over Chihuahua State in Mexico. In their first home game, they downed Omaha University by a score of 88 to 25. Texas College of Mines, defending champion of the Border Conference, fell under a 75-44 score.

Then the Buffs, making their first road trip as a member of the cactus circuit, defeated Arizona State of Flagstaff, 64-36, Arizona State of Tempe, 55-29, and the University of Arizona, 71-52. The four Border Conference victories labeled Baggett's Tall Texans as leading contenders for the circuit title.

But if Mr. Baggett desires victory, he also insists that nobody shall get the wrong impression of his team. He sternly resists all attempts to make his outfit a menagerie. He goes so far as to have the players' everyday suits made to order by a tailor in Amarillo. These are double-breasted and subdued in color, being snappy but not flossy. The team stops at the best hotels and the young men will either act like gentlemen or they will answer personally to Mr. Baggett. Anybody caught snitching a hotel towel will walk home to Canyon, even if he starts as far away as Montreal.

"A credit not only to West Texas," they say solemnly at Canyon, "but to Texas."

This is the supreme glory.

In every particular, it is a great setup for Al Baggett. Since his reputation is established, he has no scouting problems. When a high-school team in his section has a giant on the squad, Al takes his time and finds the phenomenon waiting for him when he arrives.

"Anything under six feet, he throws back," say the enraptured Texans of the Plains country.

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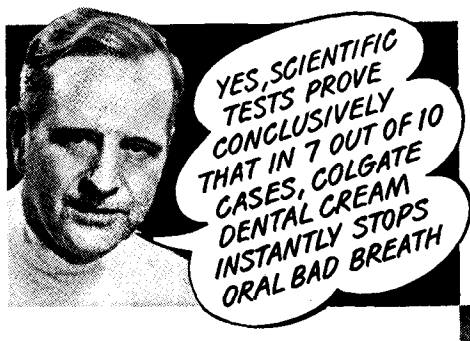
Mary's Boyfriends Kiss and Run!

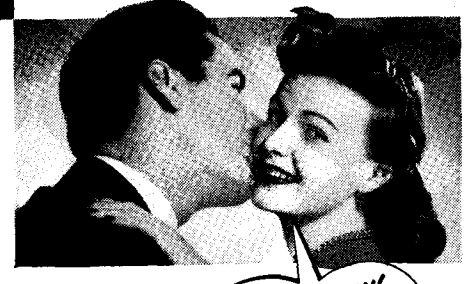
For when all is said and done,
Bad Breath kisses are no fun!

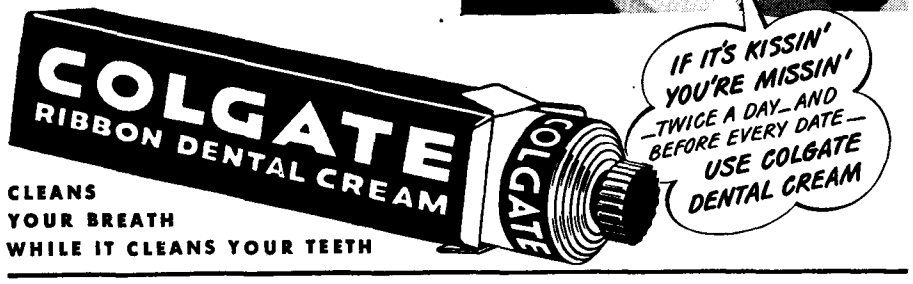
What about your breath? Better play safe!
Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!



Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently—makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! Besides, Colgate's delicious, wake-up flavor makes it a favorite with children and grownups alike.

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, you see, has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that are the *cause* of much bad breath.





Marimba from Manhattan

Continued from page 12

our troubles, Gloria. My own work has not been without its difficulties. There was a slight misunderstanding as to the equipment."

The drive along the bay was cool and comforting. A gentle breeze stirred her beautiful golden hair. Orville was so undone at this intimate moment between them he no longer worried about certain facts that must be kept from her gentle ears. Far better that he should continue to live a lie than to let her learn his greatest achievement was destined only to furnish background music for young ladies in scanty outfits and bold smiles.

"Orville," she said wistfully as they sat in the mountaintop restaurant watching the moon slowly rising behind Nichteroy, "tell me what the church is really like. Is it picturesque?"

Orville nodded glumly. "Very," he said, "but, if you don't mind, I'd rather not talk about it tonight."

She gave him a tender, understanding smile. "You're just like I am," she said. "Sometimes I'm so close to my work I can't even bear to think about it."

Orville took the rest of the evening in stride. Her first recital, he learned, would not take place for another fortnight. With the knowledge that two golden weeks remained in which to press his suit, his sense of a destiny shared with her grew stronger and stronger.

By the time he returned her to her hotel on Botafogo not even his conscience troubled him too much. After all, other men falling in love always had to hide some woman in their past while he, at least, was guilty of nothing more than concealing the whereabouts of an organ. The moment it was finally sold he would simply crush her into his arms and tell her that a life without her held no meaning.

He was so carried away by the thought that he gave her a preview of his emotions. To his horror she promptly burst into tears. "Don't mention marriage now, Orville," she said. "It could never be!"

DESPITE this terrible blow he somehow managed to survive the awful week that followed. During the day, unhappily aware of Senhor Alveras' cold and watchful eye, he fought a hoarse and continual battle with the local talent who were installing the organ. The weather was always too hot or too cold for them and they grew more and more moody as the work progressed. They had fondly believed they would be able to watch the beautiful senhoritas rehearsing while they set up the organ, and the shock of learning the stage show was being rehearsed downtown was a blow from which they never fully recovered.

His nights were horrible in a more personal way and were spent in morbidly wandering up and down the mosaic sidewalks of Copocabana. Again and again he cursed himself for having talked so much about the cathedral. There was no doubt in his mind that Gloria had learned all. Then, from a kindness that was far more than he deserved, she had prevented his cherishing any further illusions as to what might give.

When the opening was only three days away he received a final blow that shouldn't happen to a boogie-woogie man, let alone an organ artiste who was already suffering a fate worse than death. An air mail letter from the marimba manufacturers arrived. It had been delayed by the censors in Trinidad and brought the harrowing news that they had been unable to secure the necessary equipment in time to make the first boat. It would arrive on another, four days later than they had originally promised.

That letter was the final eclipse to a life that had been growing darker hour by hour. The marimbas would not now arrive until the day after the casino's formal opening.

ORVILLE stayed in his room the entire day. Finally, as the sun was sinking, he came up with the one idea that might prevent his premature retirement from the organ industry. There was just one possible way where, by playing the première performance himself, all might still be saved. So, as to one in his desperate circumstances thought and action are practically the same word, in another fifteen minutes he was crawling around the organ loft at the casino, carefully measuring each precious bit of space.

Reassured, he sped to the offices of El Mundo, the city's largest paper. Practically tearing his dictionary apart in his anxiety, he managed to make up his advertisement. With poignant simplicity it said that any first class marimba orchestra seeking a one-night stand could secure same by reporting to the Praca Flamengo the following morning, bringing their instruments for an audition.

Even his nightmare, in which a number of octopi all wearing Senhor Alveras' head and bearing marimba mallets in every tentacle, had chased him round and round the casino, was preferable to the sight that greeted him at the park the next morning. To his horror he saw that apparently all Rio was addicted to giving out on marimbas. The park was jammed with everything from three to seven-man organizations. There were at least a hundred of them. They were all set up and glaring at each other as, with mallets raised, they awaited the first sight of their prospective sponsor.

The organ loft could only accommodate a four-man combo and slender ones at that. Finally locating such a group, Orville sidled up to them. Forcing his courage, "Please to play," he said in painful Portuguese.

Before the words were even out of his mouth he regretted he had ever learned the language. The combo took a firm grasp on their mallets and then, as one man, leaped into Beat Me, Daddy in the best Will Bradley tradition.

Those opening bars, heralding Orville's presence as they did, sent every other marimba orchestra into immediate and violent action. No two of them had chosen the same audition number and the results were as horrifying as they were unexpected. Some orchestras favored sambas while others liked nothing but Dixieland stomp. Several Argentine tangos put in a surprising appearance and, across the park, another combo, anxious to please the U.S.A., burst into God Bless America.

Only the arrival of mounted police, hastily summoned by the frightened dwellers in the neighboring apartment houses, enabled Orville to escape before he was permanently deafened. While the officers grimly sought to restore something that would at least pass for law and order, Orville snatched the nearest four-man combo and disappeared in the shrubbery.

When, some three blocks away, he

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halted and pantingly surveyed his catch, he found his judgment could scarcely have been worse. He had meant to choose his combo with a view to size as well as ability. In the park all the four-men orchestras had looked and sounded much alike. Now, on closer inspection, he saw he had made off with at least the equivalent of five men and a small boy.

All of them bulged in the most inopportune places and it would, he thought desperately, require a shoehorn to install them in the organ loft. As an added attraction, none of them understood English. Only the use of sign language and the all-out co-operation of several interested bystanders finally made them understand they were to report at Orville's hotel at eight the following evening.

WITH the orchestra on tap, only the organist remained to be disposed of. For that one all-important night Orville had to do away with the regular organist by brute strength if need be, lest his secret be discovered. By repute the casino's organist, Senhor Jorge Toledo, was a man who took his work seriously if none too well. When Orville was ushered into senhor's apartment, he learned that description was all too true. The senhor was a stiff, florid man with a waxed mustache. One look at him and Orville was sure he was going to find his melody very disturbing.

"Senhor," said Orville, clearing his throat, "for reasons best known to myself it is very important that I play the organ myself tomorrow night. There—there are certain adjustments that must be made by the maker himself." The senhor's face was not at all encouraging but Orville kept doggedly on. "So, if you would be so good to permit me . . ."

Too late he found he was dealing with a man who was an artiste from his imported Hollywood lace-piece to his high-heeled shoes. Senhor Toledo had paled. Nor could he keep his anger from his voice.

"That I cannot permit, senhor!" he said indignantly. "Never shall it be said that Jorge Arturo Toledo was replaced on the opening night of the Casino Carioca!" He started for the telephone. "Better I should call Senhor Alveras at once—"

With a speed born of desperation Orville beat him to the phone. Senhor Toledo was so taken aback that he recoiled, staring at him. For the first time he noticed the gleam in the eye of the Americano organ master. To his dismay and rising horror the plump senhor looked about him and then lowered his voice, much like the spies in the cinema.

Senhor Toledo edged away, fearful that the strain of installing the organ had caused its builder suddenly to lose his mind. "Senhor," he said shakily, "if that is for all you wish to talk with me . . ."

"It isn't," Orville said ominously, ready now to resort to anything. "Senhor, if you play that organ tomorrow night I shall assume no responsibility for anything that may happen to you. While I wouldn't want this generally known my larger models frequently cause trouble when they are first installed. Only last year a man was electrocuted the first time he played one."

Senhor Toledo's lips moved but no words came. His forehead was suddenly dewy in the afternoon light.

"*Sim?*" he said faintly. "He is dead, no?"

"Quite," said Orville. "There was something of a to-do about the whole thing. For that reason I always like to play an opening night myself. We can't have good organists, well, simply dropping off like flies."

Senhor Toledo managed a weak nod. "I understand," he said, willingly foregoing the night's honor. "Only the spoon knows how hot the pan is. If—if it is not right, you will tell me, senhor?"

"Gladly," said Orville. "I'm sure that after tomorrow night everything will be just dandy."

This brave show of confidence by a man so courageously facing an immediate demise brought tears to Senhor Toledo's eyes. He looked at Orville a moment and then, unable to convey his emotions in mere words, threw his arms around him in a fervent embrace. Orville struggled out of the clinch. Seeing the tears streaming down the senhor's face, he seized his hat and managed to get out of the apartment before he broke down completely.

Completely exhausted by this touching tribute from a brother artiste, Orville sought nourishment. It was almost five and high time for his *café completa,* anyway. The Confeiteria Colombo was near by and he went there, hoping to find refreshment of the spirit via the fine chamber music on the third floor. Never had he so needed peace and quiet.

He found neither. Instead, as he stepped off the lift, he found himself staring into the white face of his beloved. It was the first time he had seen her since that fateful night when he had learned, too late, that she knew all. He seized the moment with desperate eagerness.

"Gloria," he said, not even caring his voice had taken on a tremolo usually associated only with inferior tenors and third flight violinists, "I have to speak to you a minute. I must!"

Tears welled in her eyes. She tried to push her way past him.

"Please," she said. "Please, Orville."

He was under such an emotional strain he could feel his eyes bulging right against his glasses.

"But I can't help myself," he said haggardly. "When I look at you nothing else matters." Now that the words were finally out, his pride fell clattering around his ankles. "You—you can't deny what's been between us, Gloria! If I've been impetuous it is only because I am a man who has loved not wisely but too well. Surely you're not going to let my employment prevent a lifetime of happiness!"

The very mention of his employment caused her rather firm chin to tremble. In a moment she had broken down completely. "Don't make it any worse than it is," she sobbed, turning blindly to the elevator. "I—I never even want to see you again!"

Orville was so utterly crushed that he wasn't even aware of the waiter leading him back to a secluded table.

TO a man in Orville's state the coming of the day on which his masterpiece is to make its debut is but another feverish splotch on the calendar of a misspent life. To make it even more taxing, he awoke in a highly bilious condition as a result of his night's dissipation. He had been so beside himself that he had consumed seven bottles of guarana.

He spent the entire day in his room, gloomily doing finger exercises and, between bicarbonates, dreading his coming appearance at the console. His giving out in a South American gambling hell was a sad far cry from his last recital which had been before a small and select group of Brahms lovers in Chappaqua, New York.

His marimba orchestra did nothing to make his lot easier. Like all Brasileras they had a fine disregard for time and they appeared two hours late that night, at which point Orville was practically with breakdown. Rallying, he bundled them into a cab and ten minutes later was sneaking them up the backstairs of the casino. Every table

WHY MY WIFE MADE ME GET A RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

SHE was sort of cute about it. She didn't say, "John, you ought to get a Retirement Income Plan." She knew I'd just argue with her.

Instead she said to me, "John, how much money do you expect to earn in the next 15 years?" Well, I'd never thought about it, really. I did a little figuring, tossed in a raise or two, and came out with a grand total that impressed even me. (*Try it yourself—you'll be amazed.*)

When I told her, she said, "How much of that do you suppose we'll have left at the end of 15 years?" I'm not very good at saving, so when I tried to be honest about that, the results hurt a little. "We'll probably have a better house," I said. "The children will be educated, and we'll probably have a couple thousand in the bank. What's more, we'll have had 15 years of fun."

"John, don't you think we ought to have more than that? In 15 years, you'll be 55. Good heavens, imagine you 55! (She giggled at that.) Anyway, maybe you won't want to work so hard then. Maybe times will be bad. Maybe—oh, you know—"

I did know. I have an Uncle Frank who has earned a lot of money in his day, but now, at 58, he's living mostly off his relatives. He worked 40 years at a good salary and hasn't any more to show for it than a medal from his office.

"John, let's decide right now that we're going to be sure of *our* future. Let's start using one of these Retirement Income Plans."

The next day I started digging into the subject of Retirement Incomes. I learned that, if I started using a Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan, I could get a retirement income for life beginning when I reached the age of 55. And what's more, it wasn't just an income for me alone. The Plan actually guaranteed an income for both my wife and myself as long as *either of us lived!*

It made no difference that I didn't have a lot of money in the bank, or couldn't invest a lot of money in the Plan all at once. Best of all, the total cost of the Plan was far less than that of ordinary investment methods.

So I qualified for a Phoenix Mutual Plan and started using it. And here's what my Plan guarantees:

When I'm 55, I will receive a check for $150, and I will get another check for $150 every month as long as both my wife and I live.

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If I should die before reaching retirement age, my wife will receive $3,000 in cash, and an income for life.

If, before 55, total disability stops my earning power for six months or more, I will receive a monthly disability income.

This story is typical. Wouldn't you like to find out how *you* can get a guaranteed income for life?

There are Phoenix Mutual Retirement Incomes available in any amount from $10 to $200 a month or more. They can begin at ages 55, 60, 65, or 70. They can be fitted with a wide range of insurance features to afford almost any kind of protection needed. Similar Plans are available to women.

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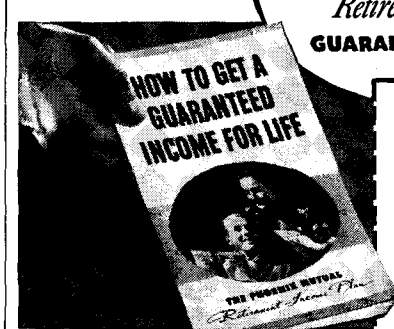

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had long since been taken and the samba band was blowing its brains out as he finally got the combo into the stifling organ loft.

One look at their cramped quarters and the marimba artistes turned as one man and started right back down the stairs. They had appeared dressed in their Carnaval best, complete with Bahiana costumes and jewelry, and they were firmly determined to be seen as well as heard. Without understanding one word of their voluble chagrin even Orville realized they had been expected to be presented in the flesh and were not at all inclined to set up in business as a four-man echo.

It was fifteen minutes and three hundred milreis later before he had finally persuaded them that even though they weren't seen, they would be heard by multitudes. This apparently put them under the impression they were about to make their radio debut and Orville did nothing to disillusion them on that score. It was hardly a time for high-flown ethics.

With an effort that long continued could only have led to a stroke, he even made them understand how and when they were to perform. Whenever he sounded the F above high C on the eight-foot flutes they were immediately to go into the number he was playing at the time. When he sounded the F again they were to desist. Of necessity they would have to improvise their obbligato, but that frightened them not at all. It seemed true marimba artistes never hampered themselves with reading music when they already had so much of it in their souls.

FINALLY they were all wedged into place. They were so snug a fit that they could only breathe by common consent. Thus assured they could not possibly escape without outside help, Orville thoughtfully locked them in and then sped down the stairs to the dressing rooms. There was less than a half-hour before his organ was to make its formal debut the hard way. What with being minus marimbas Orville had never even dared give the organ a tryout performance.

He had just managed to get into Senhor Toledo's costume, one that fortunately featured the loose garb of the native vaquieros, when there was a thunderous knock at the door. Before he could open it Senhor Alveras had burst into the room.

"They wait!" he cried excitedly. "To the organ, Toledo!" Then, recognizing Orville, his formidable jaw dropped. He stared wildly about the room. When he found no sign of the local talent his eyebrows drew into one bushy, frightening growth.

"Where is he?" he cried. "And why are you dressed like so?"

A tremor started with Orville's black flat-brimmed hat and jellied its way down the rippling length of his trousers before ending in his short boots. "I am dressed this way," he said faintly, "because I'm going to play myself."

"But Toledo? Where is he?"

Orville shook his head. "He was called away," he said sadly. "It seemed he feared there was about to be a death in his immediate family."

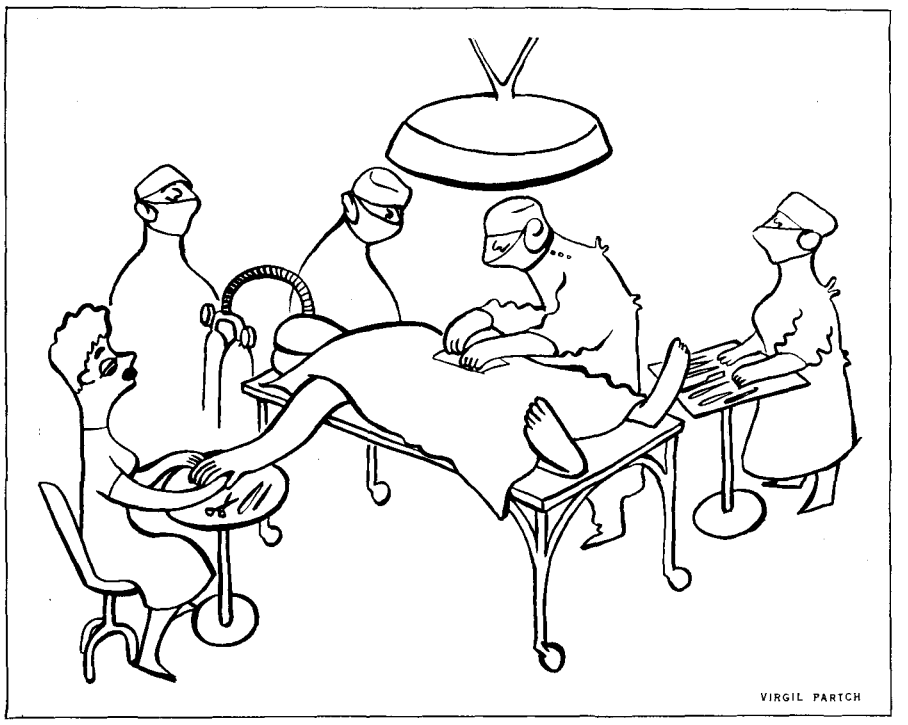
"Ah," said Senhor Alveras, softening. "That I did not know. It is sad, no, that when the ailment is death, the medicine is to die?" With his anger gone that emotional void was being filled with a rising anxiety. "You are sure the music you can do for me, senhor? So unhappy it would make me if it is not good!"

Orville winced, trying to avoid even contemplating what being unhappy might mean to a man of Senhor Alveras' physique and temperament.

"I shall do my best," he said. "You can count on me to the last marimba!"

The senhor, pacified if not entirely reassured, hustled him from the room. Orville's wind had never been too good and by the time the senhor shoved him into the organ pit he was panting. Worse still, Senhor Toledo's hat was a full size too large for him. That was something he discovered when he bowed to that terrifying sea of foreign faces. The hat immediately showed a distressing tendency to settle over his ears and stay there. Before he could cope with it the house lights had gone down and a spotlight was holding him. Ready or no, he was about to give his all.

THE show music was already on the stand. He felt a little better when he saw the opening number was Aquarella Do Brasil. There were no marimba parts in it and at least he would have a chance to find out what his own flesh-and-blood, the first Benson Master Art, could do. The audience stirred restlessly behind him. He flexed his fingers one last time and then, with an attack that bordered on sheer panic, he went at the manuals.


VIRGIL PARTCH

Even before the echoes of the first chorus had died away he knew his child was all that any father could ask. Its bass notes were so beautifully strong and poignant, its upper registers so delightfully clean and feathery, that all else was forgotten. It was a lovely, lovely pipe organ.

Its tone and power were so great that by the time he was into part two he could not resist a slight virtuoso touch, taking eight bars on the foot pedals only. With such pride and confidence surging in him, he gave it to them then with all the stops out. When the last note faded off in a gracious diminuendo he was so moved he didn't even hear the applause. He could only think of what his success would have once meant to certain lady opera singers.

Senhor Alveras, beaming at the applause and living only for the moment when the patrons would first hear his beloved marimbas, held up his hands for silence. The stage show was about to start.

"Tonight, senhors and senhoras, I have for you another great treat. From the Estados Unidos, our great good neighbor to the north . . ." Orville, suddenly aware that he must be up and doing, was wildly scanning the program. He had barely found the accompanying music for the first act when the senhor concluded . . . "I give you now that lovely opera singer, the Senhorita Gloria Tronsen!"

For a moment Orville was so stunned that emotion was out of the question. Opera singers simply did not appear on a bill that featured strip tease artistes. Opera singers, let alone one as fine and pure as Gloria, did not work in gambling casinos. Suddenly sure the day's strain had taken its toll of his reason, he stumbled to his feet, seeking the nearest exit.

He arose just in time to share the spotlight that was welcoming his erstwhile love from the wings. She was wearing a beautiful white evening gown and a nervous smile. She glanced at the pit, seeking Senhor Toledo's familiar, reassuring face. She almost fainted when, instead, she found Orville staring right back at her.

Their mutual horror on meeting as fellow-performers in a roulette palace was so great that long after the applause died they were still staring at each other with unbelieving eyes. Senhor Alveras, standing in the wings, scowled, and only their professional training saved them then. Orville numbly resumed his seat and the next thing they knew, they were into the opening measures of La Paloma.

Gloria's presence at the Casino Carioca was all too soon explained. For an opera singer she had a most distressing tremolo, one that rose, staggered and fell, much like the waves at Copocabana. She had only a choir-voice range at best and despite his high personal regard for the lady, Orville could not resist a well-bred shudder at the way she flatted her crescendos. She had had only too good reasons for not wanting to talk of her career. A career with a voice like that could lead only to starvation.

HER first aria met the fine cold reception it deserved. Gloria, biting her lips, made herself go on. Finding what Orville, too, was actually doing in Brazil so stunned her that she never could rally her meager resources. After six years of chorus work in any third-rate opera company that would hire her she had hoped that in far-off South America her true worth would finally be appreciated. She had arrived with the fond delusion that she was to sing at the Teatro Municipal. To learn she had been booked into a gambling casino had been the last nail in the coffin of her hopes.

Orville, seeing the storm growing on Senhor Alveras' outraged countenance, realized only the upstairs-trade could save her now. If they hadn't gone to sleep on him they would at least drown out the boos that were surely awaiting her. He hit the F above C on the flutes, praying the marimbas would give out before Senhor Alveras simply drew a pistol and put her out of her misery.

He needn't have worried. His colleagues in the organ loft had been growing more and more moody, sure that he had forgotten them. To be so suddenly sent into the game was all the inspiration they needed. Their mallets came down as one man and they stormed into Drink To Me Only with Thine Eyes with all the fury of artistes who have too long been left to blush unseen. They sounded like at least forty marimbas, grimly intent on going to town in a manner that would shatter Brazilian eardrums for generations to come.

Gloria's faltering courage broke completely at this unexpected competition. Her voice grew shriller and shriller until, completely undone, she burst into wild sobs and ran blindly from the stage.

Only Orville noticed her going. The customers were staring with the fixed gaze of the shellshocked and Senhor Alveras alone seemed completely entranced. His hands were clasped in rapt wonder and gradually tears came into his eyes. When the number was finally ended his violent applause far outdid anything that polite but stunned audience could muster.

Though Orville managed to get through the show he could never recall anything that had gone on on-stage. Practically every number called for marimbas and once they burst into action all else was forgotten. He could only hang on and pitch, trying to look like the master marimba man of his time. Nothing could dissuade the upstairs' combo's violent efforts.

BEFORE the last note had even come down from the ceiling he was rushing backstage. Gloria had already dressed and packed when he burst into her dressing room. Her lovely lips trembled. She knew now and once and for all that her voice was just another voice. With her career definitely behind her, to know she had also sacrificed a good man's love was just too much.

"You hate me!" she sobbed, burying her face in his vest. "I know you hate me! But I—I didn't really mean to lie to you, Orville. I loved you too and when I found out I was only to—to sing in a night club I felt I wasn't worthy of you. I kept thinking about the cathedral and . . ."

Before he could assure her there had been just a little misunderstanding all around, Senhor Alveras loomed in the doorway. He was as tall and heavy as ever, but no longer formidable. Now that the morrow would see the marimba attachment safely installed Orville Benson gave ground to no man. His arms still around Gloria, he looked Senhor Alveras right in the eye.

The senhor was all smiles and good-neighbor. So fine were the marimbas that tomorrow there would be a bonus in Senhor Benson's check. Only one last little favor would he ask. "Not all Brasileras appreciate the true marimba," he said sadly. "Tonight several women faint. Perhaps tomorrow you will soften the marimbas, no?"

"Gladly," said Orville, who had been highly dubious that any attachment could ever equal this night's deafening accomplishments, "although I must say it is a pity after the way I extended myself."

Rebuked, Senhor Alveras backed out the door, leaving Orville alone with the object of his most sacred emotions. She was still crying but more softly now, and she lifted her lips oh, so willingly, to his. It was, he thought masterfully, no time for explanations. He had already learned that the best loves are frequently founded on deceit.

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China Gold

Continued from page 22

"Goodby," she replied. She heard the two men walk across the floor and the door opened and shut and then she was alone with Mr. Barney who knew more about her mother's life than anybody else in the world had known. She turned her head at last. "Tell me," she said, "why my mother hated my father so."

Mr. Barney looked at her like a kind dog. "It's perfectly simple," he said. "She was terribly in love with Paul Brian, but after they were married she found that he had married her for her money."

She stared at him, and felt sick with pain for her mother, "How did she—know?" she whispered.

"There was some sort of a letter," Mr. Barney said miserably. He polished his forehead and then his chin and then folded his handkerchief and unfolded it and tried to find his pocket and could not. "Your father—I believe he had some sort of a love affair going on at the time of his marriage—a very common thing of course—but unfortunately not broken off as it should have been. I don't know what his intentions were—of course he may have intended to—to clear it up. But at any rate, your mother found a letter saying—I believe he told the other young woman—" Mr. Barney could not go on.

SHE turned her head from the window and stared at him. "Oh—poor mother!" she whispered.

Mr. Barney nodded. "She wasn't in the least a pretty girl," he said quietly. "And you know he loves beauty."

"She was beautiful to me!" She grasped the chance to cry the old phrase wherewith she had sought to comfort her mother.

Mr. Barney nodded. "She got better-looking as she got older. She was one of those women who always look just about the same, no matter what they put on, and they look better at fifty than they do at twenty."

Elaine answered nothing. She turned her head again. The white branch was dim as a ghost outside the window. "I should think she would have known before she married him—if she wasn't loved," she said.

"It was very hard," Mr. Barney said. He perspired as he talked and he mopped his forehead again. "She had all that money from both sides—her parents left her everything, naturally, when they died, and it was mighty hard to tell among all the young men who swarmed around her which one loved her or her money. Well, she picked Paul Brian and she picked wrong, that's all. And yet you can't blame her for that. He was the handsomest young man anybody had ever seen. And he wasn't penniless as some of 'em were. He had a little of his own—nothing like hers, of course. But I suppose she felt it made the choice safer."

"Did you ever hear of—Mark Chappell?" She drew the name out of the unknown past. Her mother had given it to her like a gift that last day she had ever spoken.

Mr. Barney frowned. "Chappell—how did you know about him?"

"She told me—just before she died—at least she said his name. Then she said 'unselfish love.'"

"She did?" Mr. Barney seemed startled. "Then she hadn't forgotten him. I used to wonder. For a while it looked as though she'd take him. But he had nothing—a likable chap, a big rawboned boy he was, from Virginia, who came to New York—oh, to make his fortune, I guess. He went after her like a battleship, but he hadn't a penny. She—I don't know what settled it between them, but he left town the day after her engagement was announced. Let's see, he turned priest, I think. It took him that way."

"Father Valerian," Elaine said.

Mr. Barney looked startled again. "Did she tell you that?"

She nodded.

"Father Valerian," he repeated. "Then she knew his name. I didn't know it, myself. I always called him Mark. You don't know where he is?"

She rose. The room was growing chill, she thought, or was it only darkness? But before she lit the light she went over to the window. The white branch tapped gently against the pane and the sky looked gray. She pulled the curtains and pressed a button for light and then went over to the fire.

"No, I don't know where he is," she said. "But she told me to find him."

"She did?" Mr. Barney repeated, and looked stupefied. "What for?"

"Mother said—for myself."

"Well!" Mr. Barney looked troubled. "I could find out. But my experience is that it is always disappointing to look people up after years have passed."

She did not answer this. She was thinking about Larch Corpran, who above all things wanted money—for freedom, for power—he had said. Now if he found that she was—so rich—would he think—perhaps— it would be the easiest way to make his fortune? The light that had been in tomorrow faded slowly.

"You're sure you want me to find Mark Chappell?" Mr. Barney said.

She lifted her head and looked about the closed room and drawn curtains, and she again longed to run out of the house. The old childish panic stirred in her body.

"Yes," she said. "I must find him."

"China!" Mr. Barney cried. "You can't go to China."

"Yes, I can," she said.

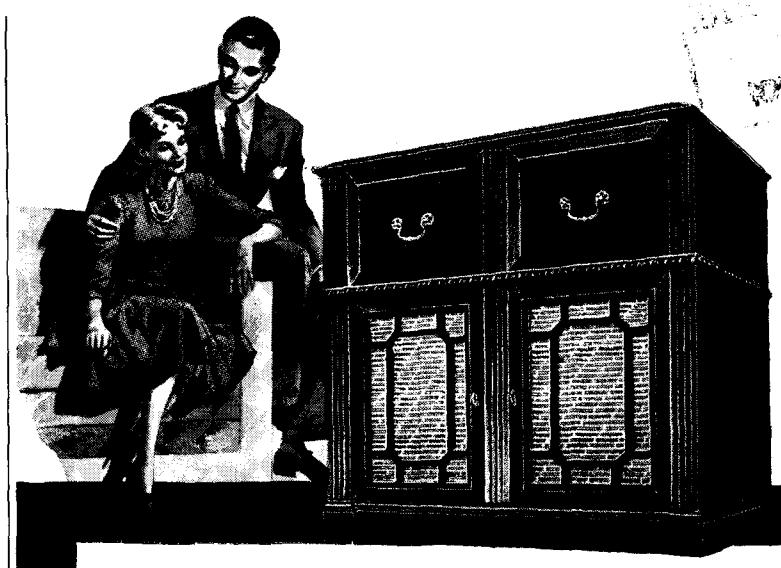
Money, Larch Corpran had told her, money gave you power and made you free. Now at the end of three hateful lonely days, she had thought of him often enough to determine that she would never see him again. She would not repeat her mother's sorrow. She would not marry a man who might marry her for her money. Ah, she had argued it all out between her many selves in these three days. If he did not know she was rich, could she say he loved her for her money? No, but what would he do when he found she had all these millions—power and freedom, he had said, but would he want their power and their freedom? Besides, she did not love him—she might have loved him, had she been what he thought she was. But love was impossible to her. So now she could let his name come into her mind.

"LOVE is impossible to me," she had told herself over and over again in the night in her room, when from sheer loneliness she had risen from her bed to creep into the soft arms of the chair her mother had given her. "I shall never know whether I am really loved or not." What clairvoyance could she hope to have when her wise mother had not had enough?

"I will go to China," she said this morning to Mr. Barney. "I want to go somewhere I have never been before."

"But China," Mr. Barney was aghast. "Why, a woman can't—"

She thought suddenly of what Larch



Here's the Kind of Radio You'll Want in '42!

UNLESS you have heard one of the new General Electric Radios with FM, you have no idea how astonishingly *real* and *life-like* radio can be.

FM, of course, is Frequency Modulation — the new type of broadcasting that brings you *pure music virtually free of all static.*

Every General Electric FM Radio is built in accordance with the genuine Armstrong FM patents. *It's radio at its best!* You hear all the rich overtones you miss in conventional radio—overtones that give music its life and color.

Don't have only "half-a-radio". *Get a new General Electric.* Then you can be sure of getting unsurpassed reception not only of FM but of *all* programs.

THE COMPLETE RADIO WITH

Don't Have Only *"Half-a-Radio"* —Get a G-E and You Get All This

✔ **Finer Domestic Reception**—Since FM *demands* higher standards of radio design, the new G-E Radio gives you much finer reception of *all* programs. The same single-unit chassis that receives FM also brings you the standard and short-wave broadcasts.

✔ **Finer Frequency Modulation**—With FM, as built by General Electric, you hear overtones that bring music to life—overtones that conventional radio cannot bring you. G-E gives you genuine Armstrong FM that practically eliminates static.

✔ **More Powerful Short-Wave**—Programs direct from Europe and South America come in many times stronger than before. The new General Electric Radio has 2 to 3 times as much short-wave sensitivity as previous models.

✔ **Better Reproduction of Records**—General Electric's feather-weight tone-arm with its sapphire stylus ends needle changing and annoying surface noise. Records last indefinitely. The General Electric automatic record changer plays records a full half hour.

The Hit of the Season!

Smart Jewel-Case Model in Sparkling Catalin Plastic

Case finished in rich flame-colored tortoise shell plastic. Hinged lid conceals all knobs and dials. This set is so small you can carry it from room to room in the palm of your hand. Remarkable tone! Ask for a demonstration.

What is FM?

Write for the *free* G-E booklet that explains FM in simple language. General Electric Co., Div. RG-293, Bridgeport, Conn.

FM PRIMER

General Electric builds a complete line of radios and radio-phonographs, from $13.95. Prices subject to change without notice. See your General Electric Radio dealer.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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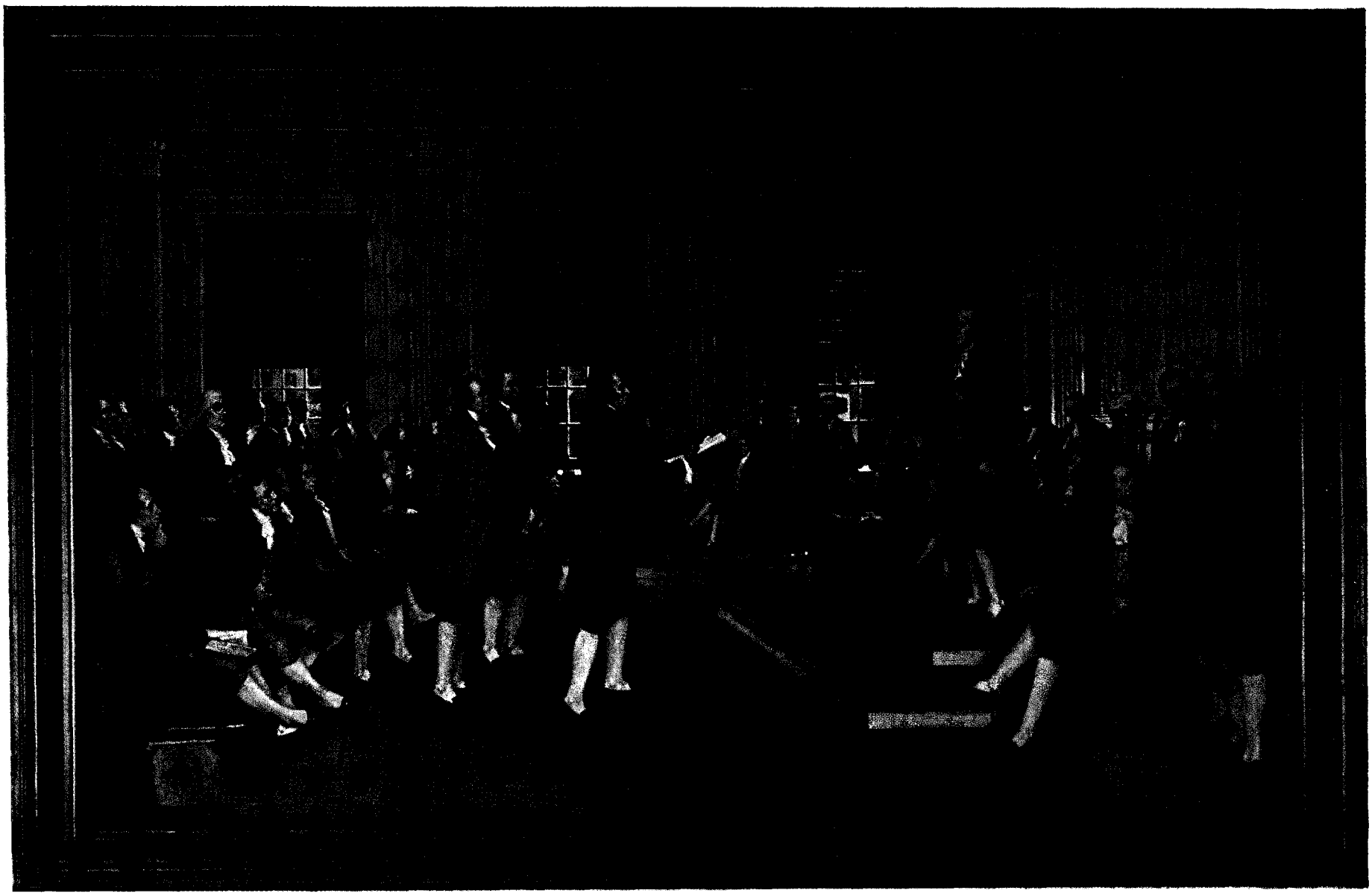
We think



"The Adoption of the United States Constitution in Congress at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1787," by John H. Froehlich, which hangs in the Pennsylvania State Museum at Harrisburg, Pa.

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this is what they meant

154 YEARS AGO there was written into the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States this phrase: "To provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare."

Just what did they intend these words to mean—the men who helped guide the first faltering steps of a new nation?

We believe this is what they meant:

That in times of peace, it was the duty of all individuals, and all industries, to continually exercise their skill and ingenuity for the benefit of the "general welfare"—so that Americans everywhere could live healthier, happier, better lives.

We think they meant that, should American democracy ever be threatened, the defense of that democracy then became the responsibility of every man and woman in the United States. That all persons, all industries, should devote their energies without stint to the common cause.

Because we at Westinghouse believe this is the meaning of those words from the Constitution, we have lived and worked by them—and are living and working by them today!

• • •

The list of contributions by the Westinghouse Company to the general welfare and the common defense is as long as it is interesting. Westinghouse engineering brains built the mammoth generators for Grand Coulee Dam—largest in the United States and big enough to light a million homes. These same Westinghouse engineering brains built two ordnance plants for the U. S. Navy in 143 days . . . and are turning out mounts for big Navy guns there today.

The street lights in front of your home . . . or the lights at a military airport; the electrified railway you ride on . . . or the blackout equipment for factories—these Westinghouse products have helped make America great, and will help keep America great!

We have been able to produce these products for better living and safer living because of a characteristic we have fostered and developed—the Westinghouse "know how." Briefly, it is the ability to get things done in the best possible way. It is because of this "know how" that you can have the utmost confidence in every product that bears the Westinghouse name.

Today, in the cause of common defense, Westinghouse "know how" is working overtime to meet the nation's needs. We are working 24 hours a day to speed the time when Westinghouse "know how" will again lead the way in supplying the nation's peacetime products for better living.

"For the Common Defense"

Armor-piercing shot	Portable X-Ray equipment	Plastic plane parts
Naval Ordnance	Binoculars	Seadrome lighting equipment
Sterilamps	Tank equipment	Navy ship turbines and gears
Bomb fuses	Military radio equipment	Blackout plant lighting equipment

"For the General Welfare"

Air Conditioning	Electric Irons	Meters	Steam turbines
Electric Refrigerators	Switchboards	Motors and Controls	Elevators
Electric Ranges	Lamps	Transformers	Wiring Devices

These lists mention only some of the many thousands of Westinghouse products.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

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Westinghouse

"To provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare"

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"Tough Take-offs are easy with COOL SHAVES!"

● "I know many a fellow who takes up a crate with gusto, but takes up a razor with qualms. To such unhappy men I say, 'Bail out from shaves that sting and burn!' Drop into any druggist's for Ingram's cooling, soothing shaving cream.

● "At the first touch of this different shaving cream you zoom to shaving satisfaction. A quick cloud of cooling lather covers your face in split seconds—helps condition your skin for shaving as it wilts your wiry whiskers.

● "*Contact!* You shave with a freer hand—smoothly as a glide to a 3-point landing. And with minutes shaved off your usual shaving time, you're down to earth *refreshed*—ready for breakfast and business or dinner and dance.

● "Yes, Ingram's de luxe lather is a facial refresher. It saves you the expense of lotions and tonics. For Ingram's leaves your face cool and smooth and young-looking, and it stays that way for hours. Get a tube or jar of cooling Ingram's—concentrated for economy—today!"

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM

Corpran had told her about his mother. "Yes, a woman can go to China," she said boldly. "Why, I know a woman, an oldish woman at that, who—"

"You sound exactly like your mother," Mr. Barney said, staring at her, "even your voice sounds like hers and for the first time I've ever noticed, you even look like her. I never thought you did, before. Miss Brian, I don't think you ought to go and I give that as my opinion. Why, it's dangerous, maybe, for Americans in China. We might have war with Japan the way things are going."

"Where is Father Valerian in China?" she demanded.

"He's in a place called Ta-ming, in one of those northern provinces and there's not even a railroad goes to the town."

"How did you find out where he was?" she asked.

"That was easy enough—I just went to the mission headquarters of his church. They knew where he was, but they haven't heard from him since the Japanese took the town five months ago. That's another thing—the Japanese hold that territory and they aren't too—"

"I'll take the clipper."

Mr. Barney pulled out his silk handkerchief and rubbed his head all over again. His face was scarlet.

"I feel it's my duty to tell your father," he said.

"Why?" she retorted. "My mother trusted me or she would not have left me—everything she had. Besides, I shall do what I like." She turned her head away. "Besides, I think my father will be glad to have me gone."

He groaned and put away his handkerchief and jerked it out again. "Oh, Lord," he moaned, "anybody would think—well, any girl in the world would be glad to change places with you—anybody—"

She turned on him, her blue eyes afire. "Would you? Would you like to be me, if you could be?" "Knowing everything," she had been about to add, and did not, because he could not know everything. Nobody could know how she felt—not being able to trust love. When a woman could not trust love, what was there left?

Mr. Barney, meeting those despairing eyes, could not bear them. "No," he said in a low voice, "no, I would not be you for a good deal."

She flung out a small, strong hand. "Then help me!" she begged him. "Mother told me to find Father Valerian. Let me find him!"

"Not tell your father?" he asked, very uncertain.

"Not tell anybody," she said. "Just help me—to get out of this house."

He saw her fling her head up and her eyes swept the handsome room where they sat. "She hates it," he thought, "she honestly hates it."

BUT whether or not he would have dared to help her had there not been that time in his own boyhood when he had been in love with her mother when she was Mary Hatcher and had never told her so, who could say? His father had been the lawyer for the Hatcher family and he, himself, had inherited the firm, and he had been a shy red-cheeked boy when the grave plainfaced young heiress had made her debut. Not a word had he ever told anyone, because he had always heard his father worrying over Mary Hatcher's marriage. Fortune hunters, his father had called the young men who clustered around her. It was to his father that Mary Brian had told whatever she had told anyone, and he himself had drawn up the will that two days ago had made this young girl, so beautiful and so sad, the richest woman in the world.

"You tell me what you want," he said suddenly, "and I'll do it if it gets me in jail." He laughed with shyness because he felt so sorry for this girl. "I guess a lawyer can't say more than that."

Elaine smiled back, a small soft smile that made memory tremble in his heart where it had lain all but dead through his long marriage to his good Irish wife. "Then—I shall go on the clipper," she said, "and please get me the passport and everything—the next clipper, Mr. Barney. I'll fly to the Coast, too."

"Oh!" he moaned. "I'll have to wangle Washington—I'll only ask one thing. If there's war with those Japs, will you promise to take the first clipper home?"

"Promise," she said.

He went away on that, and after he was gone she pressed her face into her hands for a moment. Today's mail had brought a letter from Larch Corpran, this morning had brought a telegram from him. "If you do not meet me at the corner," the letter had said, "I shall stand there all night." But the telegram said, "Am coming to the house at noon."

Noon! It was not far from noon now. She rang the bell for the butler and when he came she gave him a quick command. "If a young man comes to the door at noon and wishes to see me, tell him I am not at home." That command she had decided upon some hours before.

"Yes, Miss Elaine," the butler said and shut the door softly.

But whether she herself could have withstood the hour of noon she would never know. For at that moment by another door her father came into the room, his step quiet and firm.

"Elaine?" his voice was an invalid's and he sat down with the slow painful movement of one determined to make the most of weakness.

"Yes, Father?" She had risen when he came in and now she sat down again.

"I'm not well, Elaine."

"I'm sorry, Father."

"I ought to go away. The trouble is—what about you?"

"Oh, Father, please don't think of me—" It was on her tongue to cry at him: You never have thought of me in your life, please, please don't think of me now!

But he put up a trembling hand and his handsome face took on its old querulous look. Ah, how she knew that look with which he had always approached her mother!

"I must think of you—it is my duty. Now, what would you think of going with me? They say that the climate in South America gives one some very good months—"

She stared at him. Never in her life had he proposed her going with him anywhere. He had always gone with his valet and his nurse, and she and her mother had stayed behind, happy to be together. She looked at him, surprised, and then was repelled to discover in his face a placating, half childish attempt to please her.

"After all, now with your mother gone—" he began.

But she shook her head. "I couldn't," she said indistinctly. Why should he want now to please her?

"Couldn't what?" he demanded. The smile slipped from his face like the glove from a hand.

SHE stared back at that face, a cruel face, the face that had deceived her mother with its beauty. "I couldn't go away with you," she whispered.

He pressed his own thin fine lips together. "Your mother must have talked to you," he said with sudden fierceness, forgetting weakness. "She has prejudiced you against me. Elaine, she was—she had some idea that—that I didn't love her—that I married her for her money. Nothing I could say would persuade her—"

"Don't!" she whispered, "Oh, don't talk about Mother!"

She leaped up and rushed to the door and away from him. And then she knew that noon had come and gone. The butler stood in the hall.

"The young man has just called, Miss Elaine," he said.

"Oh," she cried, "never mind!"

"He just took one look and went away without a word," the butler said solemnly.

"Then he is gone," she said desperately, and went upstairs to her room

"But, dear, you've already enlisted in the Navy and the Marines!"

GARDNER REA

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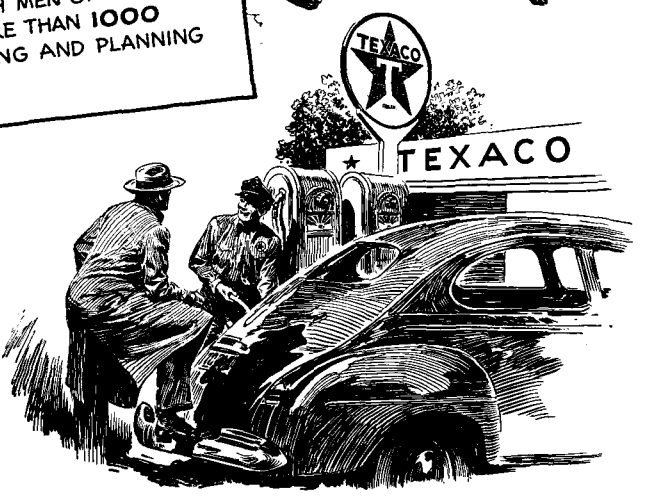
Helping make America strong

HIGHER, FASTER, FARTHER!

RIGHT NOW IT IS GOOD TO KNOW OUR AVIATION DESIGNERS ARE AT WORK ON THE GREATEST FIGHTING AIRPLANES THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN. WORKING SIDE BY SIDE WITH THEM ON THE GASOLINE AND LUBRICATION PROBLEMS OF THESE NEW PLANES ARE THE RESEARCH MEN OF THE OIL INDUSTRY. IN THE TEXAS COMPANY ALONE ARE MORE THAN **1000** SKILLED SCIENTISTS AND TECHNICIANS ---WORKING AND PLANNING ---HELPING MAKE AMERICA STRONG.



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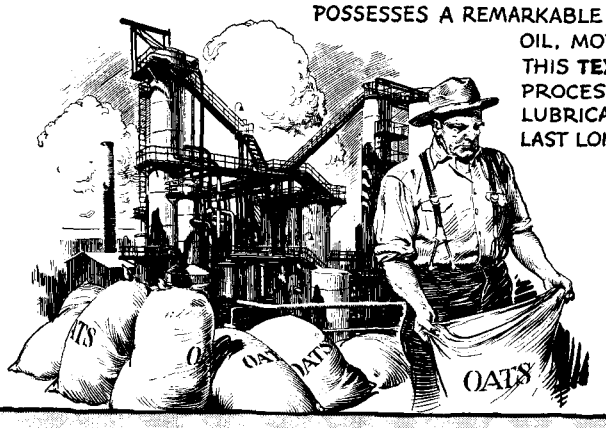
TEXACO SCIENTISTS FOUND THAT FURFURAL, AN AMAZING CHEMICAL DERIVED FROM OAT HULLS, POSSESSES A REMARKABLE ABILITY TO PURIFY OIL. MOTOR OILS MADE BY THIS **TEXACO** "FURFURAL PROCESS" NOT ONLY LUBRICATE BETTER BUT LAST LONGER IN SERVICE.



FROM THIS TIRELESS RESEARCH

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METROPOLITAN OPERA. Complete broadcasts of great operas every Sat. afternoon.

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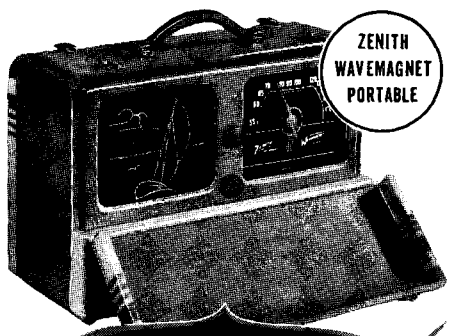


ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS!

U. S. PATENT NO. 2164251

WAVEMAGNET

BUILT-IN MOVABLE FOR RECEPTION IN TRAINS, PLANES, AUTOS

A NEW INVENTION—IT'S DIFFERENT

THE PORTABLE RADIO GUARANTEED TO PLAY WHERE OTHER PORTABLES FAIL . . .

OR YOUR MONEY BACK

AT HOME OR AWAY, THE YEAR 'ROUND COMPANION

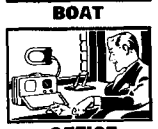
A most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in this new portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Ordinarily it works without outside aerial, outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception*. The secret of why it works while others *fail is in the Patented* Movable Wavemagnet, exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

BOAT


OFFICE

VACATION

SPORTS

TRAIN—PLANE

WORKS ON LIGHT SOCKET OR BATTERY

If you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC.

UNDER NO OTHER NAME BUT ZENITH

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet movable—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or traveling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

EARPHONES FOR PRIVACY

Earphones available for sporting events, traveling and the hard-of-hearing. Zenith Hush-a-tone for use in bed. (Both extra equipment.)

IF IT HASN'T A WAVEMAGNET —IT ISN'T A ZENITH

Made in Brown, Gray, Ivory and Brown Airplane Fabric and Alligator and Genuine Cowhide

AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD

ZENITH *LONG DISTANCE* RADIO

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

and threw herself into her blue velvet chair and turned her face into the soft fabric and wept. "I will go," she thought through her tears, "I must go."

MR. BARNEY was at the airport, his red face dripping with the sweat of his anxiety as he handed her an envelope of tickets and passport. Then he drew her delicately aside by the sleeve.

"You've got to let me know where you are," he whispered.

"Don't worry about me," she said calmly. "I'll cable if anything goes wrong." She was on the steps now.

"Cable anyway!" he roared at her. But she did not promise. She waved from the door and saw his terrified face, and she waved again and then the door was shut because everyone was in and she found her seat and soon the plane began to move.

"Let me help with your safety belt," she heard a man's voice, a pleasant cosmopolitan sort of voice. She could not have told what his nationality was from voice or words, so smooth both were, so free from any accent. She looked up into a handsome, less than middle-aged face next to her.

"Thank you," she said.

He leaned over the arm of her seat and she saw a pair of strong smooth hands bring the safety belt around her and fasten the buckle expertly. Upon the little finger of the left hand was a heavy gold ring, its plain surface set with an embedded brown diamond. She smelled a fragrance of something strange to her. The face near hers was handsome and hard, and whether it was kind or unkind she did not know. Nothing from beneath showed through.

"There—now you are safe," he said, and withdrew his hands without pretense of lingering.

"Thank you," she said again.

He smiled down at her, and she saw in his eyes the familiar pleased interest to which, as a very pretty girl, she was accustomed.

"Since we are to be next to each other for the next few hours, let me introduce myself," he said. "Elton Field, American businessman, China-bound—"

"China?" she cried. "Oh, so am I going to China!"

"Clipper?"

"Clipper," she replied.

"Then," he said, "we must be friends. Why, I commute between Shanghai and New York—absolutely commute! Have you been there before?"

"No, this is my first trip."

"I SHALL see that you reach Shanghai safely," he said. "A plane will meet me in Hong Kong and you shall have a seat in it to Shanghai if you like."

"I shall like," she said warmly. "I'm very lucky. Tell me—you've lived in China so long—is there danger of war with Japan—I mean, for us?"

He laughed confident laughter. "Not the least in the world," he said. "I have a lot of Japanese friends. They're good fellows."

"I'll have to tell Barney to stop worrying," she thought. He bent close to her and said, "You have not told me your name."

But the plane was mounting rapidly and he could not quite catch her voice. He pulled an envelope out of his pocket and his pen.

She took the thick gold mounted pen, and hesitated. Should she use her real name? Yes, she would. A false name would make such complications. She would never remember—and besides, she could take care of herself. She wrote her name in quick bold letters.

"Elaine Brian," he read, and raised his eyebrows. Then he reached over and took the pen from her. "Not *the*—?" he wrote, and put dittoes under her name.

She nodded, and was puzzled by the small incredulous smile upon his lips. For an instant she wished she had not told him her name. Yet what did it matter? She could take care of herself.

They were silent then for a while and the plane drove westward. She sat gazing down upon the earth, a strange sense of escape dulling grief, dulling the longing for Larch Corpran which had made her weep so bitterly when she knew he was gone. Yes, she had longed for him and she had not hidden it from herself. "But I must not long for anyone," she now said resolutely, looking down at the earth. "I must stay free."

Well, this perhaps was freedom, she thought, the earth far below her, this perhaps the fascination of flight. One escaped the earth. She sat motionless for a long time, not knowing that Elton Field was watching her steadfastly, *though he had taken out a magazine* from his bag. He was watching her and thinking, "It is simply not possible that this is Elaine Brian. They would not let a girl worth millions go out alone and without anyone to see what became of her."

He did not care at all that this was not Elaine Brian. It added excitement to an extremely beautiful young girl that with so innocent a face she could tell so large a lie. He did not demand goodness in his women. Indeed, he preferred not to have it. The line of her throat, he thought, was the purest he had ever seen. It was not too long, and yet it fell exquisitely into the sweetness of her young bosom. It would be fun to show Shanghai to a very young girl. He would have to manage Helen, but it was getting time for that, anyway, with all her demands upon him.

He could not resist leaning over toward this pretty child, wanting to see her face again.

"What do you see?" he asked.

She turned her face to him and it was even prettier than he thought, its oval perfect for the clear eyes and firm mouth. Most blondes had round faces, and babyish mouths. But there was spirit in this face—and passion.

"I was trying to find the shape of the earth," she said seriously.

He laughed. "I go over this route so often I don't even look out of the window any more." Then he decided to take a first step. "I shan't look out of the window once this trip," he said. "Not with your face to look at!"

It was a wrong step. He saw that, the moment he had taken it. The pretty face closed against him with the pretense of a smile, and she turned abruptly to the window. He was fascinated. If this was the imitation of innocence it was the best he had ever seen.

THIS life, hour by hour high above the earth, was separate from all her other life. It was a fragment, entire in itself. No messages could reach her from another world. Shut into this life with her were people she had never seen before and might never see again, and yet they were not more strange to her, she thought, than any were strange to a new-born child. Accident had given her the mother and the father that she had had, and now accident gave her these people, the accident of being in the same place with them at the same time. They spoke to one another, were gay, laughed a great deal, heard one another's gasps when the plane dipped suddenly into a pocket of air, shared one another's alarm until the great ship righted itself, and enjoyed one another's renewed laughter when they felt themselves safe again.

In this enforced comradeship that was the more pleasant because it promised no relationships that need be continued, no responsibilities of love or even friendship when their ship came down to earth again, Elton Field devoted himself to Elaine, and in the same spirit, half reckless, half eager, she accepted his devotion. He was skilled in his attentions to her, quick to feel her slightest rebuff and willing to accept it. Thus, though they were so near to each other

"Good Lord! Look! Now they've formed a conga line!" JEFF KEATE

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in their crowded space, if she leaned back her head and closed her eyes, he retreated and let her feel alone. When she opened her eyes again he was there, handsome, courteous by long acquaintance with courtesy in the world, and ready with something to interest her.

When the plane came down again among the hills of San Francisco she was quite as ready to accept his friendship as she might have been had they known each other for years. Hours were years, sometimes.

"If you have nothing better, will you dine with me, tonight?" he asked as they sauntered from the airfield. Goodbys had been cried and their fellowship scattered. Out of all the others only she and Elton Field were to go on the clipper the next day, and this continuance of their journey drew them casually closer.

"I have nothing better," she said with a smile, as they parted.

Then in her rooms at this hotel where she had been with her mother as a child and again as a young girl she was suddenly set upon by loneliness. The hills and the sea upon which she and her mother had looked together were tragic to her now and she was glad for her new friend and softened by his gratitude. A long telegram came from Mr. Barney, worried and begging permission to tell her father where she was. "Your father very anxious," Mr. Barney said. "Greatly appreciate your permission acquaint him with facts. Do not believe he will interfere."

She planned an angry refusal of her permission, and then, delayed by the sight of sunset over the ocean, she sat down by a wide window and watched that ball of gold sink under the water. "Why should I go on hating my father?" she asked herself. "All that I want is to be free." When the sun blazed for a last moment and then went down, she thought: "I will tell Barney he may do as he likes after the clipper leaves tomorrow." Once in that magic ship, who could recall her? Yet when the moment came, she could not risk her freedom. She valued it more than all she had. She wired, "Tell no one," and so she was still free.

WHEN the twilight was over she dressed slowly and with care for dinner. There was no reason why she should make herself beautiful except for beauty's sake, she told herself. She was glad of good company at dinner and Elton Field was good company. Since she had determined against love she would enjoy good company wherever she found it. Now so far away from Larch Corpran, she could think of him almost as she thought of that young Mark Chappell who had once loved her mother so dearly. "But Larch will never know who I was," she thought. Around her neck she clasped a necklace of small sapphires. It had been her mother's first gift of jewels to her, given because this was the blue of her eyes. She watched in the mirror the blue of her eyes leap clear and went on thinking of Larch.

"He will forget soon, and he will meet someone else, and he will be happy enough," she thought with a sorrow that was too impersonal for sadness. What might have been between her and Larch never was, and so sadness need not be. She finished the last curl of her hair, with difficulty, because she was not used to doing her own hair, and then content with a cool pleasure in her looks she went to the lobby.

Elton Field was waiting for her. He was always fastidious in his dress, but tonight he had taken care enough to amuse even himself. "I am falling in love," he told himself.

He had sent Elaine small blue-gray orchids, after much thought, and now, watching her come nearer to him, he saw that she wore no flowers and was further amused to feel his own disappointment.

"You have not put on my flowers," he said, and made his voice resonant with hurt.

"Oh!" She stopped short, remembering. An hour ago a boy had brought flowers to her door and she had glanced at them, seen his card, and had put them on the window sill. "I forgot them," she said simply.

He laughed. "Never mind, we will go and get some more."

HE SWEPT her along with him toward the florist shop in the hotel, struck by his first real belief that by some mad chance this might indeed be Elaine Brian. A girl could not so casually forget orchids who had not worn them as a matter of course. In the florist shop he watched her. She was entirely indifferent as he searched the shelves. "What is your favorite flower?" he asked. "What would you like?"

"I don't care," she said. The memory of flowers made her sad. There were so many flowers in the house when her mother died, so many in the church. The smell of lilies and roses she wanted never to smell again, nor violets.

"White violets?" he asked.

"No," she said, "not violets, please."

"Let me see your eyes clearly," he said.

She turned her eyes to him fearlessly, and he saw no coquetry there. This was no ordinary young girl, adventuring for love and luck.

"I like the same little blue-gray orchids that I sent you before," he said, "they are not so blue as your eyes, but you have the sapphires for your eyes."

"The little orchids," she agreed. Orchids had no scent and they spoke neither of life nor death. They were only decorations for an evening.

She pinned the spray on while he stood and watched. She smelled his peculiar scent.

"What is that scent you use?" she asked upon impulse.

"It is a Chinese scent," he replied, glancing hurriedly at her face. Helen had told him this was a scent the Chinese said was aphrodisiac. She had added with that soft bitterness which was one of her charms, "not that you need it." He meditated telling this girl what Helen had said, and then he remembered her quick coldness whenever he took a step and he refrained. There was plenty of time. Meanwhile, he would discover this mystery of who she was. The sapphires, if they were real, were fabulous. The simplicity of their setting was deceiving, but he was not deceived. He knew jewels.

"How lovely those stones are about your neck," he said, guiding her to the dining room.

"My mother gave them to me when I was eighteen," she replied.

"A birthday?"

"No, my debut."

His heart began to beat under his stiff shirt front. If she were pretending it was as exciting as truth. For if she pretended so well as this, he did not care what she was. He took the menu from the waiter.

"What will you have to eat?"

She put down the menu the waiter gave her without opening it. "Please order what you like," she said.

And while he ordered she looked about the room quietly and with such calm poise and steady grace that when he had given pains to the menu and finished it, he determined to take the mystery firmly in both hands and put it before her.

"Are you really Elaine Brian?"

She looked at him astonished. "Of

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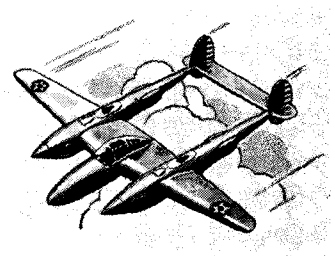

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICH.

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course I am. Do you think I would have said I were if I were not?"

"But—"

"Don't you believe me?"

He shook his handsome graying head and crinkled the lids of his handsome gray eyes. "I haven't, exactly."

"But why?" Her lovely face hardened into a haughtiness that was more convincing than anything he had yet seen.

"I didn't—I don't expect to find Elaine Brian alone—going to China," he said.

She did not answer this and then the waiter brought cocktails. She lifted her glass to her lips.

Elton Field lifted his. "To our journey together!"

She touched the drink and put it down again. He waited, but she said nothing, her eyes returning to the room and the people. The music was beginning and one or two couples came out from the tables.

"Shall we dance while we wait for our dinner?" he asked.

She rose at once. "I should like to—I feel as though I had been imprisoned a long time up there in the sky."

So they began to dance, and though she had within the last five minutes made up her mind that she would tell him nothing about herself, nevertheless she enjoyed his smoothly guiding strength. He danced well and what else mattered about him?

"You dance beautifully," Field told her.

"So also do you," she said, but she could smell that scent now and it was too strong when she was close to him. She was disturbed by it, repelled and attracted at once. It was not fragrant—that is, it was not sweet. She was so disturbed that after a few minutes more and before the dance was ended she dropped her arms and stopped.

"I find I don't want to dance," she said.

HE FOLLOWED her back to the table and they sat down, she without apology, and now he was believing more strongly every moment that by some insanity she was Elaine Brian. He leaned across the small table.

"Did you run away?" His face was very near hers. "Tell me, does anyone know where you are? You needn't be afraid of me."

"I am not a child," she said coldly. "When I decide to go to China it is not running away."

She turned her face away from him and the waiter brought their dinner and so he had to wait. But he was very excited. It seemed to him he must know the truth. He was falling in love with her. If he were falling in love with Elaine Brian—well, he must proceed differently, that was all. He must think of marriage and not of a love affair. It would be a very serious thing to marry the richest woman in the world. That he loved her, too, only made it the more exciting. But what a chance was his, if it were true, to have her alone here, this girl whom thousands of men wanted to meet, whom any man would want to marry, so lovely a girl that she did not need millions of dollars! It would be a real love marriage. She was so young and so simple—he must move very carefully toward her. But everything was in his favor, his experience, his good looks.

As for Helen, he must get rid of her—he could, of course, promise her a large cash sum afterward, anything she wanted. Anything he did would be justified because he was at last really in love. He felt love rush up in him toward the pretty girl opposite him. She was beginning to eat with a healthy hunger that was still full of grace. Everything she did was without affectation. Yes, evidently she was one who had always had everything, who took for granted that all her wants would be served.

He lifted his wine glass and drank from it deeply. He was almost sure that she was Elaine Brian.

"Where are you going in China?" he asked.

"To Ta-ming," she replied calmly.

"Ta-ming!" She heard such horror in his voice that she looked up.

"Yes, why not?"

"But it is an impossible place!"

"Is it?"

She would not be alarmed and he set himself to alarm her seriously.

"Why, Ta-ming—it's a hole—one of those dusty northern China towns—I used to have to go there sometimes when I was inspecting our regional supervisors—there's no hotel."

She listened to this without answering and he went on. "You can't go there," he cried. "Honestly, I say it in real fear for you. Why, the Japanese have that town! Besides, if you don't mind my asking, why on earth are you going to Ta-ming?"

"I have a friend there."

"A friend!" She could see disbelief in his eyes. "I never heard of any—any white people in Ta-ming."

"My friend is there," she said. Her heart suddenly turned to the man who had once loved her mother so much, and as she spoke he took on size and shape for her—a tall, raw-boned young fellow, Mr. Barney had said, a good man, faithful or he would not have gone lonely all his life for her mother's sake.

ELTON FIELD was now genuinely afraid. There was sincerity enough in his words when he spoke: "Tell me his name. I can't let you go there expecting to find someone who isn't there."

"Father Valerian," she said.

"A missionary!" he cried.

"A priest," she said.

He felt his appetite entirely disappear. "But a missionary!" he said. "They're impossible. Why, my—my dear child—"

"Why are they impossible?" Her voice was so silver cool that he knew at once she did not want to be anybody's dear child. He forced himself to crispness.

"You don't know anything about missionaries," he said. "There are two kinds—the hypocritical ones that live in luxury and the fanatics that live like the natives. The hypocrites wouldn't be in Ta-ming in any case, so yours must be a fanatic—and on the whole less suitable for a young American woman to visit."

"Perhaps he is a fanatic." She spoke the words slowly and clearly as she buttered some bread. It was fanatical, perhaps, to love one woman so much that a man went into the depths of China because he could not have her.

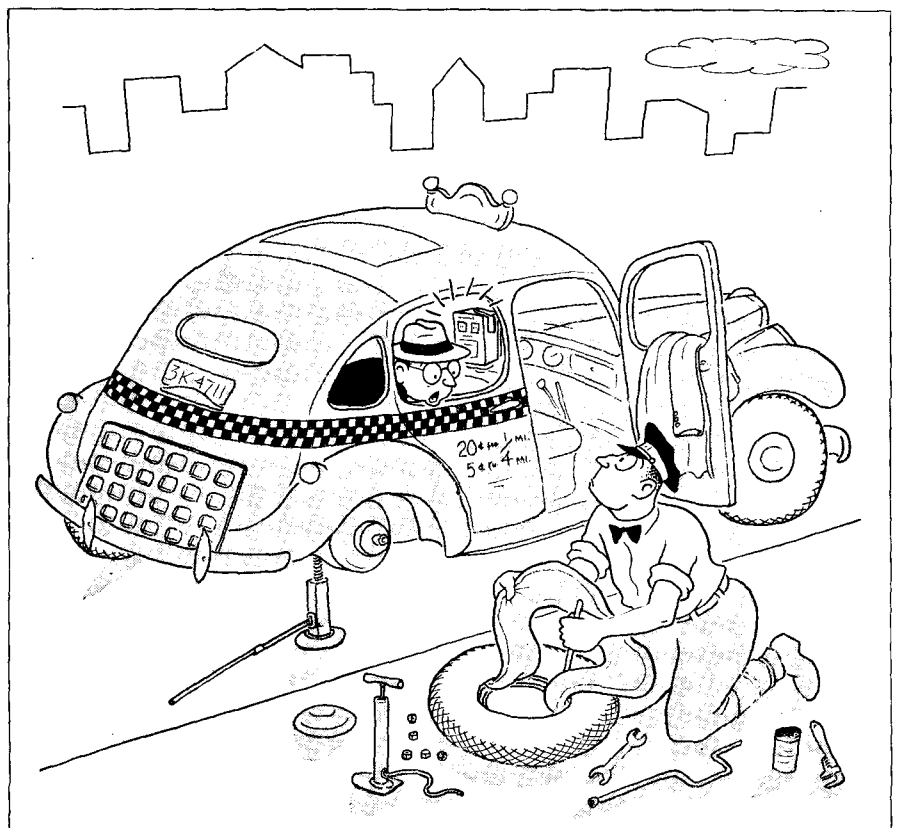
"Wait until you get to Shanghai," Elton Field said earnestly. "Wait until you talk to other people who know."

"I will wait," she said indifferently. It was not worth while to argue over what she was going to do anyway. The music was beginning again. She did not want to talk. "Let's dance," she said.

He rose at once and they danced in silence, she with her face strained away from him a little so that she would not feel the power of that scent. And he, seeing that line of her cheek and throat, lovely and young, renewed his determination.

"She simply cannot go to Ta-ming," he told himself. "I will not let her go."

(*To be continued next week*)



"I don't mind waiting, but does this meter have to keep running?"

DAVID BREGER

Any Week

Continued from page 4

forward him his final pay—$223.77. But attached to this letter were two checks—one for $233.77 and another for $260.18. He returned the latter to the War Department and was notified that the matter would be investigated. In due course they sent back the $260.18 with the information that the record was closed and please stop bothering the government. So he gave the $260.18 to the Red Cross. Or so he says.

NOT that we advocate ignoring tradition. We belong to that great unscientific body of citizens which is something more than skeptical of total efficiency. For example, we hate to think what this country would do without elderly but still fiery spirits like Mr. Jerry Kearful of Chinook, Montana. "If the War Department would take my advice," says Mr. Kearful, "we could win this war handily. Say let's gather up a few regiments of guys from seventy to eighty years of age. We could take the wire edge off the enemy and then have swampers step in and do a little mopping up here and there. That's all there is to it. I am seventy-five and feeling my oats."

EVEN our mail has gone on a total war footing. This week it fetches battle strategies, plans of campaigns, taxation schemes, popular arousal projects, the names of a number of ladies and gentlemen who are nominated for internment and so on and on including lyrics for patriotic songs. One of the latter is called A Wake in the Deep and is to be sung to the famous basso-profundo gymnastic Asleep in the Deep, which is the first song we remember hearing. When we were a child our Uncle Purdy sang it to us fondly but falsely thinking to lull us to sleep. Instead, his hoarse and earnest bellows filled us with indescribable delight, especially the last cavernous, descending rumbles. Right now we are humming A Wake in the Deep, written by Miss Zoe (Honeybee) Simpson of Little Rock, Arkansas. We are not doing it as well as Uncle Purdy did, but it has warmed us up to the point of joining the A Buck for a Battleship Club, the invitation coming from Mr. Dolf Perlez of Los Angeles, California. Every time our Navy or our fliers put a Jap battleship in its place, which, cleverly enough, we take to mean the bottom of the ocean, members contribute a dollar. Mr. Perlez foresees five million members. Thus, every time a Charlie battle wagon folds, there will be enough in the treasury to buy a new destroyer for the United States Navy—or almost enough. We have sent Mr. Perlez our first dollar, hoping for the best. In the meantime we're forwarding to Washington a simple plan for demolishing Japan. This is the work of Mr. W. F. Trimbell of Kansas City, Kansas. All we have to do is to capture a large number of crowded Jap transports and, turning their prows toward the land of the Rising Sun, use them as a screening vanguard for our airplane carriers. Thus protected from Jap warships and planes, we'd drop anchor or something a few miles off Tokyo and let havoc prevail. "This," concludes Mr. Trimbell, "will have a definite effect upon the war."

AND Mrs. Jeannette Voss of Denver, Colorado, went to her druggist for cockroach powder. "No ma'am," said he. "We're all out and probably won't have any more until after the war. It's this fellow Henderson in Washington. All the cockroach powder goes to the Army and Navy for the duration because we're fighting the Japs.". . . W. D.

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The 5 Crowns give Toughness the "AIR-O"

For goodness sake! What are they doing?
And who is that guy they're pursuing?
They're *not* playing cupid,
Of course not—how stupid—
That's TOUGHNESS whom Seagram's subduing.

With 5 Crown, it's "love at first meeting,"
One drink—and you'll soon be repeating,
You'll relish each sip
So please take our tip—
And make Seagram's your
Valentine Greeting!

Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
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Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram keeps the TOUGHNESS OUT

Blends extra PLEASURE IN

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

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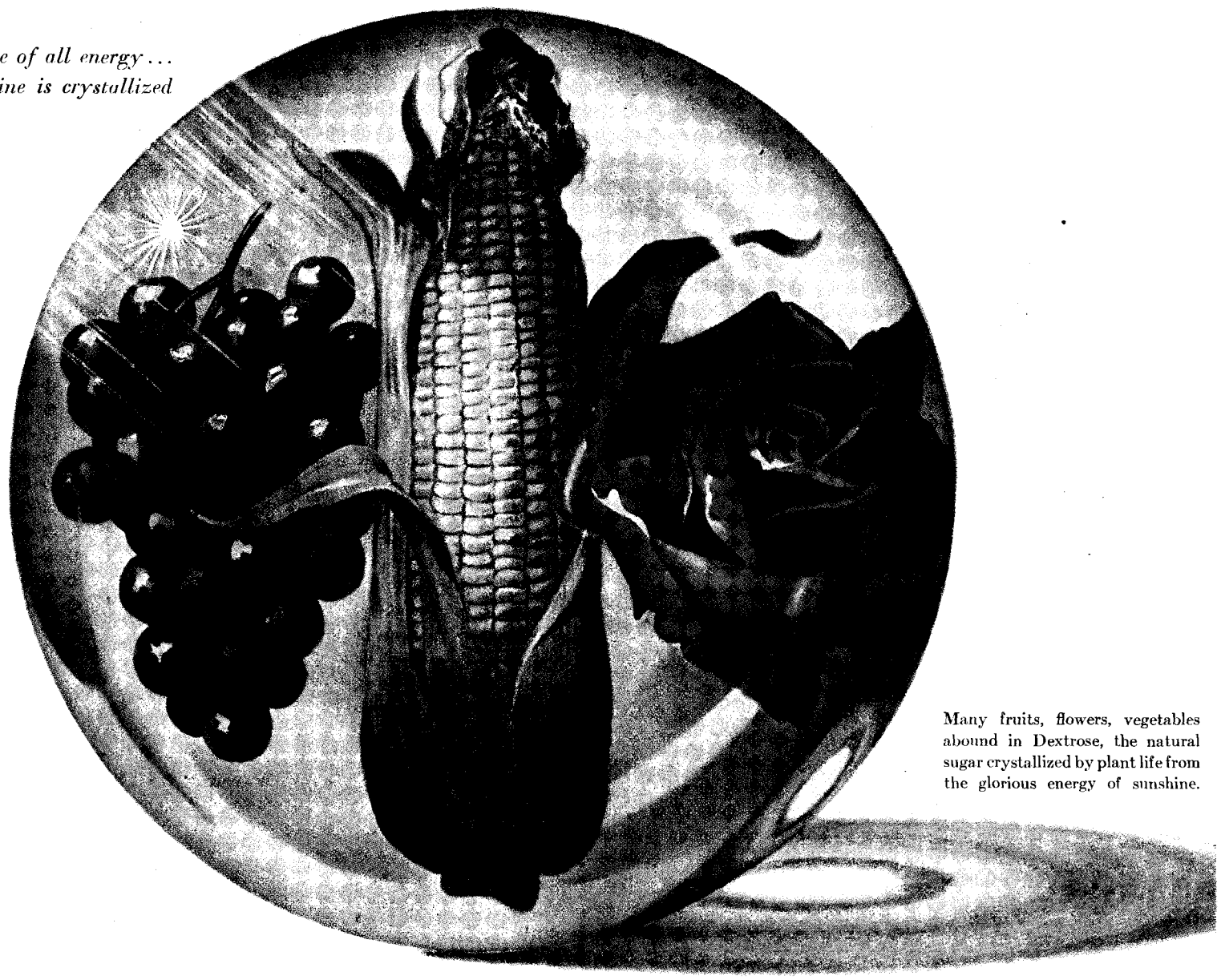
The sun is the source of all energy . . . the energy of sunshine is crystallized in Dextrose sugar.



Many fruits, flowers, vegetables abound in Dextrose, the natural sugar crystallized by plant life from the glorious energy of sunshine.

The radiant *Energy* of the Sun is Crystallized in Dextrose Sugar

ALL LIFE depends upon the sun, its warmth, its light, its power to energize. But only plant life can capture the radiant energy of the sun. In *photo-synthesis*, living plants absorb vital solar energy and store it in a simple sugar—Dextrose.

Dextrose sugar is white and crystalline; it is sweet and refreshing to taste; it is as pure as its simple ingredients—water, carbon and the energy of sunshine.

Doctors call Dextrose "body" sugar, for it is a basic "fuel" of the body. It requires NO digestion. It is promptly absorbed after eating. The body utilizes the stored energy of sunshine *directly* from Dextrose.

Food manufacturers have found that Dextrose generally improves the quality, texture, flavor and food-energy value of the foods they produce—such foods as breads, crackers, ice creams, candies, beverages, canned fruits and vegetables, jams and jellies.

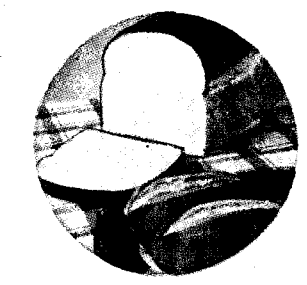
These foods are available everywhere. Usually labeled "Rich in Dextrose"—they are recognized by health-minded people as prime sources of pure food energy in dynamic form.

When, at no extra cost, your family can enjoy foods "Enriched with Dextrose", isn't it wise to look and ask for them? Certainly it is!

★ *Dextrose is an ALL-American sugar, derived from American corn, refined in American factories, distributed by American companies.*

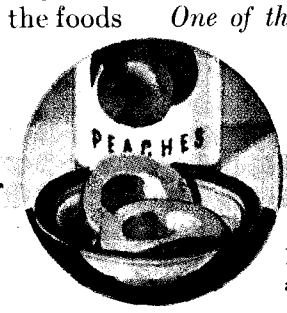
CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.
One of the Producers of Pure Dextrose Sugar

Dextrose helps make candy a delicious food.

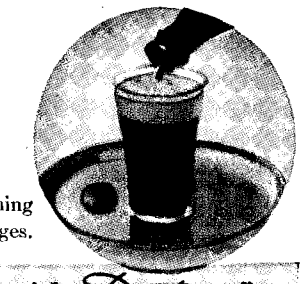


Better breads are baked with Dextrose.

Dextrose gives finer flavor to jams and jellies.



Dextrose protects the flavor and texture of canned fruits.



Dextrose adds refreshing food value to beverages.

Keep the *Energy* of sunshine in your diet — Demand foods "Enriched with *Dextrose*".

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A Taste for Old Things

Continued from page 16

or twice even on a truck. They came from little towns and hamlets we'd never heard of, like Galloping Rock, Pennsylvania, or Elk Horn, Vermont. Once there was even part of an old moonshine still from down in Kentucky. After a while Grandpa came home himself, usually with a lot more stuff piled in the back of the car, and began to open his treasures.

Treasures? We used to talk about it when he wasn't around. There were old square nails, brass doorknobs and iron hinges, marble washstands, even a four-poster bed. He had a bird bath that once stood in Gramercy Park, an old sextant that he insisted had been the property of Hendrik Hudson, and a brace of colonial dueling pistols with split handles. Grandpa's alibi was simple, though. "I just got a taste for old things," he used to remark. Probably the pièce de résistance of his entire collection, however, was a rusty mass of metal that looked something like a high-gaited lawn mower.

"It's a Gatling gun," declared Grandpa proudly. "Fellow I got it from swears it saw action in the Crimean War. Fires twelve hundred bullets a minute. . . ."

ONE of the worst troubles with Grandpa, aside from his penchant for saying exactly what he thought, was an equally dangerous tendency to give away his treasures if he liked you. Cousin Emily, for example, came to visit us last summer and went away a bit stiffly, headed toward the station with a giant mill for nutmeg grating in her lap. "Dang fine job," pronounced Grandpa. "All walnut box. Don't make 'em that way any more."

Cousin Emily was one of the reasons we weren't quite sure about Grandpa. She came to stay over Fourth of July week end, but hung on for an extra five days without any indication of ever going back to Syracuse. That was when Grandpa took over and began to make quite a fuss about Cousin Emily, showering gifts upon her. To this day, we're fairly sure Grandpa knew what he was doing. And as for Cousin Emily—we've had a word from her since. "Dang fine nutmeg grater," sighed Grandpa as she drove away.

Usually people took the things he gave them. As a matter of fact, they had little choice because when Grandpa said, "I want you to have this"—his eyes showed that he meant it, and there was no point or safety in arguing the matter. Not that he ever got violent, but you had a feeling he might if aroused.

The only oddity, however, that no one would definitely fall for was that portrait of Great-granduncle Jonathan—a half-length oil painting that showed our worthy ancestor in the uniform of a naval officer, John Paul Jones vintage, resting stiffly on the hilt of his sword with his shoulders smothered in tufts of gold braid. A humpbacked, Napoleonesque navy hat sat on top of his head, and there was a look upon his features that perhaps might best be described as salacious. "It isn't even decent," Mother frequently observed.

Nobody wanted Great-granduncle Jonathan's portrait and always said so—a fact that really upset Grandpa. "What's the matter," he argued. "Wonderful likeness. Used to hang in the grill of the old Bismarck Hotel in Baltimore. Place burned down during the winter of '97. Hoses all froze up in the streets. Lordy, what a fire. . . ." Grandpa was a little inclined to get off the beam sometimes.

To my knowledge, at least ten of our myriad relatives flatly refused to take Great-granduncle Jonathan into their homes. Instead, he hung prominently on the side wall of the barn, with that peculiar leer as though remembering some particularly spicy experience that had happened to him during the War of 1812.

It nettled Grandpa, naturally, that no one wanted Jonathan. "It's a work of art," he'd mumble to small avail. Mother wouldn't even let him hang it in the house as he wanted. "There's enough trouble around this place without that old roué staring at me," she said.

I remember very well the day that Great-granduncle Jonathan suddenly became an important factor in our lives. It was early in the summer. I had come up from the city on the 5:20, and Jenny met me at the station.

After I got into the house and put the evening paper down on the dining-room buffet, Mother said:

"Buster, run out and tell Grandpa that supper's almost ready."

Grandpa was sitting there in the late sun, and a thin, scratchy music filled the air. "Hello, Bus," he said, looking up. "Listen to that. Swell, ain't it? One of Mr. Edison's phonographs. See, the cylinder rotates and this needle rubs around it in the cracks. They go sort of spiral-like, and the music comes out of this horn. . . ."

Sure enough, it was a prehistoric phonograph. "Edison Phonograph," the name plate said. "Built in 1904," explained Grandpa, "but sounds just as good today." The music, I was able to detect, sounded like Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.

"What's your radio set got that this hasn't?" demanded Grandpa, practically daring me to disagree with him.

"Supper's on," I said, adroitly evading the question. Grandpa took the needle off the cylinder and the noise stopped. There was never anything wrong with his appetite.

WHEN we came into the house, Mother was sitting in her usual place at the table, near the kitchen door, and reading the evening paper. "That's a lot of money," she commented.

"What is?" asked Jenny, unfolding her napkin.

"It says here," declared Mother, paraphrasing what she read in the paper, "that the publisher of the Daily Record is trying to get copies of the Record's original issue. He'll pay a thousand dollars for the first one brought in that's genuine. They don't know of any that exist because there were only a hundred copies of the first issue printed anyway. The date was June 8, 1791. . . ."

"I've got a pewter candle snuffer that was made in 1791," offered Grandpa.

"I don't think it's what Mr. Witzenberger wants," said mother dryly.

Grandpa plowed into his soup with robust abandon. Mother folded up the paper and put it aside. There was a

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DROMEDARY DATE-NUT BREAD!

ONLY 3½¢ for this mouth-watering dessert

Hot Date-Nut Delight

Simply heat the fruity roll of Dromedary Date-Nut Bread, slice, and top with orange-flavored hard sauce to which raisins have been added. Sprinkle with grated orange rind. *It's heavenly!* Serves 6. Or cut off as much as you need. Balance will keep.

Hollywood Parfait

Chic . . . easy! Just cube or crumble Dromedary Date-Nut Bread, fold

and fever. I reached the barn on a dead run.

Great-granduncle Jonathan was there, smirking down at us from his ornate gold frame. Carefully, we lifted the monstrosity from the wall, turned it over. Even in the dim light of the barn we could read the yellowed printing:

"New York Record—Vol. 1, No. 1—June 8, 1791. . . ."

JENNY and I looked at each other. Already I could feel the crisp stiffness of a certified check for a thousand dollars in my fingers. "But it's glued on," she protested. "The other side is glued to the back of the picture." Apparently the paper backing on the frame had torn once, and somebody mended it with this old copy of the Record.

I'd read about things like that. "It's nothing," I breezed. "They can take it off clean as you please—never see a trace of the glue."

"We've got to get this to the Record," insisted Jenny. Grandpa, who hadn't participated in our wild rush, walked into the barn. "What're you doing with my picture?" he demanded testily.

We told him. The sharp eyes lost their twinkle and grew even sharper, to a keenness we had never before seen in Grandpa.

"Danged if you do," he snapped. "Jonathan stays right where he is. Nobody ever wanted him before, even when I tried to give him away. He stays right where he is. . . ."

We all looked at Grandpa, and no one had the nerve to contradict him. After we went back to the house, you could hear the Edison phonograph in the distance, ever so faintly, playing, Lead Kindly Light.

Naturally there was a council of war. "But we just can't let that money go by," protested Mother, "simply because Grandpa is a little queer."

Jenny and I were both surprised at this. Neither of us had ever heard Mother refer to Grandpa before as "queer." Certainly we had all thought it at one time or another, but everyone tacitly kept such opinions to himself.

Grandpa was obviously sulking. For more than an hour he stayed in the barn, then about 8 o'clock we heard the old sedan cough once or twice and rattle out of the garage. Occasionally he went down into the village for a few hours. What he did there, we never knew. Sometimes we suspected there was ro-

say when he came back. Then I took a flashlight from the table drawer in the front hall and walked out to grandfather's barn.

The white, thin beam that played across the wall soon told me that Jenny had carried out her plan. She was up on the Parkway now, bowling along toward New York and the Record.

Grandpa's barn was an eerie spot in the dark. The wooden Indian stood like a shadow, tomahawk raised in clumsy salute. There was a slight musty smell in the air. I hurried back to the house, carefully closing the doors behind me.

Mother and I didn't have much to say, but the radio blared ceaselessly like some tactless person who doesn't know enough to keep still when he should. We both stiffened noticeably when we heard Grandpa's car turn into the driveway. The clock above the fireplace said 9:30, and outside it was quite dark.

Grandpa was phenomenally calm when he came into the house a few minutes later, but we both knew at once why he was there. "What'd you do with Jonathan?" he asked, almost gently.

"Now, Grandpa," soothed Mother, although she was more upset than he was, "now, Grandpa—we'll have the picture back for you first thing in the morning."

"Never wanted it in the house," grumbled Grandpa. "Called Jonathan all kinds of names. Nobody ever wanted Jonathan. Even in real life. Now, just because you think there's a chance to make some money off'n Jonathan . . . It's a sacrilege. 'S blasphemy." Grandpa was working up steam. I could see it in his face, and particularly in those steely eyes.

Then the phone rang.

Mother went over and answered it. "Yes," she said. "Yes, this is she. . . ."

Her voice was calm, passive. We both waited.

"The state police?" repeated Mother. "Oh . . ." It was a weak little gasp that ended almost in a sob.

"I see," said Mother. "The hospital at Stamford? I'll be there right away."

She hung up the phone, but the receiver missed the hook entirely on the first try. Her face was white as new plaster and she swayed ever so little as she grasped the rim of a chair.

"Jenny's been in an accident," she told us.

FINANCIALLY

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...d with the kind of excitement that ...es you quiver as if you had chills

GETS AS A DAILY MOUTH WASH

strangely modern burst of slang. "Wasn't worth a cent. . . ."

I didn't feel like arguing the point, and ignored his reply, but he pushed on uninvited:

"Sometimes you young people don't use your heads. Jonathan was in the War of 1812. Ain't that so? And his picture was probably painted a good bit later than that. Maybe 1830 or even 1840. Now what in thunderation is a newspaper published almost fifty years before doing on the back of his picture? Hey?"

I'd never thought of that. "You got me, Grandpa," I admitted.

He chuckled. "Stumped me, too, Bus, for a while. But I went down to the library the other night—same night Jenny wrecked her car—and did a bit of looking up."

My curiosity was mounting. "So?" I prompted.

"Seems the Record had an anniversary in 1841 to celebrate fifty years of printing the paper. And they got out a fancy copy of the very first issue as a stunt, see. Gave 'em away with the regular issue. Thousands of 'em. Understand?"

I most certainly did. In our blind rush we overlooked that wide gap of time between the painting of the portrait and 1791. "Grandpa," I said, "you're a smart young feller."

He laughed, the funny, rumbling laugh that came from inside, and we said nothing more about it for a few minutes. Then he spoke again:

"Bus, I feel pretty bad about this whole thing. Like it was my fault for being so confounded hard to get along with. How many bills your ma got?"

I knew the total only too well. Most of them had been paid because we were able to borrow a lot of money. But the borrowed money still had to be paid back. I gave him the figure.

Grandpa whistled softly, and his eyes narrowed. For a man of his age, he had remarkable eyesight, and walked with a spine straight as a elevator shaft. "That's a lot of mazuma," he declared.

I often wondered where Grandpa picked up these additions to his vocabulary.

We were out in the barn at the time and it was a crisp autumn night. In his right hand he was flexing a buggy whip—one of his newest acquisitions—as he talked.

"Bus," he said, "something has to be done. Yes, sir, and I'm the boy t'do it. That's a real whip for you. They don't make 'em like that any more."

"No," I replied, "they don't, do they?"

GRANDPA went away the following day, but somehow I saw no connection between our discussion and his trip. "Back Friday, Martha," he announced. Jenny was home from the hospital, very pale and not half so talkative as she used to be.

Everything was on a carefully worked-out budget for the family—a budget that Mother and I had been over a dozen times. All in all, the outlook was certainly bleak.

If I outlive my whole generation, I'll never forget the events of that particular Saturday morning. Because I had the day off, I didn't go into the city and was sleeping late. But about 9 o'clock Mother came into my room and shook me. "Buster," she demanded, "wake up."

"Huh?" I muttered.

"Buster," she pleaded. "The whole front yard is full of cars and strange people. I'm scared to go out. What does it mean?"

Gradually the sleep melted from my eyes. From the upstairs window I could look down into the yard, and she was right. There were half a dozen cars pulled up on the grass. Two of them, I immediately noted, had uniformed chauffeurs. "That's odd," I murmured brightly.

"Hadn't you better go down and see what it's all about?" Mother urged.

The doors of the barn were wide open and I could see people inside. Getting into my clothes at forced draft, I dashed down the stairs and outside. In the general melee, and decidedly above it, was Grandpa's voice.

"And here, ladies and gentlemen, is a perfect specimen of a New Bedford whaling harpoon, still sharp as a razor, crusted with the salt of seven seas."

Somebody in the crowd said, "Thirty dollars." A woman's voice echoed back, "Thirty-five."

As I watched, another sleek limousine pulled up and a dowager of elliptical proportions was eased out. Then, for the first time, I saw the two signs Grandpa had apparently posted at the entrance to the driveway.

One read: "Antiques." The other announced: "Early Americana."

THE whole thing was only too clear by now. I went back into the house and told Mother. There was a little trace of moisture around the corners of her eyes. "We've got to stop him," she decided. "Those are the most precious things he has left in the world."

But Grandpa was carried away by the magnitude of his new venture. He brushed me aside. "This matched pair of colonial measuring jugs is worth more than fifty dollars," he bellowed. "You gentlemen know that."

"Look, Grandpa," I began.

"Get out of here, Bus," he snapped, and when Grandpa snapped like that, people usually did as they were told. I was no exception.

The morning lengthened into afternoon, and the cars came and went all day. For the first time in years we could actually see the far corners of the barn. People carried off the wooden Indian, the old spinning wheel, his Sandwich glass bottles, and even the pewter candle snuffer from 1791. By nightfall, the place looked almost desolate. The last of the cars pulled away, exposing the ruts they had made in the lawn.

We went out to see Grandpa a few minutes later. He was sitting on a lone chair beside the place where the stove from the ferryboat Vanderhook had been. On the table was a pile of money and checks. He struggled manfully with pencil and paper.

"Eight and seven makes fifteen, and carry three . . ." He was droning to himself.

"Grandpa," began Mother.

He looked up. "Martha, I can't add these dang things. You do it. See if there's enough to take care of the debts. Gosh a'mighty, I hope so."

Mother was crying, so I counted the money. It came to about three hundred dollars more than we needed, even including the cost of a new car. "It's plenty, Grandpa," I announced.

"That's good," he rumbled. "Take it, Martha. That'll square things all around. I was getting tired of that junk, anyway. Sort of losing my taste for old things. . . ."

"But where did all those folks come from?" I demanded. "Particularly at 9 o'clock in the morning?"

"Oh, the word gets around fast," said Grandpa. "I saw to that. All collectors. First come, first served. I know lots of collectors. Martha, did you ever hear this talking machine thing of Thomas Edison's? Couldn't let that go, no, sir. Just listen how clear it is. . . ."

The needle scratched on the cylinder, and we heard the squeaky, thin strains of In the Gloaming. It wasn't very loud, but loud enough so that when the lump caught in my throat, nobody heard me swallow.

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

Yes, it was written and directed by the same wonder-boy who gave you "Great McGinty" and "Lady Eve" . . . and, believe us, he's topped them both in every department.

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Have you heard "We're The Couple In The Castle" . . . and "Boy, Oh Boy!" Well, they and three more top tunes are from the *Max Fleischer* cartoon feature everybody's raving about, "MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN," in *Technicolor*!

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Madeleine Carroll and *Stirling Hayden* were made for each other in the magnificent *Technicolor* picture, "BAHAMA PASSAGE." If you haven't seen them together, please, please don't miss "BAHAMA PASSAGE."

Paramount Star Parade

Mistress Wisecrack

Continued from page 17

in high-school plays, Dulcy and lots of other people—most of them quite funny.

As a tomboyish little girl she had been locally notorious for the fact that nothing her dismayed. Thus it was typical of her that when she graduated from high school and determined to get a job that summer—before going on to the University of California—she simply marched into San Francisco's Alcazar Theater and demanded to see the head of the stock company playing there.

A heckled assistant explained that (1) a performance was scheduled to begin in just a few minutes, (2) the stagehands and musicians had just gone out on strike and, (3) Mr. Duffy the producer was being sick to his stomach in the green room.

Eve drew herself up to her full, gangly, sixteen-year-old height. "Tell him," she said, "that Miss Quedens is here. He'll come."

She guesses today that adversity must have gone to Mr. Duffy's head, for he did see her, listened to her account of her amateur triumphs and gave her a job.

Thirty-five dollars a week wasn't bad for a starter, but she was unhappy when, a year and a half later—after playing every kind of role at the Alcazar—she had only achieved fifty dollars a week. She wondered vaguely if perhaps she shouldn't have gone to college after all.

She decided to try her luck elsewhere and found herself starving in Los Angeles while looking for jobs in stock. They weren't forthcoming and her sole income was money from her mother—only enough to cover the rent because Mrs. Q. wasn't happy about her daughter being so far away.

Eve managed to eke out this money by a kind of semipro literary career. She'd compose gay little letters to her landlord telling why she should pay less rent. Once it was the biography of the mouse which lived under the stove; another time she complained that the red fire-exit light over her apartment door was ruining her socially. Whenever the letters made the landlord laugh he'd remark, "In all the world there is nothing more valuable than a funny joke. Five dollars' reduction." She subsisted for about half a year on the rent deductions won by fair prose and a good sense of humor.

There was obviously no future in writing for an audience of one, no matter how appreciative, and Eve welcomed a job as leading lady in a company of four calling themselves The Bandbox Repertory Theatre. In addition to Eve there was Katherine Turney—who later collaborated on the John Barrymore play My Dear Children—and Katherine's husband, Cyril Armbruster. A man named Findley McDermid played character parts, and several different ingénues, all named Lou, succeeded one another in the hearts-and-flowers department.

Packed into an old Ford along with the hand props and a pair of baby spots, these streamlined, strolling players wandered through all the resorts of the region—Palm Springs, Santa Barbara, Del Monte, etc. By dint of much advance correspondence they usually contrived to be entertained as guests of the best hotels. Upon arrival they would commandeer the lobby and a collection of the hotel's furniture, and give nightly

"When they spill a drink I know it's time for the nipple"

H. MIDDLECAMP

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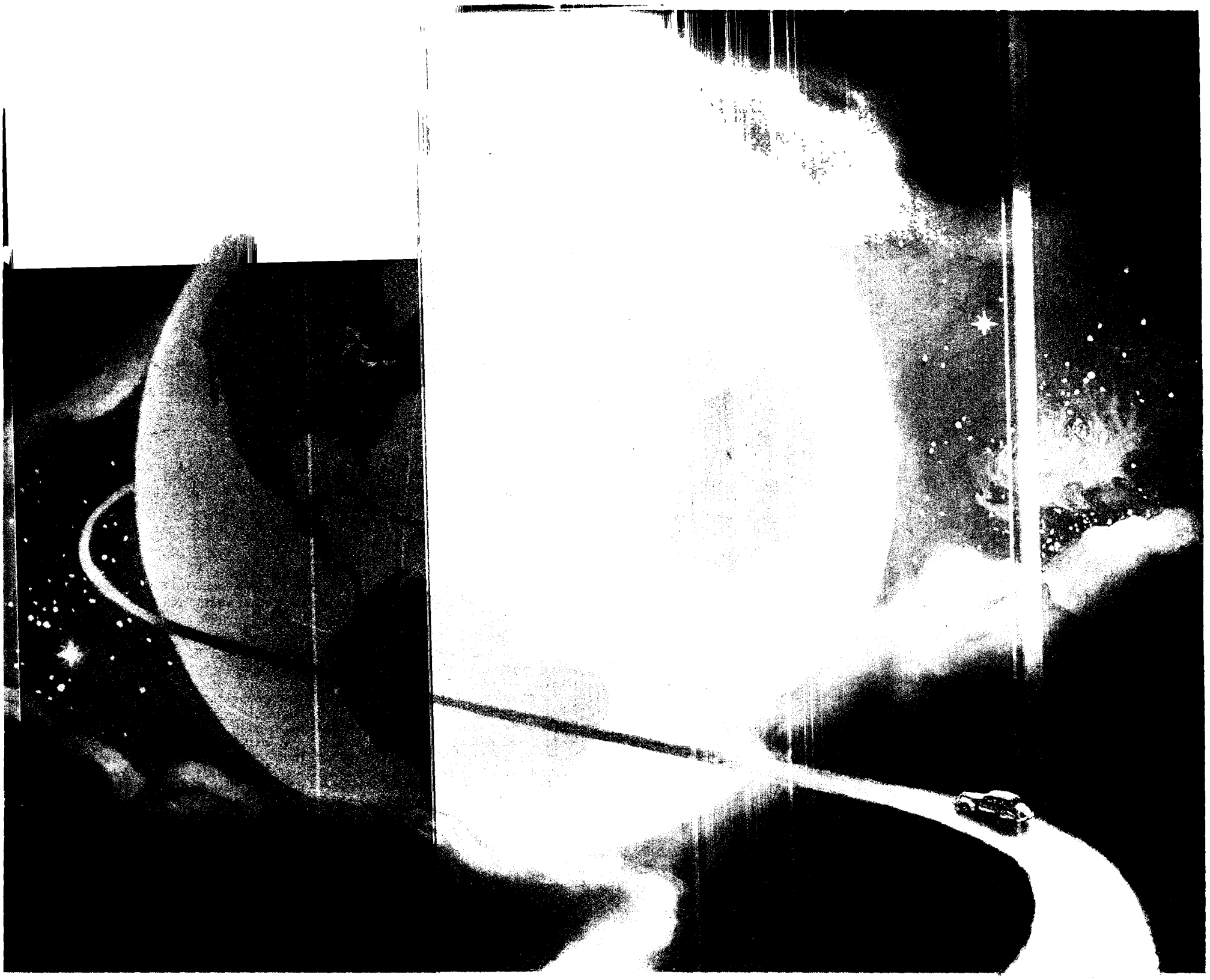

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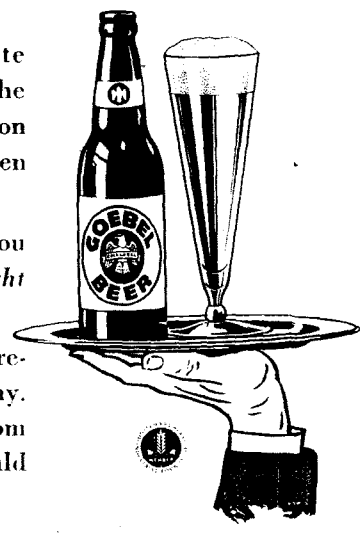

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"Yes, Randolph, I, too, was once in love. We had a foolish quarrel and parted in anger, never to see each other again, thank heaven!"

F. HUMPHREVILLE

performances of standard full-length plays suitable for four actors. Usually they were forced to do without a stage, improvising a set at one end of the lounge.

Eve still remembers with horror the night she made an entrance, only to find a fat old man firmly ensconced in her chair. Composed but apprehensive, Eve pulled up a stool next to the intruder and proceeded to deliver her lines, which were very dramatic, interspersed with tears, gasps and fits of shuddering. Her characterization was not improved by the obviously deaf gentleman's frequent querulous question, "My dear young lady, what is the trouble? Would ten dollars help you any?"

In that year and a half of trouping, Eve developed sufficient stage presence and professional experience to step into a new musical show at the Pasadena Playhouse. Lo and Behold! was Leonard Sillman's first production, and when Eve entered the cast, it had been rehearsing for eleven weeks. In seven days she opened with the show, playing five different parts in five separate sketches.

Worth Considering Seriously

Eve's notices were good but perhaps the best proof of her excellence is that Lee Shubert chose her to appear in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1936.

"My contract called for a salary of a hundred dollars a week," Eve says today, "and mother said, 'That's *goooood!* Maybe you should consider taking up acting as a career!' "

Eve appeared in both the Follies of '36 and '38, winning fine notices and steady increases in salary until she was earning five hundred dollars a week. Then near the end of the run of the second Follies her beloved mother died and Eve returned to the Coast.

While there she was prevailed upon to make a screen test. Sitting tensely in the projection room she watched the rushes of her try for fame, and promptly developed an acute inferiority complex plus alternating chills and fever. For there on the screen was the scene she had hopefully played—a conversation over a kitchenette sink while washing dishes—and the little contract actress who had played a supporting role stood out brilliantly lighted, looking lovely and altogether getting the whole "flash."

"Off in a dingy corner," Eve explains, "was a creature of dubious color and doubtful sex, rattling dishes and screaming harshly into an overloud mike."

It couldn't have been as bad as all that, for Gregory LaCava saw the test and promptly gave her a "fat bit—with a live cat for a neckpiece" in Stage Door. Thanks to her first violent reaction to her screen personality, she avoided seeing that picture and, for that matter, seven eighths of the pictures she made thereafter: Having Wonderful Time, Coconut Grove, Letter of Introduction, A Day at the Circus, No, No, Nanette!, Comrade X, That Uncertain Feeling, She Knew All the Answers, She Couldn't Say No, Manpower, The Last of the Duanes, San Antonio Rose, Whistling in the Dark, Sing for Your Supper, Bedtime Story and Obliging Young Lady.

Eve suspects it was the dreary and unflattering lighting of that original test which caused her to be typed as a tongue-lashing siren. Whatever the real reason, since Stage Door, producers have taken advantage of her height to make her look down on almost everybody. Nor have they ignored the fact that her left eye is slightly larger than her right, and that her left eyebrow is therefore, naturally a little raised—making her seem terribly, terribly aloof, like a great lady visiting poor relations.

Just a month before Vinton Freedley brought her east for Let's Face It!, Eve and her husband moved into their nice new house in the Hollywood hills. "It's ten rooms!" she says, glowing. "Very large rooms, so my claustrophobia can have space to romp and play. Every room has a view, the outside is white clapboard, and there's a big mint-green door that would melt in your mouth!" She beams and sighs and, before her husband can stop her, adds, "One of the rooms is a nursery."

Whereupon, a girlish blush from Mistress Caustic Wisecrack, as she continues, "If only this show weren't such a howling success, maybe I could settle down to being a wife and mother."

Due to long training there's just a trace of satire in her voice—and in her larger eye—as she says it. The right eye, however, remains warmly and devoutly serious.

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Sailor in a Spitfire

Continued from page 18

was stationed back of Dover. One day we headed for Boulogne on a patrol. Over Boulogne we got word to head quickly for Dunkirk. Things were hot. We didn't know how hot they were then. The evacuation of Dunkirk had begun. We aimed for Dunkirk, which is only a few minutes flying time from Boulogne. We flew low, almost at water level. We could see a lot of ack-ack (now we use the German work "flak") bursting over Dunkirk. We arrived and I looked up and then I looked again. Far above I could see one V after another of Jerry airplanes.

There were at least three hundred bombers up there, and above them I could see occasional quick bright flashes against the blue sky and I knew that these were fighter airplanes very high up. They were above the bombers and the bombers were at twenty thousand feet.

I took a quick glance at Dunkirk. A smoke haze hung over the city. I could see thousands of small dots on the beach—my countrymen, taking a bad beating from the bombs that were falling.

A Bad Day for Mr. Treacy

There were seven of us. I zoomed up and they followed me. A Spitter climbs fast. We were up there high enough, with Huns all around us. Bertie Aubert was on my right hand, Johnny Freeborn on my left. I knew they were both grinning. They loved a fight. Tony Mould and Paddy Treacy and Mungo Park and Johnny Skinner were in it. Good pilots. Good men to have around you.

I think we all started shooting at once. The fighters came dropping down, thinking we'd fallen into their trap. Of course we had, but our eyes were open. I let everything go at a Me-110. They were shooting at us from all directions. To my port, and in front of me, I saw a Me-109 coming at me. I banked sharply and went at him head on. I pressed that little button and he went down smoking. I wondered why I hadn't been hit until I started fooling with my controls. Then I saw that all my electrical gadgets were useless. I'd been hit all right. The party was over. Now we had to get home as best we could.

It was a rough trip home. Bertie Aubert was killed. Johnny Freeborn was hit. Mungo Park got one in the arm and Paddy Treacy got it bad. That is, his airplane did. His engine was afire but he kept on going until a bullet went through his windshield and he got a mouthful of glass. Then he bailed out. He had bad luck right along. On the way down a Me-109 kept circling him, taking shots at him. Their aim was bad. He only got a few shots through his parachute but it was enough to hurry his descent. He landed in the country just outside Dunkirk. Frenchmen on the ground, thinking him to be a German parachutist, shot at him. But he landed all right in a nice, soft muddy pigpen. He didn't mind the mud—it had broken his fall, but then an enormous boar charged him, knocked him over and in falling he sprained his ankle. He finally escaped. Yes, things were hot at Dunkirk that day. Now, had any of us seven tried to figure things out, we'd all be dead today. We all acted instinctively in dodging and weaving away from them. We were outnumbered a bit—about eighty to one. Our years of training, the fact that we'd developed sensitive hands and feet, saved us and sealed the doom of many Jerry pilots that day.

There aren't many rules about fighting in the air. I've had more than two hundred fights to date and with luck I'll have two hundred more. Sure, I'm a South African, but my Australian, New Zealand and Canadian colleagues feel as I do. We love this old country, even if we weren't born here. I might add that I know the lads of the Eagle Squadron and they feel the same. Incidentally, they are grand fliers and grand chaps and I'd ask nothing better than to lead a wing of them. They've been getting it badly lately but they've been giving a lot more than they've been taking.

I said that I'd had about two hundred fights. Each one was different. Fighting in the air refuses to conform to a pattern. It's like fighting in the ring: A left jab; a right cross; your right hand held high—these are fundamentals you learn. But you can't learn how to guard against the unexpected blow. In air fighting we too learn the fundamentals of attack and defense but then a fight starts and it never goes according to plan. You constantly think of new stunts.

We won the battle of Britain about a year ago. I feel that the great civilian army of London and Coventry and Southampton and Plymouth had much to do with it. The R.A.F. beat the Luftwaffe back because we were smarter than they were. Their airplanes were just about as good as ours and, God knows, they outnumbered us in every fight. To beat them we had to be smarter than they were. We had to try new and radical tactics.

Here's what I mean and if it sounds conceited I'm sorry. More than once I've run home as fast as I could, and I'll do it again. I've been licked. We all have. Let me tell you of one time when my squadron (let me repeat, the best squadron in the world) didn't get licked, when it did a great job only because we all thought a bit faster than the Hun.

A Jolt for Jerry

It was my first day as squadron leader. That was a pretty thrilling day. We were somewhere behind Dover. We got word that "fifty plus" were headed for England. "Fifty plus" might mean five hundred. We took off quickly and gained height and then, acting on a hunch, I headed toward Boulogne. I knew we couldn't meet this mob of Huns straight on. There were only twelve of us. I led the lads almost to the French coast and then told them to swing around and we'd catch up with Jerry from the rear. We did. My goodness, how we caught them from the rear! We dove on them; at least two hundred of them loaded with bombs headed for workers' flats and department stores and homes in London. It was a pleasure to destroy them. When I saw them I just yelled "Tally-ho—go get 'em!" Every man was on his own then. When you are against a horde of planes such as that you can't plan an attack. Things happen too quickly. But I knew my pals. I knew every one of them and would bet my life on every one of them. In fact, that's what we do. Each of us is constantly looking around to see if a Jerry is on the tail of one of our fellows. If he is we go to work quickly.

The fight lasted only four minutes. I got two (confirmed). I just shot at one and when he started going I'd bank and look for another. The Jerries were bewildered. We weren't playing the game. We had come from behind. How the devil had we got there? This wasn't according to plan. Had we come from

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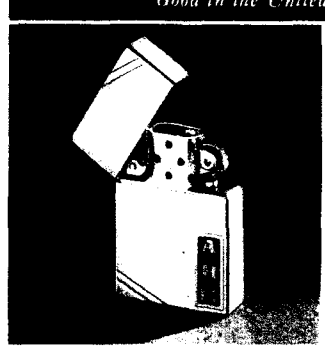

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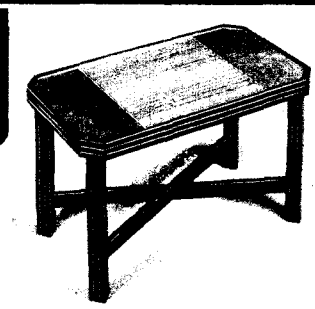

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the front and attacked, the Hun would have known what to do and he'd have done it well. He has courage and he's a good mechanical flier. But he has no imagination. That was beaten out of him long ago. He fights by rules and we fight by instinct (for want of a better word) and we are more flexible.

Four minutes? I got two and damaged two others. That's in the record. My gang in those four minutes got twenty-six confirmed and twelve more "probables." That's all in the record. We lost two of the squadron. Sure, that's tough, but we don't think of those we've lost; we'd all go a little mad if we did. We think only of those we've got and of those we're going to get. The Eagle kids think the same way.

That fight taught me a lot. Ever since then when I'm up there and going into a fight, I say to myself: "What does that guy think I'm going to do? What is the form?" Then I answer that and try something else. You've got to think. You can't let your emotions rule you or you get killed very quickly.

Sometimes you can't help it. A few months ago I was loafing around our airfield. I was king of the world. I was passing out cigars. That's right, you've guessed it—I'd been married a year and I'd just become a father. It was a boy. The christening was set for the next week and Winston Churchill was going to be my boy's godfather. The thrill you get in the air when you've got your man; the thrill you get when they give you the D.S.O. and the D.F.C.; the thrill that you get when you're made a wing commander—these are nothing compared to the kick you get when that nurse comes out and says: "It's a boy." Of course, only the fathers of boys will understand this. And then the man I admire above all others was to be my boy's godfather. It was a nice night and my wife and boy were in a cottage only a few miles from the airfield. I looked over that way and could only think that I'd have leave soon to attend the christening. I was sitting there making plans. I was wondering whether I'd make him a sailor or a pilot. I've been both and like both trades. Or maybe politics? A member of Parliament and then, who knows, a cabinet minister, and after—

I've never met a writer who can describe in words the sound of a bomb. It screams through the air and then it lands and the sound is like nothing on earth. There were a lot of bombs. They were over in the direction of my cottage. They were coming nearer. I ran to my Spitter. The boys turned the motor over. I'd never done any actual night fighting. What of it? There were Jerries up there and for the moment I was on my own. It was a moonlight night. A bomb dropped on the airfield. I ran and fell into a ditch to get away from bomb fragments. We take cover when bombs fall. Only fools stick their chins out to get hit. I lay in the ditch with my ground crew, and the motor of my Spitfire was warming up all by itself. A Jerry bomber flew low so I could see its markings. I ran to the Spit and hopped in. I was off in a minute. I wasn't thinking this time. I was in a panic. Had any of those bombs hit my cottage? Well, if you're a father you'll know how I felt. I followed that Jerry airplane. I let the Spitter out, even though my machine was only half warmed up. I was full out and mad, which is a mistake. Then, without warning, an airplane loomed ahead and without thinking I pressed the button and three thousand bullets hit that Jerry. I couldn't bank or slip away. I was on top of him. I pulled the stick back and just cleared him and the oil from his exploding plane covered my face and half filled my cockpit. He went down in flames and I followed him down and for the first time since war began I felt satisfaction that I'd killed someone who had been trying to kill my people.

Then I cooled off. I was a fighting pilot again. I looked for more. I found one. I took my time now and went to work on him. I saw him at eight thousand feet, a fat Junkers 88. I waited until I was within a hundred and fifty yards and gave it to him. I crisscrossed him with bullets. He exploded in midair and broke in a thousand pieces and I was glad. Then I went back to the airdrome and phoned home. My wife and baby were asleep. They hadn't even heard the bombs.

I haven't done much night fighting since then. Night fighting is a special branch of the service. If you are doing all right and have learned the tricks of day fighting it's silly to switch. I like day fighting best, not, mind you, that I like fighting at all. Nobody in his right mind does. Unless you've got something important to fight for. I have. I have a very wonderful country, a very wonderful wife and a very wonderful child. I'll fight for them. Wouldn't you?

"I send a box home every week" GEORGE LICHTY

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Stuka!

Continued from page 15

justified for a raid. And only justified, to be sure, provided you are 100 per cent successful against your objective. More often, for both sides, raids have worked out with a high proportion of loss and but a low percentage of objective gain. It's been too much like paying a dollar to get a penny!

"The vigor of ground defenses, the power and alertness of interceptor planes, have compelled heavy bombers to night work. In theory, with enough of their own fighters going along to defend them, heavy bombers can raid by day. But it hasn't worked out that way —as both sides sadly know. And we also now know that night high-bombing, for practical military purposes, is only slightly better than no bombing at all.

"In general, as you know, high-altitude bombing is of two kinds—'spot,' that is, shooting for a certain objective, and 'area.' Except in truly congested industrial districts, the latter is a hit-and-miss proposition. The former requires good sights, excellent conditions. These cannot be had at night. No bomb sights are very effective at night. This goes for your much publicized Sperry and Norden sights; also. Both sides have tried to overcome the difficulty with two measures: sending the first formation over with only incendiary bombs to start fires which have the twofold purpose of destruction and guidance, and having the squadron leaders of all flights drop flares. But even with such help, the best-known sights are less than half effective at night. Accuracy from away upstairs requires full daylight, stable weather, careful plotting, steady approach.

"Incidentally, there was much talk in military aviation circles in Europe even before this war about the claims of United States Air Corps bombers, especially the Flying Fortress crews, that they could hit a barrelhead from 30,000 feet, because of the superiority of their sights. That, of course, is sheer nonsense. So is the talk of 'secret' bomb sights. There is no such thing as a secret bomb sight. All modern bomb sights are gyroscopically suspended devices of known principle for quick mathematical computation. The success of the sight depends mostly upon the co-ordination, the teamwork, of the bomber's crew.

Conditions That Make It Easy

"Here is the answer to the undoubted fine accuracy and skill of your bombers. You had, in prewar years, a small, compact Air Corps. Your bomber pilots were the oldest and most experienced fliers—10,000-hour men. They hand-picked their crews, and then held them together for years. Most of your record-making bomber crews had been together ten years or more. They were family affairs. They knew one another's temperaments, habits, faults, mannerisms. They fitted together like watch gears. They drilled, lived, slept, ate, planned together like football teams. Each crew was a harmonious whole. Finally, they made their 'barrelhead' records under weather conditions they picked, over familiar ranges, at comfortable levels—and without the, shall I say, distraction of flak or pursuits.

"You never had more than a score of such teams in your Air Corps. And in time of war it just isn't practical to take the years necessary to fine-train crews to such perfection. You've got to learn in a hurry, and you've got to achieve accuracy with the means at hand—or find means, and keep the pattern of your concept flexible enough, to do so."

Obviously, then, the Germans have given up hope of achieving decisive accuracy with high-altitude raids. This is attested by several facts:

First, by what Udet and his officers have told us.

Second, by omission of determined large-scale German raids on England since last spring; and, conversely, of wholesale British sweeps over Germany and Berlin since the disastrous adventure late this summer when they lost 60 out of some 200 planes used.

Third, by the fact that despite supercharger advances, whenever bombers have gone over in the substratosphere—they have found enemy fighters sitting up there waiting for them. Outstanding recent example of this was at Brest, when the British sent two Flying Fortresses over at 35,000 feet. They were attacked by six Heinkels and six Messerschmitts. One Flying Fortress was immediately shot down. The other, badly perforated, got back to England, all but three of its crew dead, where it was destroyed in landing. So far neither side has been able to gain much advantage in altitude. The Germans, by the way, use what they call a "fluid-driven" super-charger. We use the "Turbo," exhaust driven, and our newest fighter, the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, can match the maneuverable altitude of anything the Germans are known to have.

What to Expect in the Future

Fourth, by the fact that no heavy high-altitude bomber is in mass production in Germany today. German mass production of aircraft when I left there included only two combat types—a pursuit and a Stuka—plus a paratroop ship. Four-motor bombers, such as the Focke-Wulf, are only in "large production."

Fifth, and last, there is the evidence—based on what we shall now see and learn in Germany of her new plans, fancies and preparations—that, for the immediate future at least, major attacks on us and our allies by the air forces of the Axis will be made by the whistling Stukas.

So when our great maneuvers were held last midyear the Army, with the lessons of Europe finally learned, had to borrow dive bombers from the Navy.

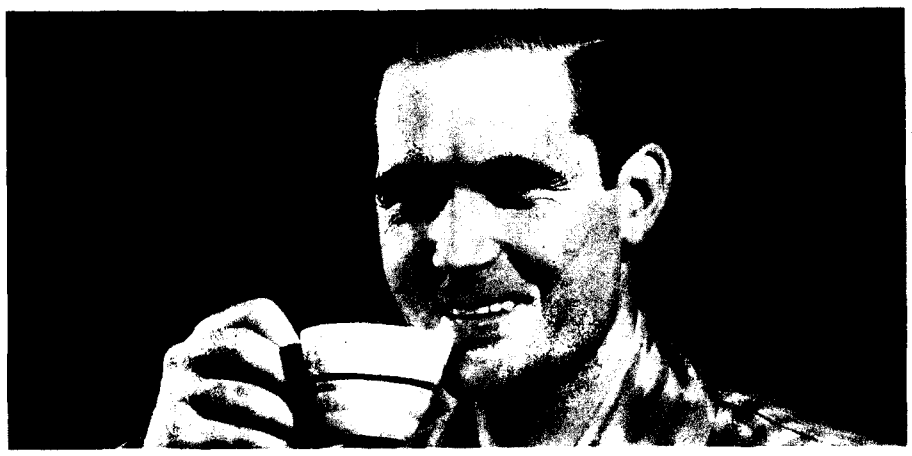
The Germans, as usual, adopted the middle virtues and rushed them to a high technical pitch. Their Stuka is a jack-of-all-branches—a weapon against navies, armies, industries, merchant ships and home populations. So is the Jap imitation. And through Libya the flight of the Axis from Egypt was expedited by incessant prods from the road-scraping dive planes of the R.A.F.

The Germans realized that fighter types, as used in the last war for ground strafing, were not suitable for this broader development. They are too fast, too catty on the controls, for close-to-earth work. Also, the Germans remembered the heavy losses of strafe planes; knew it was because they flew level just above trenches or roads, which made them suckers for small-arms fire. A special type, the Germans and especially Udet decided, of plane is needed, as well as special training, research and technique both for bombing and for thwarting the aim of defensive ground gunners. Hence, the Junkers-87.

Nevertheless, even with the success of the Stuka as a front puncher for the Panzers, the Germans did not see the still larger role in their air plans that it now occupies until two things happened. First, the blitz against England by high-altitude level-flight bombers was a

Here's a Way to Meet War-Time Strain

If you're tired, listless, nerve-jangled in the morning, here's news. Millions worn-down by war-time strain can wake up clear-eyed, "alive," buoyant if they just get more of certain vital food elements. Science and our government agree on this.



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grievous disappointment. Second, a young captain of the Luftwaffe, who had been operating across the Channel, proposed to Udet something that astonished even that imaginative airman—night Stukas.

Stukas against England had not been seriously considered for many reasons. Some not too important—such as the Ju-87's limited range of 300 miles. Others vital—the Ju-87's comparative slowness made it a clay pigeon for pursuits.

Ordinary antiaircraft, on the other hand, is not very effective against Stukas. Their acrobatics make them difficult targets. If you want to get the idea, picture trying to hit with an air rifle or a .22, a duck fluttering, diving, weaving, bobbing toward you from 500 feet or more in the air. You would use a shotgun. The Germans themselves believe the best defense against Stukas is literally to "hose" them from countless machine guns and rifles.

Anyway, the great success of the Stuka in Poland, in the west right up to the Channel shore, in the Balkans, had been due to lack of aircraft opposition. And the Luftwaffe knew full well it would not be that way over England!

Night Stukas would be a providential answer. But you *couldn't* use them at night. Stuka pilots are sharpshooters. They must have daylight to see their marks. To see, more important, the ground so that they wouldn't try to make their "pull-outs" *under* it. In a certain general meteorological condition—broken clouds, mist, in which you could hide, dive out, zoom back to hide again—it might be done as an adventure, a military diversion, nothing more. For England in daylight under any conditions simply wouldn't be very healthy for Stukas.

The Proof of an Idea

The young captain persisted. He had conceived a new optical bomb sight for night operations which he felt sure the famous German lens manufacturers could take hold of and perfect. It is well known that readiness to accept new ideas, to switch plans, to "preserve both strategical and tactical flexibility of approach toward ultimate purposes," as they put it, distinguishes the modern German High Command. Udet often boasted: "Any member of the Luftwaffe, humble or notable, might turn up with the answer to any Luftwaffe problem." Bombs against England had failed thus far. So—the young Stuka captain got his go-ahead.

Alone on a moonless night last winter, he took a Ju-87 over London, dove around at will inside the balloon barrage and the thick antiaircraft defenses in a daring one-man blitz. It was the Luftwaffe's most romantic contribution to the war. It gave them a prospective national hero on a par with young Lieutenant Prien, who stole into Scapa Flow to sink the Royal Oak and then devised the "wolf pack" method of submarine warfare. When their various methods of collecting it had furnished evidence of the results, as well as of his technique, the Luftwaffe felt the captain had proved his point. However, they sent him to make two similar night attacks on Malta, and considered those as well as his demonstrations at home.

Once convinced, the Luftwaffe took up the new idea with enthusiasm, with customary thoroughness—and with secrecy unprecedented even for Germany.

The captain was detached from his squadron and instructed to assemble a small organization of picked flight crews, radio engineers, automatic steering experts, optical specialists, and technical assistants. So that even the Luftwaffe at large would not know what was up, this whole group was pledged to confidence—and then sent to a remote small airfield in the Government General—Poland that was.

Here, every night for a month last spring, regardless of weather, flight tests and studies were made, new gadgets developed, so that mass production for devices as well as for Stuka planes could be got under way.

The word "Stuka" is compounded from the initials of "*Sturz Kampf*"—or "dive fighter." In Germany the word, as an interjection, has entered daily language more securely than any other war-born word or phrase. In the interminable dicing of the beer halls, as the players roll; in card and tennis matches as points are made; from children playing in the streets—you hear "Stuka!" on all sides.

In Rotterdam, in Belgrade and Sarajevo, on refugee-clogged roads of Poland, the west, the Balkans, the terrifying whistle made by the Stuka as it dove wrote the word into other languages, too—with a somewhat different meaning.

It was the Ju-87 that in the first two years of this war set the name Stuka imperishably in the histories of both militarism and stark frightfulness. As military planes go, the Ju-87 is slow, old—five years—and small, but exceedingly sturdy. It carries, at most, one small-caliber machine gun in each wing and one for a rear-cockpit gunner. It is powered by a liquid-cooled engine of about 1,000 horsepower. It has nonretractable wheels. The famous "whistle" is caused by the rush of air through the funnel radiator, and through the airbrakes; not by a special device, as commonly believed. Pilots before the days of modern instruments used to judge glides and dives by the whistle of their wires. All planes in a dive have a certain amount of whistle. Stuka design makes theirs louder, that's all.

The Ju-87 has the conventional top cruising speed of its type and day—1937. Around 200 miles per hour. It can reach better than 400 miles in an all-out dive. But you don't want too much speed for dive bombing. The operational strain would affect the accuracy and judgment of any pilot, and the "pull-out" effect is too severe upon him at very high speeds. Therefore, all dive bombers have airbrakes: the Ju-87's hold it to a top speed, even in a 70-degree or greater dive, of about 240 miles. Its crew is one or two.

But it was the Ju-88 that the Luftwaffe, as a result of its studies in Poland, finally put into mass production. Udet considered the Ju-87 overspecialized. It was good for nothing but dive bombing. The Ju-88 is twin-engined; heavier armed. Originally intended as a high-speed, high-level altitude bomber, it is not, like the 87, mince pie for the pursuits. With a greater speed gamut, retractable wheels, and far greater range, as well as being a Stuka it can serve for day or night medium-range bombing, long-range reconnaissance, or as a "destroyer," which is a German idea in heavy combat types.

The Stuka is an Infighter

The Ju-88 is the most stable—that is, steady under all conditions of air and maneuvering—plane in a Luftwaffe that has made stability almost a fetish. In addition, it is nearly as speedy as the Messerschmitt; and German pilots have argued with me, that it is a slugger and a match for the English pursuits. To fend off barrage balloon cables that might tangle low-diving Stukas, the Germans have devised a lightweight tubular metal rim from tail to nose. Even in Greece I saw Ju-88's so equipped. Lastly, the Ju-88 is all-metal construction and the Germans say it is "weatherproof," in contrast to the Ju-87, which "needs favorable meteorology." Herrmann Pohlmann designed the Ju-88. Its crew is one to four, depending upon the mission.

Once I heard General Udet analyze the technique of Stuka fighting this way: "A military airplane, engaged in the offensive, is, no matter how much enthusiasts gabble beyond this idea, merely the extension of the whole military effort's fire power—a lengthening of its machine gun and cannon barrels, its torpedo tubes. If you'll pardon me for reminding you, your General Billy Mitchell never claimed more than that. I will tell you also that he used to say something in his private conversations of which word got to us. It is: American boxers are usually the world champions in this sport because of one development they have perfected: Infighting. The cleverest and best of them seek to get inside their opponent's arms—his defenses—and chop him up at short range. We liked that idea—so we think the Stukas are the infighters of air warfare."

The System Behind the Stuka

And here, I can report to you from personal observation, is the way the German Stukas do their infighting:

Stukas, unlike more formalized bombers, may hunt singly, or in large or small packs. Also, unlike heavy and high-flying bombers, they are not choosy about weather. Ideal conditions for Stukas are low and not-too-broken clouds, above or in which they can play hide-and-seek with both pursuits and antiaircraft; under which they can dive to sting their objective and into which they can escape. Last summer, in fact, the Luftwaffe was experimenting with smoke-screen bombs dropped from high-flying ships immediately preceding Stukas. These bombs are timed to explode at 3,000 feet above ground objectives, and are so designed and filled that the smoke contents do not drop in a curtain to the ground, as with conventional smoke-screen bombs, but disperse and spread horizontally. An *Ersatz* cloudbank, in short. The "sun behind you," useful to other warbirds, helps Stukas, too, of course.

The "smokeout," which is now being practiced at certain United States industrial centers by pouring screening clouds of smoke from chimneys, is, by the way, more effective against Stukas—which cannot get under it—than against high-altitude bombers. The latter would simply thump the whole area and trust to luck. The Germans say one reason that Essen, their great industrial center, is seldom bombed at all, and never bombed effectively, is the constant smoke pall that hangs in its valleys. They also remark that such United States areas as Pittsburgh and Youngstown would enjoy like immunity.

Even when Stukas raid in large packs they don't as a rule come over in formation. They never forget their morale-demoralization values; so they ride in, one after the other, from all quarters, like hell being poured out of a hundred funnels. If, for reasons of protection against interceptors, they are compelled to approach in tight formation; they will break this up once above their objective and scatter and plunge crazily over the whole sky. Likelihood of collisions among them is small because of their slow dive speeds and because the very essence of Stuka technique is that the pilots have perfect control at all times, also perfect maneuvering visibility.

German Stukas usually begin their dives from between 10,000 and 15,000 feet.

Their staggered attack is confusing to antiaircraft gunners, who never know which, or how many, Stukas are going

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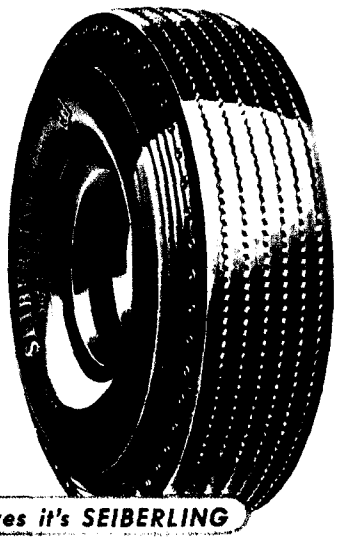

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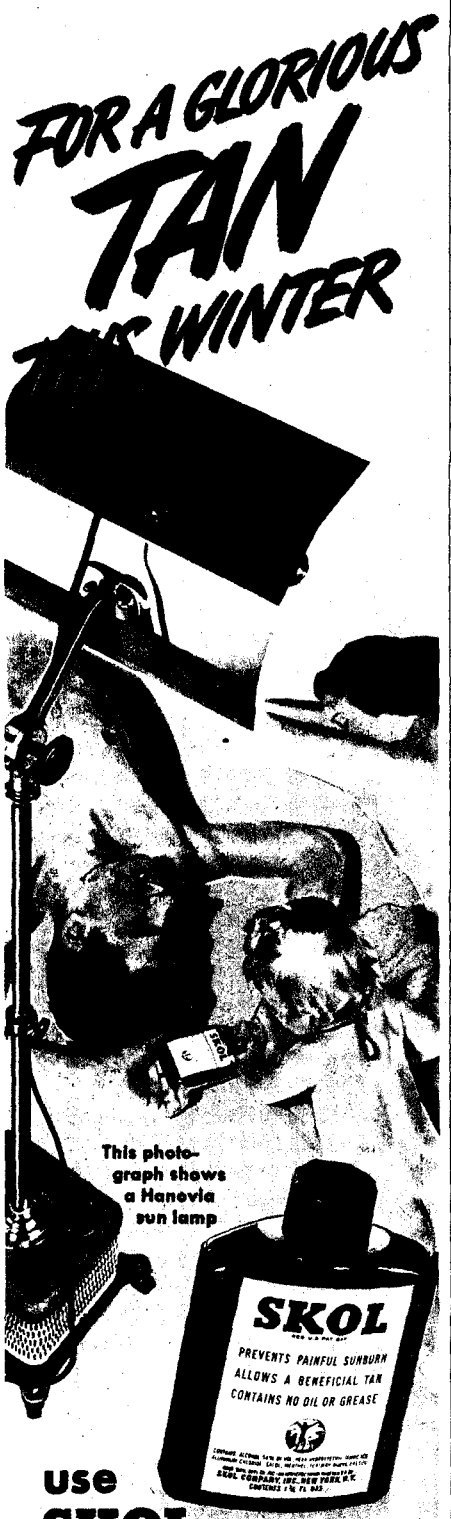
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to dive next. There is no set rule in Stuka formations of an order to be followed in diving, nor is there interplane radio direction of this from any squadron commander. Each highly trained Stuka pilot is his own squadron commander. Each dive is a matter of his individual decision—when he sees that his position, and other conditions, are right.

A Stuka pilot *does not maintain a straight dive* from start to finish. He makes screw turns, or spirals, jockeying for position, calculating wind, the movement of his target, and other factors. Spiraling, of course, is additional protection from ground gunners. He will frequently change the bank of his spiral. He tries to keep his target from guessing from which point of the compass he is going to make his final swoop. In short, he "zigzags" in the air, as surface war vessels zigzag in sub-infected waters to foil torpedoes—only his evolutions can be greater, more violent, more deceptive. He has been taught that the closer he can get—the nearer he can bring the rifle muzzle to the bull's-eye—the more accuracy he can expect. Any surface object, such as a battleship, looks twenty or more times larger from 2,000 feet than it does from 12,000 feet.

Usually, at from 3,000 to 4,000 feet, the German Stuka pilot will end his spiraling, push his nose down even more and begin a screaming final steep plunge dead-straight for his victim.

He will let his bomb go from some point between 1,200 to 2,500 feet. For his prey it will be a few heartbeats later, but for him the most dangerous instant is the one when he releases his bomb. For now he is low, going his lowest, has been in a straight line for some moments, and when he makes his "pull-out" his whole belly is exposed. He can, however, and does, begin to zigzag at once, after his pull-out is completed. He can then escape, or horse around for another go, if he has more bombs.

Stukas usually carry 1,100-lb. bombs in a rack that sets flush with the underside of the fuselage until he makes his final dive. Then he pulls a lever and the bomb rack stands out like an extension arm, holding the bomb several feet from the plane. When the release is tripped the rack ejects the bomb still farther from the plane belly, with some force. Otherwise the bomb falling faster than the plane, might foul its propeller. There may also be several 100-lb. bombs carried under each wing.

Pull-Out is Controlled

His pull-out takes him immediately away from the path line of the bomb. The pull-out is the arc of flight by which he ends the dive and begins to climb again, or otherwise move off. In the German Stukas the pull-out curve is controlled by an automatic-pilot device. Pull-outs, when too severe—that is when both dive and the departure from it are too fast—are famous for causing pilots to "black out" or lose consciousness temporarily. With reference to test and dive pilots, you have probably often heard the term "Gs." It may be said "a pull-out was made at 6Gs."

In a dive and pull-out a pilot is whirling at incredible speed around the inside of a circle. He is therefore subject to centrifugal force which tends to push him into his seat. A "G," standing for gravity, means the pilot's weight against his seat at the bottom of his pull-out curve is so many times greater than it would be in level, normal flight—1G, 5Gs, 7Gs, as the case might be. 10 Gs, by the way, is presumed to be the point at which a pilot's body would actually break up internally. Germans say that specially picked and conditioned pilots can stand up to about 5Gs and still be fit to continue operations. The pull-outs of the German Stukas are held under that curvature by automatic control.

The "flaps" which you can hear being let down on the back or trailing edges of our airliners when you come in for a landing are, in a sense, airbrakes. The brakes of a dive bomber, however, are long pieces of metal which are held out on extension arms beneath the forward edges of the wings, face toward the ground.

Not all military pilots can be dive bombers. The frequent subjection to "Gs," as well as the nerve-racking conditions of his work, require a particular mixture of temperament, physique and mentality. The Germans have done an extraordinary amount of medical research behind the Stukas.

The Doctors Take a Hand

Doctor Erich Hippke, chief physician of the Luftwaffe, was given the responsibility of selecting and preparing Stuka pilots. But the medical work really goes back to World War I, when the German General Staff, foreseeing its importance, detached one of their own doctors, Erich Koschel, to study it. Koschel took the health of such famous German aces as Richthofen, Boelke, Immelman and Goering under his care. He was the first doctor to make systematic graphs of fatigue in relation to altitude, to diving, to pilot hourage and other factors.

After the war Koschel, his interest thoroughly aroused, got himself assigned as chief physician of Lufthansa, the German commercial airline, and continued his researches. Other noted German medical scientists collaborated: Doctors Bensinger and Ruff, Professor Strughold of Berlin; Doctor Rein of Göttingen.

When the founding of the modern Luftwaffe came, under the present regime, these men were ready for the special problem raised by Stuka technique. In addition, like flight surgeons everywhere, they studied oxygen requirements for high-altitude work, but more emphatically they analyzed the centrifugal pressure and the hygiene of dive flight.

In the field of hygiene they insisted, first, that Stuka pilots must be volunteers. Next they set up conditions of diet and rest. Stuka pilots are the best-fed of any German soldiers. They eat in messes equivalent to our football training tables. Food with vitamin qualities which promote eyesight and nerve steadiness is selected for them. They are barracked under conditions which guarantee quiet, and they must sleep at least ten hours each night. They are given long rest periods, including home leave, between each major raid.

Long experimentations, first with animals, then with humans, were conducted under simulated dive and "G" conditions. Young pilots and doctors offered themselves, and the first trials brought out many surprises. For example, some pilots got broken thighs in pull-outs. By special injections which made the blood system and heart photographable by X-ray, the effect of centrifugal force in the pull-outs was observed. The acceleration, the pressure, drains the blood from the heart and brain of a seated man toward his feet. Also it increases the weight of the blood until it may become as heavy as iron, many times its specific weight. This is what causes blacking out.

Both problems, broken limbs and blacking out, were reduced, it was found, by gradually changing the position of the pilot in a dive. In the sitting position a pilot can withstand the centrifugal force of diving only one third as well as he can in a horizontal position—that is, when he is parallel to the line of flight instead of at right angles to it.

A sliding seat, akin to those used in racing shells, was devised, which raised another problem: the arrangement of his bomb sights in such a way that when the pilot is stretched out flat in the cockpit in his dive he can still keep full vision of his target. This was achieved by a series of mirrors. Actually, then, he is standing up as he dives. Time and time again, when viewing official German army movies, I noticed the crew of a diving Stuka is never visible in its cockpit. German tests proved fliers on their back can withstand several more "Gs" than if lying face downward, head toward target.

Night Stukas would be invaluable. Darkness would thwart their chief enemies—pursuits. Also, it suggests why the Germans designed the *Flakturm:* it provides, in addition to normal antiaircraft batteries on its roof, machine gun and other-caliber rapid fire from side portholes to cover the entire circle of central Berlin.

The Germans admit, however, that even sheets of fire laid across rooftops of cities from flak towers, or similar posts, are only a first step toward defensive measures that must be invoked against dive attacks.

The Germans further declare that the bomb sight suggested by the young Stuka captain and developed by Zeiss is effective even on moonless nights. To this, I can only say that with a Luftwaffe officer friend I stood on Staaken Airport on a completely dark but cloudless night, and heard and watched Stukas diving to within a few hundred feet of the ground. Zeiss, according to the Luftwaffe, now has the night sight in mass production.

This, then, is the German picture of the next phase of air warfare—low-altitude instead of high-altitude raids; deadly precision instead of hopeful pitching. It is significant, first, that no large-scale high raids have been made over England recently; second, that British communiqués of the few small raids that have been made invariably mention Stukas.

Long-Range Bombers for U.S.

Our problem in the United States Air Corps is somewhat different, of course, from that of the Germans, who are close to their foes. Undoubtedly, we need greater emphasis on long-range heavy bombers, to keep enemies far away from our shores. I have heard German officers suggest that, faced with a similar problem, they would be careful not to regard "long range" and "high altitude" synonymously, that in their opinion a long-range bomber should be capable of low-altitude attack, also of fighting off pursuits, once it has reached its objective.

England's situation with reference to Stuka attack, if the German plans are carried through, is apparent. Not so plain is any chance of Stuka raids on our cities. In Collier's two years ago I reported from Berlin the possibility of Germany using small folding-wing planes carried in subs, for sneak raids. I know they have such planes. Moreover, Stukas can be housed on carriers, their seaplane version can be carried on warships or merchant surface raiders. A battleship like the von Tirpitz can let go a flight of eight planes. And if the Germans carry out their own opinions, even their long-range bombers if they reach here might come down for a little more personal strafing. Any large-scale raid by Stukas—or, indeed, any other type of German plane—does not seem feasible at present; token raids are entirely possible.

An intelligent appreciation of what they've got and what we need to beat them is the best answer: plus remembrance of the air strategists' boast that "*some* bombers always get through!"

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Hemisphere Round His Shoulders

Continued from page 13

eight at night. He attended all of the unbelievably elaborate parties and dinners that threatened to stifle the conference in gaiety and continued his work when he arrived home, talking, dictating, conferring until the early morning.

He explained, "I am the midwife of Latin-American unity and, as you know, it's not easy for a baby to be born. It takes time and patience. There is much pain and travail, and then the baby is born and everything is fine. We have many babies in this large family of ours."

What the Spider accomplished had been implicit in his behavior for years —a behavior which one day moved him to say, "Brazil will not remain neutral in the event of participation of any American nation in a war. . . ." At that moment, just as the world fell over the edge of the cliff into war, he spoke for Brazil as he had on a number of occasions spoken privately. They say here that his uncensored tongue often got him into trouble. They call him "a master of indiscretion."

Certain elements in Brazil's leadership, particularly among the military were impressed by Germany's military power and leaned toward the Axis in sympathy. Aranha outspokenly opposed them, but until now the fifth columnists were safe and Aranha was in danger. Now it is Aranha who sets the traps.

With Natal, on the outermost point of the eastern bulge of Brazil, only some 1,600 miles from a Dakar that may at any time become German, Brazil's strategic importance is obvious to the American High Command. The hundred million dollars already loaned to Brazil is a small price to pay for the use of Brazil's military facilities. Aranha hopes, however, that Brazil's loyalty to America will pay greater dividends in the form of the establishment in this hemisphere of a United States of North and South America wherein nations will trade and live freely and set the pattern for a New World Order.

The U.S. Prepares to Pay

The Rio Conference was called by Chairman Cordell Hull of the Board of Governors of the Pan-American Union immediately after the United States was attacked by Japan.

Welles came to Rio with one major objective in mind—to accomplish the unanimous and immediate rupture of all commercial, political, military and diplomatic relations between the nations of the Pan-American Union and the Axis. He came prepared to pay the price in economic subsidies and military, naval and air protection for the allegiance the United States sought.

Welles knew beforehand there would be two or three holdouts and that the most persnickety of the isolationists would be Argentina.

Very properly the opening meeting of the conference was held in Rio's famed Palacio Tiradentes—the Palace of the Tooth Puller, named for the Brazilian republican martyr whose statue faces the building. Pulling teeth was mild work compared to what Welles faced.

His mission was further complicated by the fact that in dealing with the sensitive jaws of such Latin-American diplomats as the proud, supercilious Ruiz Guinazu, who has the face of a Castilian but the heart of an Italian, Welles could not openly be the dentist. The tooth pulling had to be done by somebody else, hence Oswaldo.

A number of nations came to the conference knowing that they must inevitably follow the leadership of the United States, Mexico and Brazil in a total rupture of relations with the Axis. They came, however, with reservations, qualifications and all manner of escape clauses in the reams of resolutions they submitted to the conference committees.

Some of them based their reluctance toward participating in a multilateral break with the Axis on their vulnerability to attack. Chile, with her copper mines and industries strung along the narrow coastal plain and prey to potential Japanese raiders, was one of these. She demanded protection.

Others had individual political axes to grind. They wished to go on record with proposals and resolutions so weasel-worded that in the event of an Axis victory Germany would know their reluctance and treat them more kindly.

A Stubborn Holdout

Still others, like Peru and Ecuador, had private family quarrels to settle. Ecuador could very well have insisted that the Pan-American nations establish some means of keeping peace and respecting sovereignty among themselves before they acted to preserve the sovereignty of the hemisphere as a whole.

The frankest holdout was Argentina. Cynical Argentines like the liberal Damonte Taborda, political opponent of conservative Ruiz Guinazu, said the position of the delegation from Buenos Aires could be summed up as follows: "Argentina's conservatives, who are completely out of step with the anti-Axis, pro-United States people of Argentina, know that if America wins the war they'll be treated decently anyhow, because Americans are decent people." They raised a stench at the conference to insure good treatment from the Germans in the event the Germans win. Ruiz Guinazu and his friends must have made pretty headlines indeed in the newspapers of Virginio Gayda and Joseph Goebbels.

There were other problems: the creation of hemisphere war-economy organization, of a sort of Western Hemisphere General Staff for actual military, naval and air defense of the republics; the establishment of currency-stabilization funds to prevent the financial collapse of those nations which depended almost entirely upon foreign trade for economic survival; and the organization of a system of convoys and communications to keep goods moving between the nations involved. But these substantial problems were not as difficult as the more involved temperamental and psychological ones which had to be solved before the Western Hemisphere could confront the Axis with the accomplished fact of Pan-American unanimity and thereby deal Germany, Japan and Italy a moral and diplomatic blow only slightly less important than the military wallop Germany received from Russia.

In South America Mussolini, Hitler and the Mikado had built imperial dream castles, and it was Aranha—once a Fascist by inclination if not conviction —who accomplished the political and diplomatic phase of the destruction of those dreams. There's still hard work ahead. There are fifth columns to be smashed and a hundred military and financial problems to be solved. But the foundation has been laid in Rio for a new concept in international relations.

Maybe what Aranha helped smilingly, persuasively and courageously to do in Rio will develop into the blueprint for that brave New World the democracies want to build.

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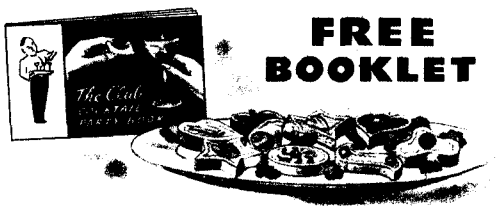

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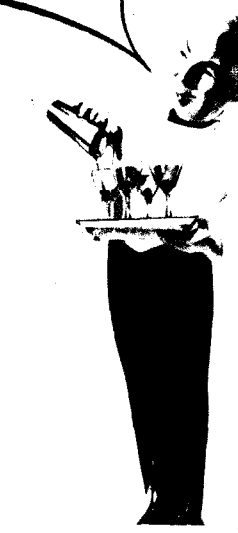

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Our FIGHTING MEN

WASHINGTON

SECOND INTERCEPTOR COMMAND, Seattle. The Army's weather censorship here presents the paradox of men sitting behind blacked-out windows—where they can't see the weather—telling newsmen (who can) that they can't print what they see. When snow fell in Seattle the other day, newspapers had a tough time of it. Since they couldn't mention the word snow, they had to say without further explanation that someone "slipped while clearing his sidewalk," and they had to put across vital police instructions about parked cars in snow-swept streets by telling readers what they should do "if snow were to fall."

The Army boys admitted it was nuts but necessary. They've been used to that kind of resigned retort since they first began facing the public with blackouts. Some of the officers, used to laying down orders and no questions asked, had a time getting accustomed to the weird phone calls they got from the populace. "Is there going to be an air raid tonight?" was a favorite query—as if the Interceptor men would know. One woman wanted to know if it is possible to see a star in the daytime. "If not," she added, "I just saw a plane." And an indignant farmer, torn between conflicting demands by the Department of Agriculture and the War Department, asked how his chickens could produce eggs for defense when the Army made him blackout his chicken coop.

Major David H. Kennedy, Second Interceptor weather officer, has the situation all figured out, though. He says it's just the opposite of Mark Twain's complaint: "Nowadays we do a lot about the weather, but nobody talks about it."

41ST DIV.

FORT LEWIS. The 41st Division insignia, reproduced at the left, represents a sunset, but it looks like a sunrise, too. Some of the boys, sitting around the barracks one night, got to thinking how closely this Sunset Division shoulder patch resembled a rising sun (actually, the Jap insignia is a full orange ball) and started a phony story. Well, the gag reached a point where a hysterical housewife, spotting a Japanese-American soldier patrolling a beach, is supposed to have grabbed a shotgun and fired both barrels at the poor guy, then rushed to a phone to tell friends: "The Japs have landed! I just saw one coming up the beach with the Rising Sun on his shoulder!"

SOUTH DAKOTA

FORT MEADE. Tech. Sgt. George W. Cobler, provost sergeant for the post, is this week facing retirement after completing thirty years in the Army. He's a bit envious of Tech. Sgt. Joseph DePuglio, assistant conductor of the 4th Cavalry Band, who is still going strong after thirty years in uniform and whose younger age will permit him to stay in; but Sgt. Cobler is one step ahead of Sgt. DePuglio—he has a son in the Air Corps, at Scott Field.

Both men are veterans of Cavalry service. Italian-born DePuglio made some excursions outside his regular branch, having been detailed at various times to organize bands in the Infantry, CMTC, ROTC, and, in the Canal Zone for two years, organized and conducted the Gatun Boys' band. He got his entire musical education in the Army, plays the French horn and acts as top kick of the 4th Cavalry unit. Sgt. Cobler isn't as envious of Sgt. DePuglio as he might be, though. He thinks that maybe the present situation will permit him to continue beyond normal retirement time; and then, of course, there's that son at Scott Field.

MINNESOTA

FORT SNELLING. A week of below-zero weather didn't mean very much to Minnesota and North Dakota natives soldiering at this post, but it was all new and uncomfortable to a lot of guys from Southern areas. One warm-climate boy wrote a discussion of the cold weather, ending with this: "My own remedy for not getting cold on a frosty morning at this fort is an ancient and time-honored ritual handed down to me from great, great, great grandfather Satterlee. It is a simple process, to wit: Warm a huge oven to 512° Fahrenheit, stuff yourself with dressing and crawl in, being sure to close the door after you . . ."

KANSAS

2D CAV. DIV.

FORT RILEY. Trying to organize a basketball team is a headache to recreation officers at this Cavalry Replacement Center. Every time they get a bunch of former college stars together orders come through transferring the troopers to other stations. In fact, men have been moving in and out so fast that the camp newspaper (Fort Riley Guidon) has given up printing the starting lineup for future games. Last report had the cage team built around Dick Harp, NCAA all-America guard from the University of Kansas; Michigan's Fred Trosko; Four Letterman John Brown of William and Mary; and Ed Nitz, erstwhile Nebraska sharpshooter. If they're all together now, the War Department must have slipped.

SON of the late Andrew Mellon, Pvt. Paul Mellon volunteered for service seven months ago, has been attending officer candidates' school at Riley and is slated to be commissioned a shavetail early in April. He was eligible for discharge under the 28-year age limit but passed it up. Troopers like to tell the story about the time the multimillionaire's son first arrived at the fort and asked his troop commander to okay a $100 check. "That," said the officer, "is a big check for a private to be writing. How do I know it's good?" Said Mellon: "It ought to be; I own the controlling interest in the bank."

NEW MEXICO

FORT WINGATE, Gallup. Begun just a year ago and originally scheduled for completion this week, the new $11,000,000 Wingate Ordnance Depot was finished two months ago, due largely to the efforts of some 2,500 Indians of various tribes who worked on the project. Among other colossal jobs, construction included the building of hundreds of reinforced concrete "igloos" now providing more than 1,000,000 feet of storage space for Army explosives. Most of the Indians had never even seen the modern machinery used in building the depot, but the job nevertheless moved ahead of schedule and cost nearly $400,000 less than the estimates.

There were complications at first. A lot of the long-haired Navahos, with a superstitious fear of cameras, had to be cajoled into having themselves mugged for work cards; and because it's taboo for an Indian to mention the name of his deceased parents, Social Security officials found it difficult to garner the Indian's family history. Traditional squaw dances didn't help matters, either. One Indian, bawled out for not showing up after an all-night squaw dance, said: "You no pay Indian when he no work. You got money. Indian no got money. White man not hurt. Indian hurt." After a powwow in which Constructing Quartermaster Capt. Evan M. Johnson, IV, explained through an interpreter that the job was labeled Rush, the absentee list approached the vanishing point.

In general, the Indians got along fine with the superintendents and white men who worked with them; but if a foreman showed any incompetence or got too tough, his Indians would quietly slip away and ease themselves into the gang of some well-liked foreman directing similar work. Timekeepers often found that popular foremen had a lot of unauthorized Indians working like mad for them, and the unpopular bosses couldn't understand why their gangs kept dwindling. Incidentally, when the Selective Service Law was announced to the Indians they came in for registration carrying rifles and shotguns, eager to start shooting. Today, in addition to those inducted, they have provided a greater percentage of volunteers than any other racial group.

"I'm afraid there's been a mistake—I merely signed up as an air-raid warden" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

GEORGIA

2D AR. MORED DIV.

FORT BENNING. Frank Leavitt, whose beard and 300 pounds trade-mark him as wrestler Man Mountain Dean, has joined up. He's overweight and overage (50), but he served as sergeant in the last war and his commanding officer was General George Patton, Jr., present boss of the 2d Armored Division. The Man Mountain was turned down a little while ago but a letter from the general to somebody got him in. "I always wanted," said Pvt. Leavitt, "to have an honest wrestling match with a Jap."

NORTH CAROLINA

CAMP DAVIS. According to the most recent dispatch from this home of the Barrage Balloon School, the Signal Officer has signed and issued the ensuing communique: "Will the person or persons who inadvertently appropriated pay phone from wall of the 94th CA (AA) Recreation Hall for souvenir please return telephone. Coin box may be kept as personal memento. Telephone is needed urgently. We have a number of customers waiting for service."

GENERAL

INTO this space for last November 22d we poked a suggestion that something be done about standardizing the names of Army vehicles, never dreaming that anything would be done about it. Matter of fact, nothing *has* been done about it. But at least the Army agrees with us. Here's a revealing editorial we take pleasure in swiping verbatim from the January 3d issue of the 45th Division (Camp Barkeley, Texas) News:

"This corner views with concern the confusion that exists in the nomenclature of Army vehicles. Take the half-ton reconnaissance car. It's known variously as a jeep, reconn car, command car and truck, half-ton, four-by-four, command and reconnaissance. (We can just picture a general in battle, summoning his aide and saying, 'Captain, send for my truck, half-ton, four-by-four, command and reconnaissance.') The half-ton carryall is known as a jeep, reconn car and station wagon. The pickup is called a weapons carrier and the weapons carrier is called a pickup. And now comes the midget car, heavy-laden with more names than a vehicle that size should have to tote. It's called a jeep, peep, son of a jeep, blitzbuggy, jeepers creepers, bantam, midget, jeepie and of course, truck, quarter-ton, four-by-four. . . . We appeal desperately for standardization. Maybe the quartermaster or somebody could settle the thing once and for all. Whatever he decides will be all right with us so long as he decides something. It's getting so we're almost afraid to ask G-4 for the loan of a jeep."

HOW about it, quartermaster or somebody?

G. W.

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Dispatch to the General

Continued from page 21

the bluff, quietly shaking from the water's chill. He got his bacon out of the pouch and ate it raw and was displeased with its rancid taste and returned to the river for a final drink. Somewhere in the direction Gervaise had gone, a single dull, grunting echo rose and played out into the rustling of the river; flat on the gravel. Hounds strained his ears into the silence and caught a brief gritting echo of feet. That would be Gervaise coming back. But the sound ceased and the minutes went by and at last Hounds lifted himself from the gravel and stepped carefully on.

THE smell of fire smoke ran down this gorge strongly and the rustle of the river over its ford continued. Stepping forward at a faster pace—because now he felt the fear of loneliness—he saw the dull shadow of the river bluff bulked against him and his foot struck something inside the sandy soil, and he jumped back a full pace and stood still. Sweat broke out like needles all over his body and he brought his carbine's muzzle around and crouched until the shock wore off. Dropping to his knees he crawled forward and touched the soft bulk his foot had struck, and ran his hands over a man's body.

The man wore clothes and the clothes were warm; and then he knew this was Gervaise. He dropped his head until he saw the pallid shine of the guide's face and the blood streaking it, and the broken remnants of Gervaise's skull.

He reared back like a runner crouched and listened to the river's murmuring. This had happened within twenty feet of him less than five minutes before; and the savage was somewhere about. But he heard nothing and he saw nothing in the smoky black and the urge to get out of the canyon lifted him as though he had no weight and turned him against the bluff wall. He found footholds in the rock and rose up a matter of twenty feet or more to a first shelf and now, in full flight, he ran along this shelf until he reached a ridge to a broken area and crouched low in the rocks.

He rose to orient himself, but he could not long stand still because of the constant throb of his feet; and so he threaded the piled-up rocks of the ridge, moved down a slope to what seemed like a broad sage and bunch-grass plain and pointed south. It was now maybe ten o'clock, with thirty miles before him and no wiry little man to set a pace; therefore the sergeant stretched out his legs and set his own pace. He missed the wiry little man.

As he strode forward he saw the vague shape of a glow high to his right. The farther he traveled the greater that glow became until at last near midnight the upper sky was a vast bloodstain. He got to thinking about it, remembering that the highest land near by was the massive bulk of the Bighorn Range; and, when he recollected that, he felt surer of himself—for the Bighorns were in the west where they should be and his course was right.

He stopped in a coulee for a brief rest and continued. Sometime before daybreak he identified an Indian camp by the sound of dogs barking, and he cut a circle around the camp and came to a stream he believed to be the Tongue. He had little idea of its width or its depth and he followed its bank upstream with daylight not far away until he heard dogs barking again. He had skirted one camp and now confronted another; and probably was in the center of a whole area of sleeping Indians. Wading into the river as far as his waist, he saw the outline of the far shore and felt doubtful. Halfway across, the river bottom went out beneath him and he sank; and when he came up, the current pushed him downstream rapidly and he let the carbine go and began to swim with the weight of his clothes and his revolver and gunbelt pulling strongly at him. The current broke into short waves, whereupon he let his feet down and touched bottom and walked this way a short distance and again stepped over his head.

The current ran fast. When he struggled to the surface he was close by the south shore and he could distinguish a dull white circle of tents on the bank

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"Its action can't be beat.
"You neither scrub nor rub; instead
You *soak* plates *clean* and *sweet!*"

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If *you* wear PLATES, you too should take
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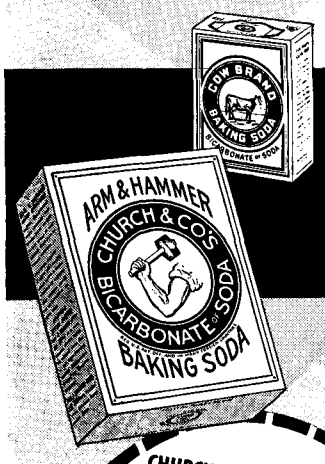

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STATE

and, in the unsettled darkness which precedes morning, a squaw bent over a small fire; he took his deep breath and sank and let the current carry him, even though his feet grated on the river's bottom. The next time he rose he was below the camp and he got a footing and left the river.

He was a hundred feet below this camp and saw other squaws now coming from their tents. Eastward, a crack of light drove its wedge between earth and sky; and before him stood a string of buttes, toward which he immediately moved. By the time he reached the foot of the buttes a morning twilight had come upon the land and one quick glance behind him showed other villages scattered up and down the Tongue and other fires sheering their bright points upward. He fell into a crease of the buttes, fast climbing; he faded back into them and reached a summit from which in all directions the land spread out.

He was still adrip and now he had his forethought of the burning day to come and took off his shirt and wrung the water from it, tinged though it was from dust and sweat and from the blue dye of the shirt, into the crown of his campaign hat. Once the butte had been square-topped and now was broken away so that it was a series of small potholes exposed to the sky; in one of these potholes he rested and watched the camps below him come to life and grow active. What he had come upon was a sizable wing of the whole Sioux nation camped here in a series of small villages and while he watched he noticed scouts ride in fast and other groups whirl out. Breakfast fires spotted the valley for a mile up and down the river, and tents began to fall and horsemen trotted into the plain and by sunrise all these people were traveling east with their dust making its heavy clouds around them.

He laid his back against the rim of the pothole and he closed his eyes against the streaming impact of the sun, and then he felt heat soak into him and he opened his eyes and found the sun well up in the sky, and knew that he had slept. When he realized that, he felt fear again. His legs ached up into his knees and he had no particular feeling around his toes. Two nights afoot in the rocks had worn the boot soles thin and in places had broken them. The bottoms were stained red, so that he knew then what the feeling of wetness had been; but when he tried to remove the boots he could not.

HEAT poured into the pothole, and the rocks burned when he touched them, and the air was so thin that he could not satisfy his lungs, and his heart labored for the want. Out to the north a cloud rose from the earth, small but growing; to westward the large Sioux party kicked up its departing dust. For a little while the valley of the Tongue was deserted, but around noon other parties of horsemen poured down from the Bighorns and whirled along the river, passing at the foot of his butte; and other Sioux groups scudded out of the south. The country around him boiled with its dust smoke as the generals of these people—Sitting Bull and Gall and Crazy Horse and the lesser chiefs—feinted and confused their tracks by constant motion, and boldly maneuvered. The death of Custer had made them ambitious.

By the middle of the afternoon he knew he had to do something about his feet; the ache thundered up from his heels to his hips and was worse than the pain of hot irons. He got out his knife and cut away the leather tops from knee to ankle, and he made a small opening along the back edge of the leather just above the heel to relieve the growing pressure. More than this he figured he couldn't do, for if he loosened them more he would lose them when he walked again. As he bent at this chore he caught the fetid odor from them; it was not a smell of sweat and it was not a healthy smell.

Later he tried the water in his hat, which by now had evaporated to a jellylike scum, and found he could not swallow it.

The dust to the north grew into a small group of Sioux leisurely advancing upon the river. Reaching it, they stopped for water and were close enough for him to spot one huge shape on a pony and to recognize the massive Cheyenne. This one did some talking, after which the party rode upriver a mile or more, crossed over and came back.

The sergeant was not then greatly troubled, for the movement of the Indian villages had erased his own bootprints which, he guessed, the small party had been following all the way from the Rosebud. They came downriver, reading the ground, and they circled the butte and searched the land on that side and came back again to the river where after a moment's pause the big Cheyenne stared above him at the row of buttes closely, cried a single shrill word and wheeled upriver again, disappearing in the broken country.

AS THEY disappeared, another long file appeared from the west—men, women and children and ponies—and moved along the river until they were below the sergeant, and here stopped to set up camp. The sun went down, and in the twilight the sergeant saw the Indian fires dance and heard the thin clack of camp talk and watched a single buck lead four horses away from camp and leave them on picket.

Now he turned his eyes southward toward low hills he had long been watching, hoping to find the far-off glitter of Crook's fires. But he saw nothing and sighed a little as he thought of the night's march to the Powder, forty miles away. In the darkness he ventured to stand on his legs—and fell back at once and knew there would be no more walking for a while. His feet had played out.

The camp settled down and the fires faded. Near ten o'clock he left the pothole, crawled gingerly down the sliding rubble of the butte and stopped at the edge of the river meadow, the four horses grazing a hundred feet away.

THE dogs had been making a racket in the night, and continued on. Well wrapped in the shadows, he observed that the camp seemed indifferent. Earlier a band of soldier warriors had circled the butte on a kind of guard mission but there were no other pickets around camp. He remembered, as he drew his knife and opened it, that Indians mounted from the off side of a pony, and he stood straight up and drew his lips hard against his teeth from the shock of his feet and stepped forward full stride at the horses. They stopped grazing when he was twenty feet away and they stepped sidewise until they faced him.

He seized one picket rope and slashed it and worked up the rope to the horse's head and made a guttural murmur, but even then he found it unnatural to mount from the off side and had to put himself to it; he seized the pony's mane with a good grip, drew his mouth together and made the necessary spring. As soon as he hit the back of the pony he was moving away, using his legs and the picket rope to maneuver with. He had a tremendous desire to set off at full gallop but he held the impulse down until he had made a complete circle of the butte; then he hit the pony with the end of the picket rope and streaked south. Behind him he thought maybe there was some extra noise but he was not too sure.

The night and its smoke were as bad as before and he had to trust the pony

"It was very embarrassing—he came early and caught me all dressed and waiting"

IRVING ROIR

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for the lay of the land. Four or five miles south of the buttes he drew in and listened and heard nothing at all, and went on into country which required slower going. He crossed a creek and felt the bulk of the Bighorns nearer and caught the heat and the ashes of the fire up there. It was the smell of fire that veered the pony constantly so that the sergeant had to fight it back as he approached the low silhouette of rougher country. He struck the creek again and, since the creek seemed to head up in this rough country, he followed it and found a defile through the broken rocks and rising ridges and came to a kind of summit.

What he saw ahead of him made him stop, for though he was not a sentimental man the sight of fires burning half a mile before him—the neat rows of army fires—made him think of many strange things which had no particular bearing on the night; and he thought, too, that it was hard on Gervaise to be the one who didn't get through and that a man never rightly knew what his luck was like or the length of his days, and that maybe it was better that way anyhow. He even ceased to think of the bone-deep flares of pain in his legs as he put the horse down a dry watercourse with the army fires straight ahead.

IT WAS in the exact jaws of these rocks, with the lights of Crook's camp making bright lanes across the flat surface of Powder River, that a gun flashed bright before him and a shot rolled out like an explosion from a hollow tub and the pony broke gait and the sergeant went over its head and struck the rocky earth and rolled on through a roar and a rush of thunder.

He was thirty feet from the rocks when he stopped and what kept him conscious was the smell of danger as strong as the smell of ammonia. The feet of the ambusher now crushed along the rocks at him and as the sergeant came to his knees he watched the shadow of that man grow heavier and taller before him, and lifted his gun on the shadow. But he thought it might be an out-stationed picket of Crook's command and so he shouted, "Hey, soldier," and when he got no reply he fired twice at the shadow and heard it grunt and drop. He was on his feet and he trotted back and stooped long enough to make out the giant shape of the Cheyenne who had followed him so far, and then another gun howled from the rocks and the sergeant swung and raced for the river.

A corner of his mind had room enough for self-reproach. As Gervaise had said, the dangerous spot was just at the edge of an army command where the Sioux liked to lie waiting; and he had forgotten that. He heard another shot behind.

Across the river was the sharp halloo of an officer's commands, and when he reached the river he ran straight into it and expected to sink out of sight. But this was the Powder, which was shallower than a farmyard duck pond, and he never got to the depth of his knees at any place.

A sentry on the opposite shore shouted, "Halt—who's there," and fired at him, and shouted again, "Sergeant of the guard, post five!" The sentry's bullet was a wind at the sergeant's ears as he cried back, "You can quit that, soldier."

"Never mind the guard!" bawled the sentry and trotted to the edge of the stream. The sergeant floundered from the water, dropped to his face and lay gasping on the ground.

He was inside Crook's lines, with a guard detail coming up. He crouched on his knees and hands with his head bent down and he turned around and ducked his head under the water and felt better. Somebody got hold of his arms and pulled him up, and meanwhile a file of cavalry rushed over the river at the rocks.

"Dispatch for Crook," breathed the sergeant. "This Crook's outfit?"

An officer strode from the night and said, "Come with me," and led him back through lines of supply wagons drawn up like a barricade at the river, past troop streets and horses on picket lines, and down a row of officers' tents to one tent which sat by itself and faced the whole command. The general, aroused by the racket, stood under the tent's fly—a man of medium height, with a sharp-seamed face and a long, fanned-out beard. The sergeant had seen pictures of him and knew him at once; and came to a stand and made a regular parade-ground salute.

"Sergeant Hounds, F Troop, Second Cavalry." He hauled Terry's letter from his hind pocket and presented it. "Dispatch from General Terry."

Crook held the dispatch in his hand, meanwhile considering the sergeant. Light came out of the general's tent and illumined the sergeant's sun-swollen face, his scorched eyes, his cracked lips. The sergeant's shirt and trousers were gray with alkali and sweat and when the sergeant stepped back a pace he left his footmarks as a pair of red stains on the ground.

"You came through alone?" said Crook.

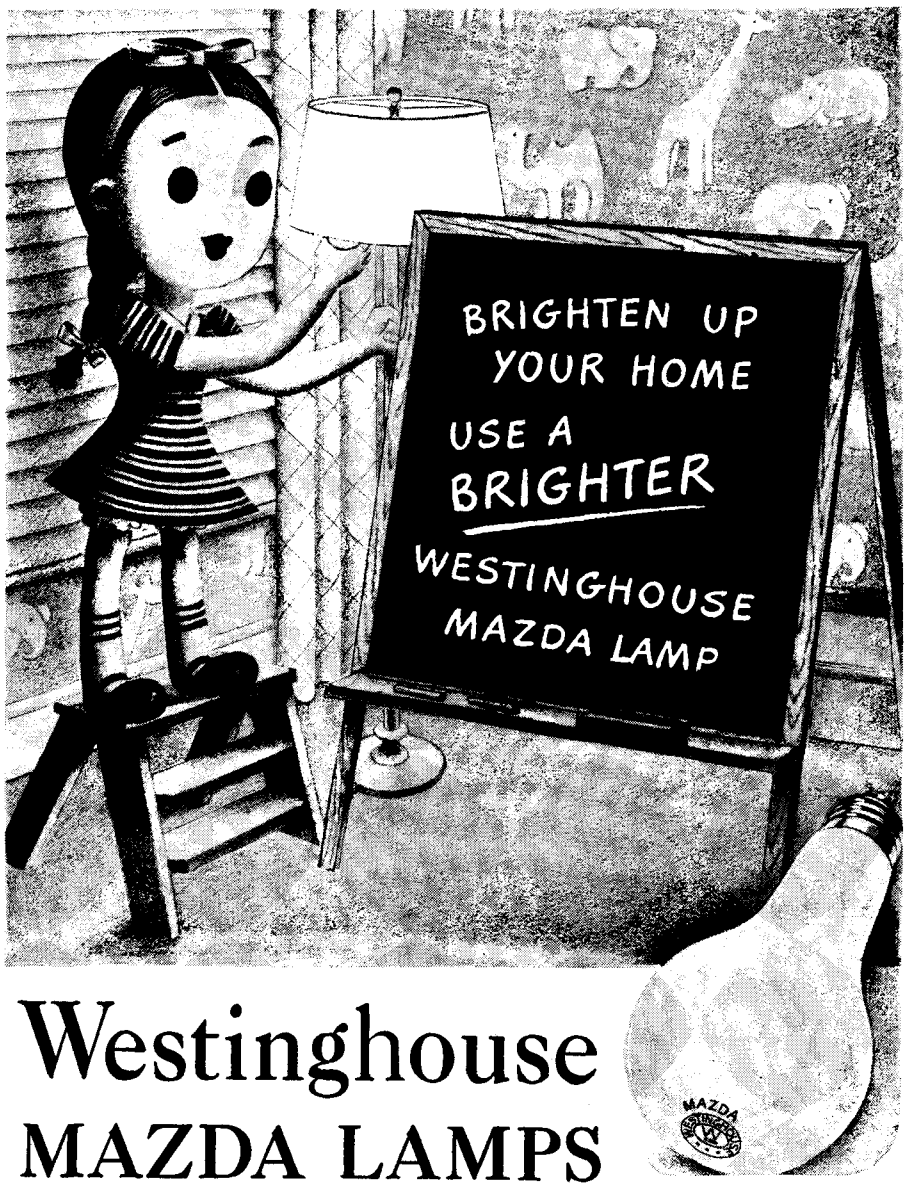
"There was a guide," answered the sergeant. "He didn't make it."

The general seemed inclined to question the sergeant further, but he knew when a man was dead beat, and so turned to one of his officers: "Bourke, attach this man to G Troop. See that he gets something to eat and new boots. Thank you, sergeant."

The sergeant made a pivot and felt the raw quiver of his feet. The officer was beside him as they walked down through the camp; and the river was close by. The sergeant said, "With your permission, sir," and went to the river and sat down. He got out his knife and he cut the rest of the boots from his feet; other men and officers had moved up and these stood by him, and Bourke bent over and stared at the sergeant's feet and swore to himself. "I'm going to have a couple men carry you to the doctor, sergeant. It looks as if it was a hard trip."

THE sergeant plunged his feet into the Powder and was eternally grateful for the water's coolness. He stared over the river, and now he remembered Gervaise again and he put his mind to the guide, recollecting the tone of the guide's voice and the shape of his small body in the black shadows of the land. It seemed a long time back. By the clock it was just about twelve hours ago, but by the things which had happened it was as good as a year. Maybe, thought the sergeant, there was more than one kind of time; some day he'd have to stop and think about that. But meanwhile the men around him seemed to expect him to say something of what had happened and he searched his mind with a good deal of care and found very little that could be properly said aloud. For the things of most importance, now that he thought of it, were things he had felt inside of him, like waves of warmth and sharp shocks of ice, and the images that were so clear before him were all very strange and would sound foolish when they were put to words. In a thing like this a man was pretty much alone.

But the men still waited and so, after a long pause, he said, "On a scout a man ought to wear shoes that fit him and he ought to carry tobacco to cut his thirst." Then, as a final concession to their curiosity, he waved his hand northward: "Lot of Indians over there."



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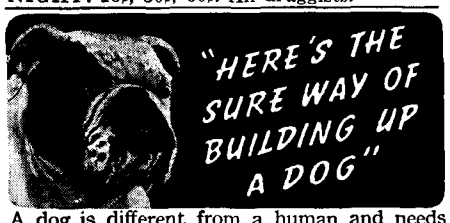

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Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 24

parlors, apartments and amusements.

Meanwhile, Tony Saxon was trying to hold up his end of the conversation with Alan and Chuck . . . and having very little success. No, they didn't play golf or tennis; they swam at Hartley's private beach, and, of course, he'd be welcome. Alan was gruff and laconic, Chuck definitely on the sour side. After the coffee and liqueurs were served, the women excused themselves for a minute. They went back to Marcia's infinitesimal dressing room, and the dark girl closed the door. She looked at her friend and said, without apology or preamble, "You sure can take it, Sunny."

Sunny did not even pretend to misunderstand: "Lew ain't so bad."

"Spoken like a heroine. He gives you diamonds and sables and ermine . . . and he still owes you plenty."

Sunny said gently, "There are things you wouldn't understand, Marcia."

"As for instance . . . ?"

"We'll let it go at that." Sunny leaned forward impulsively. "Try not to let him get your goat. I'm hoping to see you often while you're in Miami."

"You couldn't shake me off." Marcia fitted a cigarette into a dramatically long holder. "And the little fellow who looks like a corpse: where does he fit in?"

"He's Lew's bodyguard."

"Lovely lad. Blood brother to a snapping turtle." Marcia exhaled a cloud of blue smoke. "You don't mind all the nice things I'm saying about your friends, do you?"

"Go right ahead. It doesn't bother me . . . and Lord knows it doesn't bother them."

MEANWHILE, the three men were sitting stolidly at their ringside table. Tony Saxon was having a thoroughly miserable time. He was furious with his wife for having deserted him. Here he was, fumbling about for conversation and every approach he made was laying an egg. "Swell weather, isn't it?" . . . "It'll do." . . . "Going to be here all through the winter?" . . . "Maybe . . ." so that finally even Tony forgot to be friendly. He said, "You fellows talk too much—you make me nervous."

Alan felt sorry for him. He liked Tony Saxon. He would have enjoyed playing tennis with him, but that was out because Lew Hartley wasn't a tennis player, and Alan's game was far too good for him to have gotten away with the role of novice. Alan hated himself, too, when he felt called upon to bark at the waiter.

He was grateful when Sunny and Marcia came back to the table. Instantly Tony asked his wife to dance, and almost before they were out of earshot, he started letting off steam. Sunny looked across at Alan. "You ain't a very good dancer, Lew," she said, "but how's about shoving me around a bit?"

He looked at Chuck. The smaller man said, "It's no good," and instantly Alan rose. "Let's go," he said.

Sunny was an enthusiastic dancer. For a few seconds, Alan let himself go. Her husky voice warned him: "Okay for home consumption, Lew . . . but you got to louse it up a little. You're supposed to have two left feet."

It was fun trying to dance badly. The whole performance was silly, but it was a heap better than being nasty to a nice chap like Tony Saxon, or wincing under Chuck's verbal barbs. Alan mixed himself up deliberately, and kept a straight face about it. Sunny was delighted. "You're doing swell. Even Lew couldn't be worse."

He swung her around. She bumped hard into a woman. They both said, "Oh . . . sorry . . ." Both couples stopped dancing momentarily. Then Sunny said, "Oh, it's *you* . . ." and Gail Foster smiled and admitted that it was.

Sunny said, "Lew, I want you to meet Miss . . . Miss . . . ?"

"Foster."

"—Miss Foster. She took some pictures of me the other day for Surf & Sunshine. Miss Foster, this is my friend, Mr. Hartley."

Gail held out her hand to Alan. Her eyes were level and her voice steady. She said, "How do you do, Mr. Hartley."

He grunted and dropped her hand. He was thinking about the two girls, as unlike each other as . . . as . . . well, as a specimen orchid and a valley lily.

Sunny was barging ahead. With Gail's assistance the men were introduced: "Mr. Hartley . . . Mr. Crawford . . ."

Vance was saying, "I live right heah in Miami, Mr. Hartley. I've seen you lots of times."

"That so?"

"Yes . . ." Vance didn't like this fellow, and that made him try twice as hard to be cordial. "I bumped into you, so I owe you something. Let's have a drink at my table."

"I don't want a drink."

"Aw, come on . . ." And Sunny settled the matter by taking Vance's arm and starting off the floor. "I never say no, Mr. Crawford."

"To a drink invitation?"

"To anything."

They walked ahead. Alan was afraid to look at Gail. She looked too dog-gone much like . . . well, like Gail. He forced himself to growl—"I suppose we've got to . . ." and they followed Vance and Sunny to the table.

Vance tried to be pleasant to Lew Hartley. His soft Southern drawl kept the conversation moving, he refused to show that he was annoyed by Alan's gruffness.

Alan remembered vaguely having heard Gail speak about a man named Vance Crawford. She had spoken affectionately—as one might mention a very dear friend. Yet at this moment Vance's attitude did not appear to be merely that of friend. It wasn't anything you could put your finger on . . . it was a subtle, elusive something which disturbed Alan.

He liked Vance. If he was in love with Gail, who was Alan to find that inexplicable? As for Gail . . . well, thank goodness, Sunny's chatter was taking all of her attention: she was giving Gail the address of her own beauty parlor. . . . Alan couldn't understand Gail's sudden interest in that sort of thing . . . and Sunny was telling about parties that she was planning at the Hartley place. She was insisting that Gail must come, and Gail was saying that she would be glad to.

ALAN was sorry about that even though it fitted in with the Hartley plan. They wanted plenty of publicity so that the world would know that Lew Hartley was in Miami and not somewhere in South America. But the prospect of meeting Gail frequently was too fraught with danger. He heard Sunny ask, "You'll be here all winter?" and was surprised to hear Gail say, "Yes. Of course."

Someone walked across the floor and stopped at Alan's shoulder. Sunny said, "Here's bad news," and Alan looked up into Chuck's fishlike eyes.

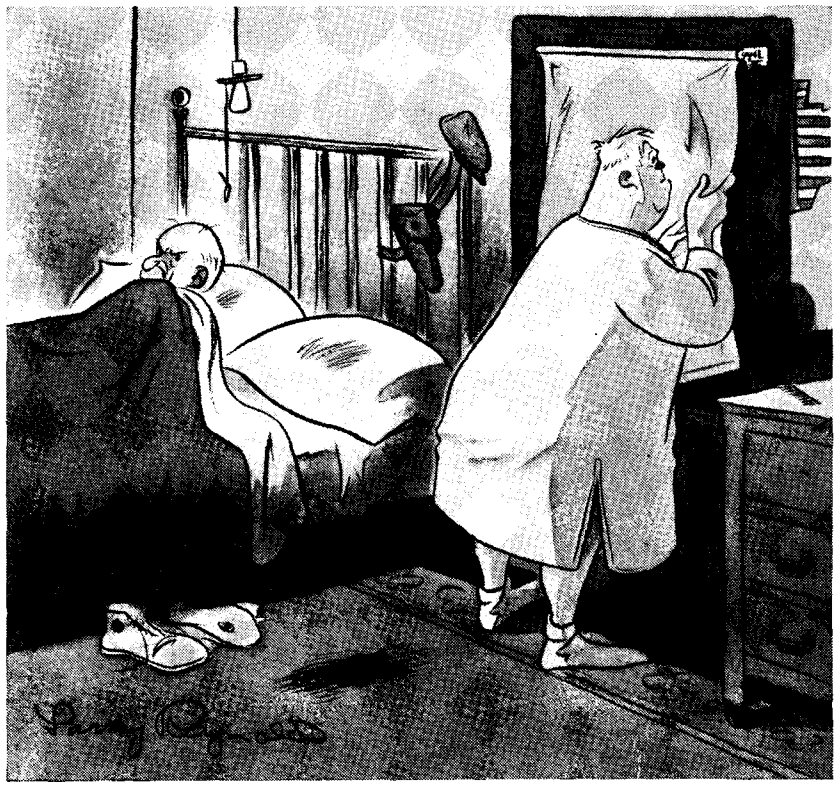
Chuck Williams said, "Mr. Hartley, those dancers are askin' if you're comin' back."

It was an order, and Alan knew it. He refrained from introducing Chuck, but he rose and spoke to Sunny. He said, "Come on."

Sunny said good night to Gail and to Vance, and walked back toward their table. She said to Alan, "Mister, you're good. Too good."

"What does that mean?"

BUTCH — **By Larry Reynolds**



"Don't be so nervous, Butch. It ain't a cop's siren—probably just an air-raid alarm"

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"I got as mad at you as I get with Lew sometimes."

"I'm not supposed to mix intimately. You know that."

At the table they had just left, Gail asked for a cigarette, lighted it, and regarded her companion quizzically.

"Well," she inquired, "what do you think of Alan?"

Vance made a gesture of helplessness. He said, "You're a swell gal, but of all the obstinate, stubborn, pigheaded females I've ever been in love with . . ."

She said, "I think he had a rather miserable twenty minutes."

Vance sighed. "I'm not arguin' with you any more, Gail. And don't start dishin' out the evidence. I know that Alan never went to Valparaiso. I know he got off the boat at Havana and came to Miami. But, honey . . . I been seein' Lew Hartley heahabouts fo' three years or more. I know what he looks like and how he talks, and that fellow that just left us—Gail, that's Lew and nobody else."

"You're stubborn, too, aren't you?"

"Uh-huh. But not crazy."

"My only hope of getting at the bottom of this is to be a little crazy," she said. "But I'm telling you this . . . the man I was just talking to is Alan. Maybe it was Lew Hartley when I looked at him, but when I shut my eyes . . . it was Alan."

"You got a special gift for supposin', haven't you, sugar? Well, try closin' your eyes an' making believe I'm Robert Taylor, will you?"

She was speaking carefully: "This Ralston girl tells me she's known the Saxons for a long time. Maybe that goes for Lew Hartley."

"What you cookin' up now?"

"The Saxons would like some publicity in my magazine, Vance. While I'm getting it, I might also glean a bit of information."

"I'm not bein' tricked into any more arguments." He looked across the room. "Your friends are leaving."

Alan had paid the check, tipped overgenerously, and was holding Sunny's wrap. Vance Crawford said, "Not bein' inquisitive, Miss Foster . . . but what's the angle on this Ralston person?"

Gail said, "What do you think?"

"Well . . . if that's Lew Hartley, I know exactly what to think. But if it's Alan . . ." Vance shook his head. "There's no use talkin', Gail . . . somebody around heah is way off the track."

WHEN they reached the Hartley place, Alan and Sunny got out and Chuck drove the car into the garage. Alan unlocked the front door, held out his hand to Sunny and said, "Good night—and thanks."

"For what?"

"Your part of the evening. And the Saxons. They're nice."

"Check! And that other girl . . . Foster: I like her, too."

Alan laughed. "You like everybody. Now—on your way."

"And you?"

"I'm staying downstairs for a goodnight smoke. Alone," he finished significantly.

She waved, and was gone. He went into the living room and snapped on one of the reading lamps. He was standing there when Chuck Williams came in through the back door.

Alan said, "I'd like to talk to you a few minutes, Chuck."

Williams walked into the room. His face, as usual, was expressionless; his cheeks without color, his eyes blank. He said, "All right. Talk."

"Shall we sit down?"

"I'll stand."

Alan held out a cigarette case. "Smoke?"

"No."

Alan selected one for himself and lighted it. He looked straight at the slender, wiry young man and said, "Why do you dislike me so intensely, Chuck?"

Chuck's eyes were level, but he said nothing, and so Alan went on, grimly determined to have it out:

"I know you resent the position I hold here: playing the part of Lew Hartley, giving orders, acting like master of the house. But that's what I'm being paid to do, and I'm giving the best performance I'm capable of. Maybe I've been stepping on your toes. If I am—I'd like to know just how . . . so I can change. There seems to be no reason why we shouldn't at least be cordial."

Chuck stood there. Then he asked, coldly, "That all?"

"Not quite. I'd like to know where you stand."

"What difference does it make?"

"Just a little matter of comfort, Chuck. I'd much prefer being friendly with you."

"Things are okay the way they are."

"You mean that you won't try to change?"

"Something like that."

"I'm still asking why."

CHUCK came one step closer. His voice was tight. He said, "I'm paid to look after you. It ain't any part of my job to like you."

"Granted. But there's no law against it either, is there?"

"I mind my own business. You mind yours."

A sense of humor came to Alan's rescue. He smiled with genuine amusement. "Are you really that tough, or is it an act?"

Two tiny lights flashed in Chuck's eyes. He said, "I'm tough enough."

Alan shrugged. "Have it your own way. I figured we might talk it out. I keep trying not to get sore at you—but you're not making it easy. All through the evening you've been riding me. And without trying to start something, I still want you to understand that I don't like it."

"That's just too bad. Because you're still going to take it."

"I don't know whether I am or not. I'm not accustomed to being shoved around. And I'm not the least bit impressed by this hard-boiled attitude of yours. I'd prefer to play pretty. But since you're not having any, I'm telling you now . . . don't push me too hard."

Chuck said, "I wouldn't get tough if I was you."

"You're not me, Chuck. You're just a funny little man who has seen too many gangster pictures."

"Better go slow, Douglas."

"I'm still willing to be nice. This whole Florida episode could be lots of fun, if you'd let it. But just why you have to act like a case of poison ivy when even Sunny is taking things in stride . . ."

Alan stopped talking. Suddenly. He saw a brief, revealing flash in Chuck's eyes: for that fraction of an instant Chuck's guard was down.

The lips of the smaller man were dry. His eyes had narrowed. He said, "What about Sunny?"

"Don't be a fool . . ."

"I'm asking."

"And I'm explaining to you that she's being sensible. She's saddled with me for a few months, and she's trying to have a little fun."

"How much fun?"

"You're mind is always in the gutter, isn't it, Chuck?"

"I said, 'How much fun?' "

Alan was angry. "Get this straight," he said. "Maybe it answers your question. I'm not Lew Hartley. I know I'm not. So does Sunny."

"How do I know?"

"No thanks, I'd rather have a glass of Borden's HEMO—the new way to drink your vitamins and *like* 'em!"

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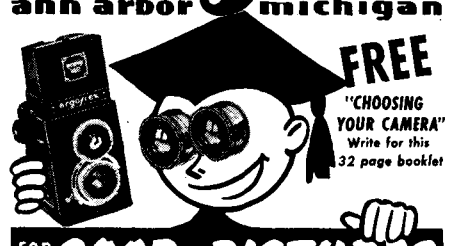

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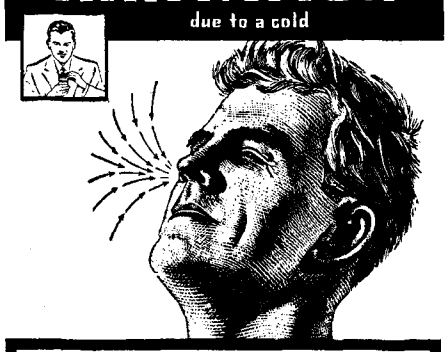

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"There's no way you could. You'll have to take my word."

"I don't take any man's word where dames are concerned."

"That's all right with me, too. But don't you think that this is Lew Hartley's worry . . . not yours?"

"No."

"Why?"

Chuck made no answer, and so Alan went on: "If you like Sunny that much—that's your business. I'm not asking any questions. Neither am I poaching."

Chuck said, "I think you're a liar."

Alan's fists clenched. Chuck's right hand moved to a spot just under his left armpit. He said coldly, "You're a liar by the clock, Douglas. You're two-timing Hartley."

ALAN moved forward. Chuck's fingers tightened on the automatic he carried in the shoulder holster. He said, "Come and get it, sucker."

Neither of them had heard a sound from the hallway. Neither knew that Sunny, clad in a white hostess gown of chiffon velvet, had come down the stairs and was moving into the room. They didn't know she was there until her voice came, hard and sharp:

"Chuck! Lay off!"

Chuck said, "This guy's been asking for it."

Sunny moved swiftly between the two men, and faced Chuck. "Scram!" she snapped. "Get out!"

"I'm staying."

She turned to Alan: "Then you beat it, will you?" She was tense and frightened. "Don't you see what this is building up to? Look, Alan—this guy ain't fooling."

Alan looked at Sunny, and then across her shoulder at the rigid figure of Chuck Williams. His position was, at the moment inglorious; but common sense was coming to his rescue.

He was being paid by Lew Hartley to do a job. Lew was banking on his honesty—and his good judgment.

Alan said, "There are a few things that seem to need straightening out, Sunny. But I suppose this isn't the time or the place. I'll go upstairs."

He walked out of the room. He was more disturbed than he cared to admit. This was an unexpected angle. Nothing had been solved. It all came under the head of unfinished business.

Alan was too sensible to kid himself. He'd laughed at Chuck . . . accused him of being a funny little man who had seen too many gangster pictures. But those were mere words. They didn't mean anything. Alan recognized danger when he saw it. And he had seen it in the hostile, unwavering eyes of Chuck Williams.

He went to his room, considerably shaken. Downstairs Sunny was taking over. She said to Chuck, "You poor fool. Another twenty seconds and you'd have killed him."

"I do it sooner or later. Why not now?"

She put her hands on his shoulders. "It ain't in the cards that way, Chuck. Lew wants it to look like an accident—not murder."

"I don't figure the difference."

"It's this, Chuck: Why should you take a rap if you don't have to? Why you should get all hopped up is more than I can figure."

"Is it?"

She said, "You're jealous."

"Yes. What goes on between you and Lew is out of my zone. That was the setup when I came in. But this guy . . ."

"There's nothing going on."

"There could be. You've fallen for him."

She felt uncomfortable, so she tried to laugh it off. "You get the craziest ideas. Can I help it if I've got to act up when we're out in public together? Be yourself, Chuck. Where do you figure me on this?"

"You tell me."

"I know Alan is on the way out. I know you're the lad who does the job. Maybe I'm even a little sorry for him; he's not a bad guy. But it's not making any difference in what I do. I know where we all stand—especially me."

"You're like all other dames. You fall for a guy, and mess things up."

"You're figuring Lew's a fool?"

"Meaning what?"

"He knows me better than you do. I don't let myself go too far—in any direction."

"What's the play, then?"

"Be sensible. You're jealous of Alan. So what could fit neater than that you're getting paid to cash him in. If you go messing up Lew's house and start the cops swarming about—not to mention newspapermen—Lew will be sore as a goat. Your play is to take it easy. If Alan steps on your toes—let him step. You've got the last line, haven't you?"

He said, carefully, "I figured maybe you were going soft on the proposition."

"Me?" Sunny assumed a hardness which she did not feel. "Since when did you start figuring me that way? I know what's going to happen to our little playmate. It's as okay with me as it is with you. But just getting mad at a guy and blasting a hole in him because you're sore . . ."

Chuck said, "You make me believe things I know ain't true. But if that's how you want it, that's how you'll have it."

"You'll quit riding him?"

"Yeah."

"You've got to, Chuck. If you don't, he'll boil over, too—like he did tonight."

"I'll watch my step. Unless . . ."

"Unless what?"

"Don't you step out of line, Sunny. I wouldn't like that."

She knew what he meant. He could wait until the appointed time—unless she shoved him too far. She tried to laugh. "I'll make you my chaperon, Chuck. It's funny—you riding herd on me."

"Maybe . . ." His eyes held hers tight. "But don't try any tricks, Sunny. One bad move by you, and I ain't going to wait for word from Lew."

SOMETHING was happening to Sunny Ralston: something which she neither understood nor liked.

Sunny was falling in love.

She left Chuck in the living room and walked upstairs. She was badly shaken, and thought it was because she was mad. In her bedroom, with the door locked against intrusion, she found her thoughts racing to this fantastic conclusion:

Yes, she was afraid—but not for herself. She was afraid for Alan Douglas. And the reason she was afraid . . . "It's got me," she whispered into the darkness. "Gee, am I a sap!"

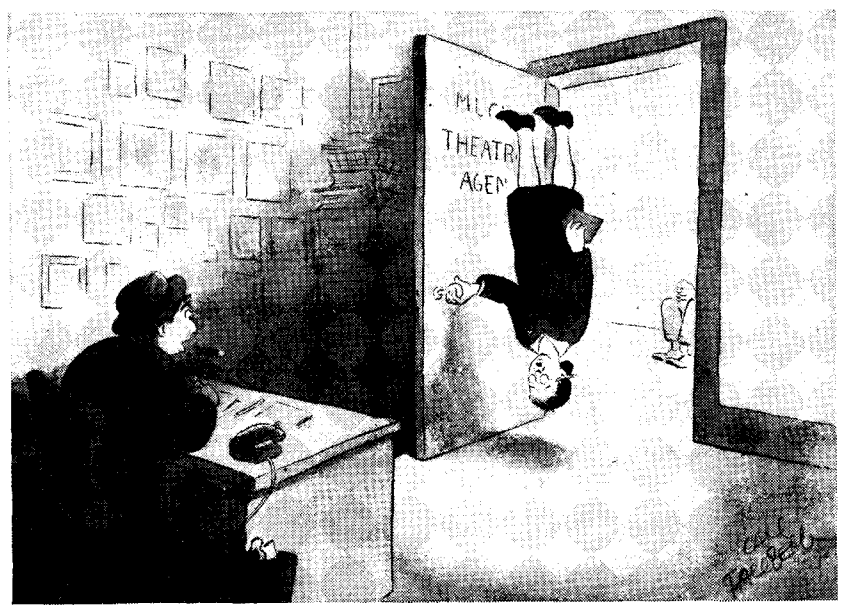
She walked to one of her bedroom windows and stood staring into the moon-drenched night. The window was open and the air felt pleasantly cool against her hot body, protected as it was only by a sheer chiffon gown and an expensive white housecoat of softest velvet. She tried telling herself over and over again that it wasn't true: that this had not happened to her . . . but her arguments got nowhere. It was incredible. It was impossible. But it was true.

HERE then was a contingency that even so astute a person as Lew Hartley could not have foreseen. Lew knew Sunny: knew that she was unscrupulous and merciless. Those were qualities so akin to his own nature that they appealed strongly. In his own hard way, he was fond of her. She had entered without scruple into their bargain, and had fulfilled her part of the contract to the letter. She was an amenable and pleasant companion. She had a beautiful body, a quick wit and a keen perception. She never nagged, never demanded, never argued. She could be trusted because it paid her to be trustworthy. She made no pretense of being in love with him, or even of possessing the capacity for love. And that was all right with Lew because it gave him delightful feminine companionship, which he wanted; and did not burden it with sentimentality, which he hated.

So Sunny stood there thinking, and the more she thought, the more bewildered she became. For the first time in her life she knew fear.

Even in the throes of this new and disturbing emotion Sunny was not concerned about morals or ethics. That she should have been cast in the role of accessory before the fact to a murder not yet committed was something she had taught herself to take in stride . . . provided she herself was not endangered. It wasn't the idea of murder which frightened her. She was worried because Alan was the prospective murder victim.

And now she was face to face with an unanswerable question: What to do about it? In the half world in which respectability is a detriment, the word "smart" means a great deal more than it means in gentler circles . . . and by the



"There's a gentleman outside to see you. He says he's got something new in a hypnotism act!" CARL FALLBERG

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broadest meaning of the broadest mind, Sunny Ralston was smart.

She was too smart to stick her own neck out, too smart to drop a monkey wrench into the elaborate machinery which Lew Hartley and Wayne Hamilton had set in motion, too smart to think that anything she might do or say would divert them from their course.

She could save Alan, all right. That was a cinch. A word to him. A word to the police. It'd be easy enough to prove that Alan wasn't Lew Hartley. But even in this amazing new knowledge that she was in love . . . Sunny's mind didn't work that way. The hard philosophy of a hard lifetime could not be cast off so readily. The instinct of self-preservation was stronger than any other idea she could cook up. Let her gum the works now and she knew she wouldn't have a chance. And it required a great deal more love than Sunny was capable of at the moment to invite the anger of a man like Lew Hartley.

"After all I've been through," she thought, "I've got to fall for Mister Leonard P. Dope. And just when it's in the books to hurt worst."

Sunny had a logical mind, untrammeled by conventions. She had fallen for Alan. Alan was in the next room. It was as simple as the first three letters of the alphabet. . . .

ALAN had been lying there wide awake. The door swung open and he reached for the bed light. Sunny's voice came to him, "Don't turn it on, Alan . . ."

She came to him. The moonlight streaming in through the window gave her beauty an ethereal quality. She moved slowly, with easy grace.

She sat on the edge of the bed. Odd what tricks could be played by this unusual light. Sunny seemed to have the softness of a child, the gentleness of an inexperienced girl.

Alan offered her a cigarette and she shook her head. He lighted one for himself. He waited.

She seemed to have difficulty finding the right words. Finally she said, in a voice so guarded that it was scarcely more than a whisper, "You mustn't make Chuck sore."

Alan said, "I didn't mean to. As a matter of fact, the whole thing started when I tried to straighten him out. You know . . . 'Why don't you like me, Chuck?' . . . That sort of thing. He's a difficult lad."

"He's dangerous."

"Ye-e-es. I suppose he is."

"You don't have to suppose it, Alan. I'm telling you." She took his hand. Hers was hot and the fingers closed tensely over his. "If I hadn't showed up when I did, Chuck would have killed you."

"Now wait a minute, Sunny . . . Aren't you letting your imagination run away with you?"

Sunny said, "How can anybody be as dumb as you, Alan? You think Chuck's playing tough. I'm telling you he's not. When a man like Lew Hartley hires a bodyguard, he gets what he's paying for."

"But look . . ." Alan was trying to understand. "Two men get sore at each other. So they scrap. Then it's finished and done with."

"Not with Chuck. That isn't his routine."

"It doesn't make sense, Sunny. I've tried being nice to Chuck. I've taken his riding without a squawk. Even tonight, I tried to be decent about it . . . but he wasn't having any. What I don't understand is why Chuck dislikes me."

Sunny's voice wasn't quite steady. "The reason he hates you," she said, "is because he's in love with me."

"Then," responded Alan logically, "he doesn't hate me. He hates the man I look like. He hates Lew Hartley."

"No-o . . . You wouldn't understand that, either. He doesn't hate Lew. Doesn't even resent him."

"Then why should he have a mad on against me?"

"Because . . ." Sunny's grasp was tighter, her fragrant body closer. "Because he knows that I'm in love with you."

It came suddenly. Like that. Alan sat rigidly for a moment, and then—because he had to do something—he reached out to the ash tray beside his bed and ground out the light on his cigarette.

The atmosphere of the room was electric. Sunny hadn't moved. But it was she who broke the silence:

"That's how it is, Alan."

He spoke gently: "I'm afraid you've got me on the ropes, Sunny. Whatever I say is liable to be wrong."

"Try it."

"All right. The word don't seem to fit. But suppose I put it this way: Lew Hartley wouldn't like it."

"Would you?"

"I'm human. And you're lovely." His voice was steady. "But I don't trespass."

"How much do you like me?"

"I think you're aces. But we simply don't play in the same league."

She said, "I know you're in love with someone else. I know you'll stay that way. What I'm talking about has nothing to do with that. Or don't I make myself clear?"

"I think you do. I'm embarrassed, Sunny . . . believe it or not. I'd like to laugh it off, but that doesn't seem the correct thing, either. I'd like to try to convince you that you're kidding yourself, but I have a feeling you wouldn't like that: you'd know it wasn't what I was thinking at all. There happens to be something about you that makes me talk straight."

"Thanks. You've got me figured right, anyway."

"So I'll keep on. I said I was human . . . and we'll let that ride. I'm not noble. I'm not a stuffed shirt . . . I hope. But when I was hired to do this little job of play-acting, Wayne Hamilton impressed on me that my chief asset was my honesty. I could be trusted."

She said, "You're a prime sap."

"I certainly am."

"No man ever turned me down before."

"That's not nice, Sunny."

"It's true. I didn't bring my scruples into this room with me, so there's no use pretending I did." She gave a hard little laugh. "I'm being as honest as you are. I know when I've been told off."

"Aren't you being brutal to yourself?"

"Sure. Why not?" She withdrew her hand from his. "It's the first time I've ever been in love," she said in a voice he didn't recognize. "It's a queer feeling. I don't think I like it much. I know I don't like the way you feel about it, but I'm letting that drop. Any time you change your mind . . ." Her laugh was brittle, "just knock three times and ask for Joe."

SHE rose abruptly and stood looking down at him.

"Remember something else I told you," she said. "Try not to make Chuck mad."

"I'll try."

Suddenly she bent down and her arms were about him. She pressed her full, generous lips against his.

She said, "Think *that* over, too."

Then she swept across the room and into her own. The door closed behind her.

She threw herself on the bed. She did not cry. She lay there rigid.

"You have messed everything up, Sunny!" she told herself fiercely.

(To be continued next week)

"Why is a Comptometer like Heaven? That's easy!"

"I'm no whiz at riddles, but I know the answer to that one:

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"You see, even the best of adding-calculating machine operators is likely to 'fumble' a key stroke once in a while, especially on rush jobs. Well, on any machine *except* the Comptometer, that operating error would probably be unnoticed — or the operator would have to clear the machine and start from scratch again. In either case, there's time lost, with a good chance of error in the final answer. (And, of course, when there *is* an error, the Boss doesn't blame the machine — he blames the operator!)

"But we Comptometer operators don't have that headache. If we should 'fumble' or fail to complete a key stroke, the Keystroke-Censor would lock the keyboard — and *keep* it locked until we corrected the faulty stroke and resumed the operation at the point of error, with less than a second of time lost! And even *more* important is the *confidence* this protection gives us — we can work at *top speed,* knowing every key stroke we make has been O.K.'d by this mechanical censor!

"That's only *one* reason why I'd rather operate a Comptometer than any other adding-calculating machine. There are lots more — such as ease of operation, and no-glare answer dials, and light, quiet key stroke. (Of course, my Boss talks more about *'Comptometer Economy'* and Comptometer *methods!*) But if you want to get the whole low-down, just telephone your local Comptometer Co. man. Or write to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill."

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Collier's

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Don't Let It Get You Down

THERE is one problem that every American civilian has to meet and conquer alone; nobody can do it for him. We mean the problem of keeping up the private, personal morale through the hailstorm of war news, tax news, rationing news, draft news.

We think we've worked out a system. For what it may be worth to other people, we'll describe it here. It's based chiefly on the idea that life before the war came to us had the same worries and perils, essentially, as it has now; that the war hasn't changed life itself, but has only changed or raised the emphasis on some of its aspects.

For example: Maybe you have a boy in the Service and are worried for fear he may get wounded or wiped out on some far battlefield of this war. Well, in former times, you've been desperately worried about his health, or about his safety on some childish adventure, or about his grades in school and his hopes of ever amounting to anything. He came through all right on those occasions. The chances are probably about the same that he'll come through the war all right. He may not, of course; but you never could guarantee his welfare or live his life.

Or perhaps you live in a coastal city and worry now and then for fear a bomb may drop in from Hitler or Hirohito with your name written on its nose. Well, in your time you've most likely worked in buildings that were firetraps. You've certainly been out in thunderstorms. You've risked your life every time you've ridden in an automobile, train, boat or plane, and every time you've walked across a traffic-loaded street. In the midst of life we are in death, as the old saying goes; and it's true in peace or war. Yet most of us dodge danger all our lives and eventually die of natural causes. There is no more reason in wartime than in peacetime to suppose you're marked for a violent death. If you believe you are, you must also believe that you can't avoid it, in war or peace; so what?

Heavy taxes . . . unemployment . . . deprivation of creature comforts . . . losses and griefs . . . you've faced them all in your time. Sometimes they've beaten you. Oftener, you've beaten them, or you wouldn't still be inhabiting this earthly ball. It won't be any different in wartime, unless you let the general excitement distort your vision.

A serene, noncynical, warmhearted kind of fatalism, we believe, is what the civilian needs to cultivate in a war era. The method of thinking outlined above is one method (there may be others—we don't know) which, if persisted in for a while, should develop that attitude in a normal person. Once you've acquired it, you may be shaken by the war's vicissitudes from time to time, but we do not see how you can be shattered.

The Limited-Income Nonsense

WE'RE all going to endure privations throughout this war. Okay—we can take them, so long as taking them actually helps our war effort.

But we move that all of us resolve here and now to hold out like a stone wall against all doctrinaire proposals to limit incomes to some flat top—$25,000 a year, or $15,000, or $10,000—and against such things as Henry Morgenthau's lightly considered and quickly withdrawn proposal to limit corporation profits to 6% of the original investment.

There is a fatal flaw in all these schemes. It is that they will kill the money-making incentive; the feeling that if you work harder and more shrewdly than the next fellow, you will make more money. The government may take most of it away in taxes afterward, so that you will actually net little if any more than the next fellow. But you'll have had the adventure of working for it and the gratification of winning it; and that makes literally *all* the difference.

When you know you can't possibly make more than a specified amount in any one year, there is sure to be a lag and a letdown when you've reached your quota. That's human nature, high and low.

Nor will these proposals, if adopted, stop with limiting big incomes and big corporation profits. They will spread until they take in all of us. They will have to. Before we know it, we'll all be caught in an ironbound system of wage, salary, income, profit and every other kind of financial restriction—and that will be the end of initiative and incentive to work hard in this country.

It is an economic fallacy which would lose the war for us. Let's bury it right now and never dig it up again.

Brotherhood Week

ORDINARILY, we don't go for secular groups that ballyhoo brotherhood. They seem superfluous and artificial, somehow, in normal times.

This war, though, promises to be long and hard. Defeatism and war-weariness may eventually crop up, and with them a tendency on the part of some people to blame our troubles on special groups of Americans. That will only divide us and weaken our efforts, and thus prolong the war.

So it looks to us as if Brotherhood Week, sponsored Feb. 15-22 by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, is a good thing. During that week, we'd all better reflect occasionally on the fact that if we don't hang together, we're more than likely to hang separately.

We'd also like to put in a good word for Russian War Relief, Inc., 535 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

We hold no brief for Russia's Communist government. But neither does Russian War Relief, Inc. Sponsored by a responsible nonpartisan group, it is raising money in this country and spending it here on sulfa drugs, heart medicines, sedatives, anesthetics, antiseptics, bandages, surgical instruments, winter clothing and food concentrates to ship to Russia.

The Russians are still in there fighting our battle. It seems only common sense for the Western allies to do what they can to keep the Russians in there fighting. To send them medical supplies, which is what they need most urgently next to military supplies, looks like good business. We are confident that any money donated to Russian War Relief, Inc., will be efficiently spent for the purpose intended.

Couple of Notes

NOTE to Italy: Don't you think you'd better quit? Note to Finland: How about getting off the wrong side, at least, even if you can't come all the way over to our side?

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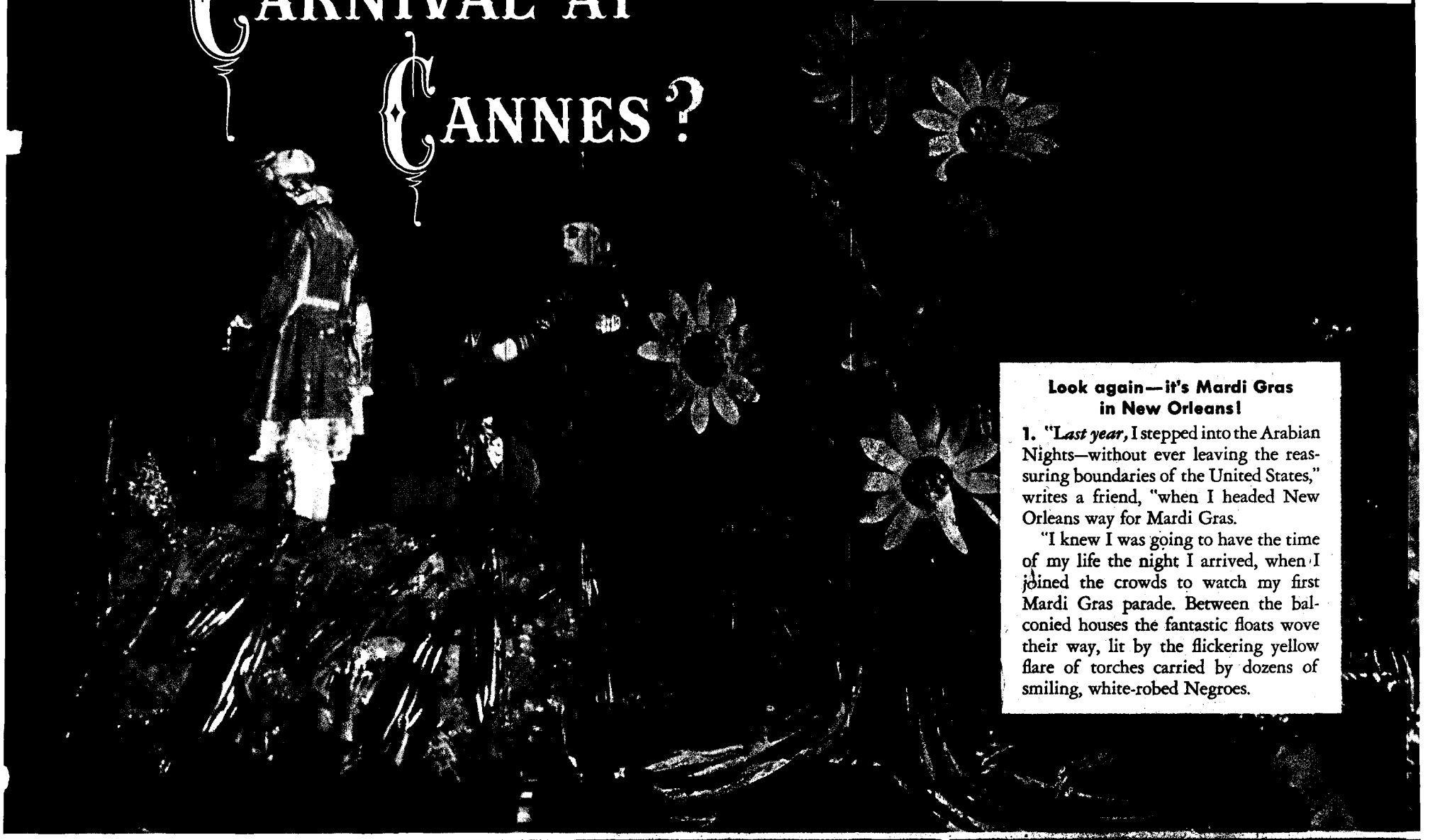
CARNIVAL AT CANNES?



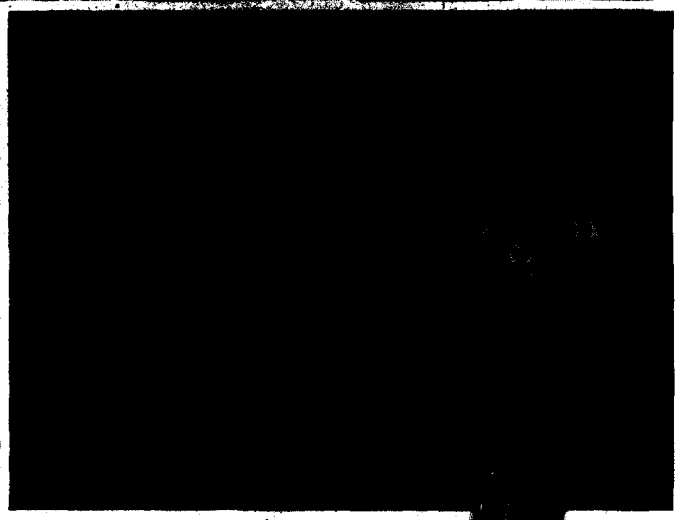
Look again—it's Mardi Gras in New Orleans!

1. "*Last year,* I stepped into the Arabian Nights—without ever leaving the reassuring boundaries of the United States," writes a friend, "when I headed New Orleans way for Mardi Gras.

"I knew I was going to have the time of my life the night I arrived, when I joined the crowds to watch my first Mardi Gras parade. Between the balconied houses the fantastic floats wove their way, lit by the flickering yellow flare of torches carried by dozens of smiling, white-robed Negroes.

2. "*The next day* I visited a costume shop in the Vieux Carré. I was having as much fun as a kid on Halloween, when I heard a voice say, 'Here's one that's more your style.' It was a friend I hadn't seen since college days!

3. "*When he learned* I was there for Mardi Gras, he said, 'We'll have to show you New Orleans hospitality!' I had my first taste of it that evening—and it turned out my friend's favorite brand of hospitality was Canadian Club!



4. "*The parties* and parades lasted a week, and I was tired that last night as we drove to a restaurant for a farewell drink.

5. "I *tried* to tell my friend how much I'd enjoyed the Mardi Gras. 'Thank New Orleans for a great part of it—but give Canadian Club a little credit, too,' he replied."

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch —*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).

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always Milder and Better-Tasting
always Cooler-Smoking... that's what makes Chesterfield the steady smoke of more smokers every day. You can count on Chesterfields to give you, day in and day out, *more smoking pleasure than you ever had before*... So make your next pack Chesterfield and its right combination of the world's finest cigarette tobaccos will go to work to give you all you want in a cigarette

They Satisfy

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